AUGUST.

HOLIDAY CYCLE TOURS

By A. WILLIAMS

THE CAPTAIN

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EDITOR, "THE OLD FAG." ATHLETIC EDITOR, P.F.WARNER.

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Vol. XIII. No. 77. AUGUST, 1905.

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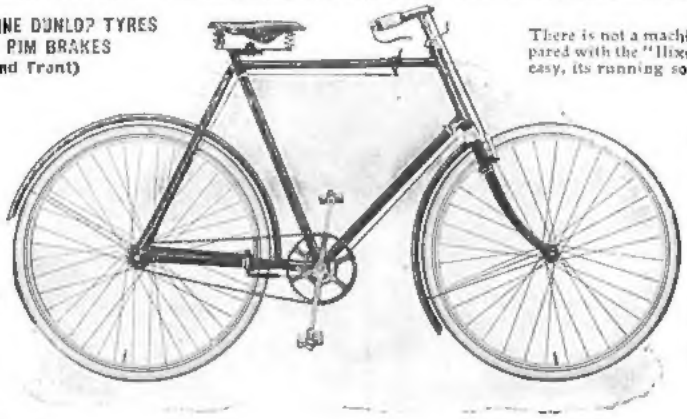

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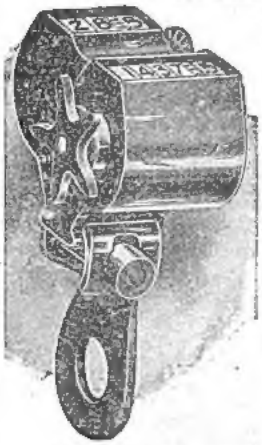

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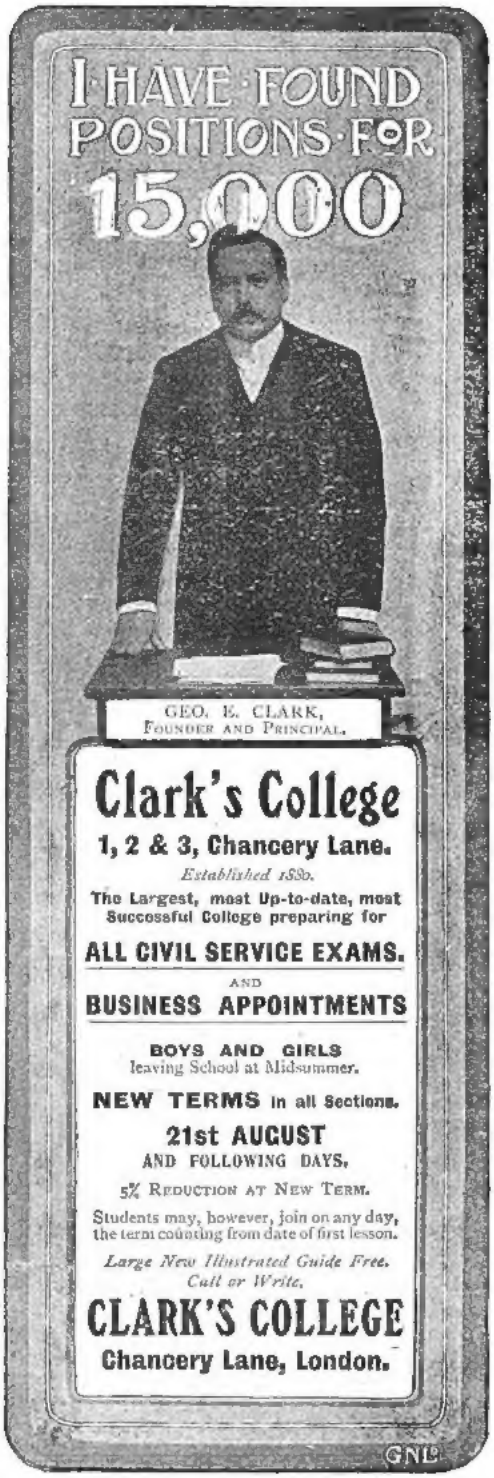

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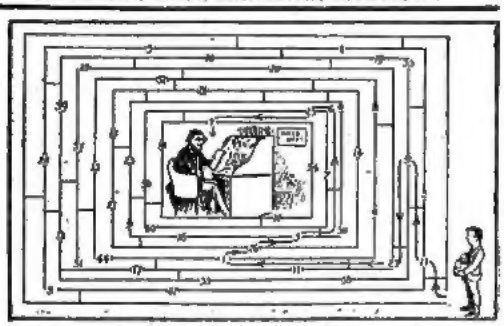

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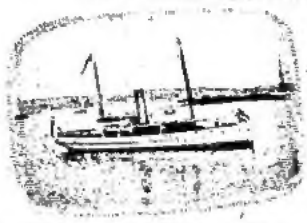

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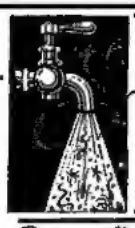

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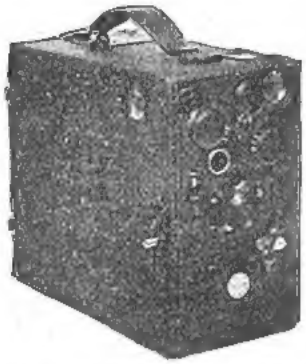

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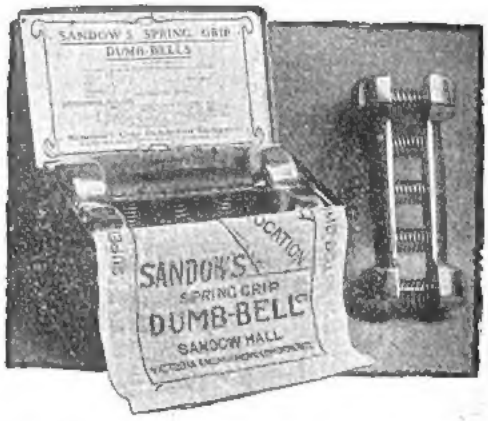

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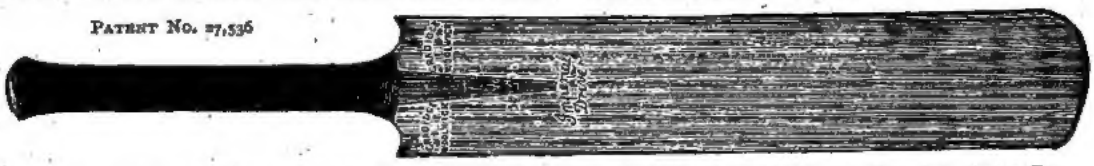

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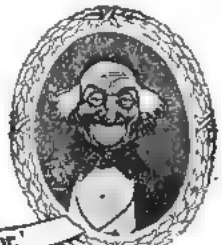

P. F. Warner, Athletic Editor. — Editor, The Old Fag.

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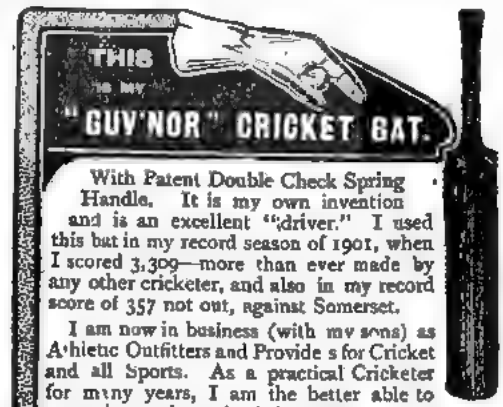

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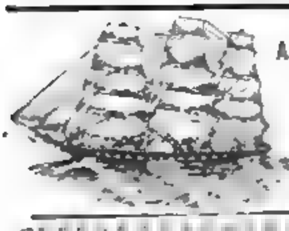

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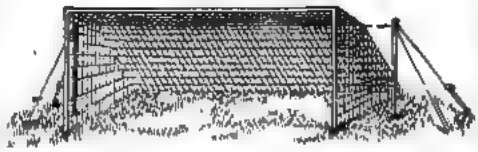

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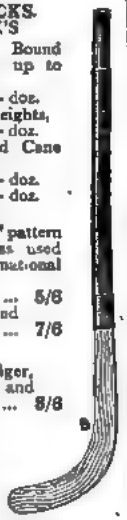

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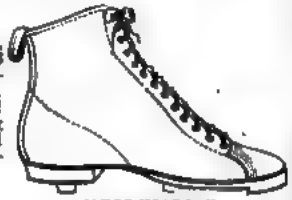

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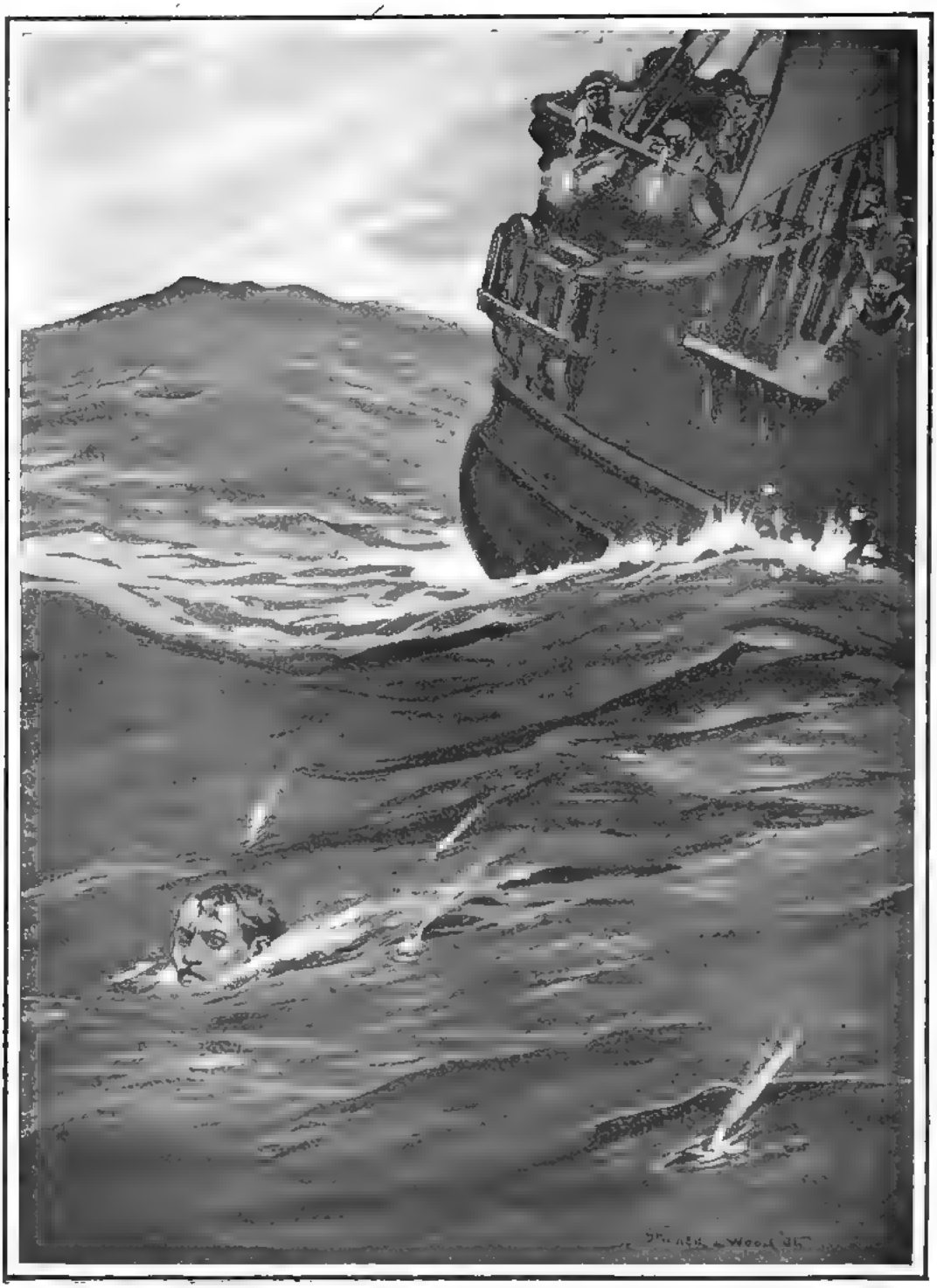


WE HEARD THE NOISE OF MUSKETS, AND SAW THE WATER SPLASH UP WITH THE BULLETS.

[See page 399.

THE CAPTAIN

A MAGAZINE FOR BOYS AND "OLD BOYS"

VOL. XIII. AUGUST, 1905 No. 77.

THE ADVENTURES OF JOHN BAYWOOD,

By H. C. Crosfield,

Illustrated by Stanley L. Wood.

SYNOPSIS.

JOHN BAYWOOD, the son of an early settler in New England, has a rival for the hand of Verity Whalley, his sweetheart, in the shape of Zephaniah Eccles, a hypocritical rascal who keeps a store at Boston, where the Baywoods are people of some importance. Through the machinations of Eccles, John is kidnapped by Barnabas Skeffington, skipper of the *Good Hope*, bound from Boston to the Barbadoes. Before the *Good Hope* can make her port, however, she is wrecked, the skipper and John Baywood being the sole survivors of the catastrophe. By means of a raft they reach a West Indian island inhabited by buccaneers, by whom they are compelled to work as slaves and treated in an inhuman manner until they succeed in making their escape, only to fall into the hands of a company of Spanish soldiers. With the help of Tonks, the English mate of the Spanish ship in which they are being borne to San Domingo by their captors, Skeffington and Baywood seize the vessel and turn "flibustiers," or pirates, Baywood following Skeffington's lead much against his will. Having seized another Spanish vessel called the *Madre de Dios*, which they find to be full of treasure, they change over into this ship and make sail for the Barbadoes, where they wish to take in provisions, guns, and ammunition. Arriving at Carlisle Bay, Skeffington fits out his ship and sets sail for England. The ship has not been long on her voyage when Tonks, the mate, heads a mutiny of the men and sets Baywood and Jeffery Horton adrift in the long boat, but keeps Skeffington, tied and bound, a prisoner. Baywood and Horton, after an adventurous time in the open boat, at length reach a derelict, which they board with some difficulty, but on the derelict they find nothing whatever to eat or drink, and death by starvation and thirst stares them in the face.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE WICKEDNESS OF ZEPHANIAH ECCLES.

ALTHOUGH this is the story of my own adventures, and I have, therefore, said but little of anything not immediately concerning myself, it must not be supposed that my thoughts did not dwell very much upon those whom I had left behind in Boston. The world had not stood still with them any more than it had with me; and I think it is proper that I should take this opportunity, while Jeffrey and I are tossing upon the bosom of the ocean in our battered old wreck, to acquaint the reader with the strange things which had befallen Verity since I had left her. My knowledge of matters which took place after I left home comes only from report of others, and in relating them I must perforce be more brief than in telling of things which happened in my own presence.

It was many days after I left home before my father would believe that I had gone away for more than a very brief space.

"Nay," he said, "John is a good lad, though he may be a trifle headstrong. He hath but taken to the woods for a few days, and he will be with us again before long."

But as days went on, and no tidings came of me, either from outlying townships in the woods or from bands of friendly Indians, my father came round to the belief of the neighbours that I had run off in order to avoid my public penance. What else, indeed, could they think? The *Good Hope* had sailed secretly and before the time set by Captain Skeffington for her departure, and I was missing with her. My father mourned for me as a lost sheep, but outwardly he gave no sign. He never spoke of me to others, nor others to him. Once Zephaniah Eccles endeavoured to engage him in conversation about me, and my father turned upon him in wrath and drove him away.

"Alas, dear Master Baywood," exclaimed Zephaniah, "in what a time do we live! That so ill a shoot should spring from so fair a tree! 'Do men gather grapes of thorns, or——'"

"Zephaniah Eccles, hold thy peace, and begone out of my sight," said my father. "It was thou that drovest my son, my only son, away from me with thine accusations. Didst thou accuse him truly, Zephaniah? If it were falsely, may the Lord visit it upon thee and upon thine house!"

"The Lord do so to me and more also—" began Zephaniah.

"Cease thy prating and begone about thy business," said my father.

Zephaniah therefore departed and held his peace, and the other neighbours respected my father's sorrow and grey hairs.

Only Verity and my little sister Prudence still believed in me. Verity in her love for me hit upon the truth, that I had been carried off against my will; and she made Prudence believe it too. They were much together, and their talk was ever of me and that I would come back some time.

It was Prudence who, moved by Verity, went unto Mr. Longwynd, and entreated him to write to Mr. Everlasting Fishe for news of me. But I was at that time a prisoner in Hispaniola, and no news of me came to Boston.

We all knew each other and were all friends together in the little Boston of those days; and in a sense my going away made the whole settlement sad. Only Zephaniah Eccles chuckled and rubbed his hands at odd moments; and meanwhile he grew more pious and sour-faced than ever. He gave Madam Whalley and Verity no peace all that fall and winter. He induced good old Mr. Longwynd, by flattery and fair speeches, to espouse his suit, and to plead his cause with Verity; but she would have none of him; and at last in order to avoid him she stayed within-doors and went not abroad at all, excepting only to meeting on Lord's Days.

Now when the spring time came, after the long cruel winter season, Zephaniah received certain letters by the first ship that came from England. What was in these letters, or from whom they came, I cannot tell; but it is certain that they contained news of the great events that were passing in England, and held out some prospect to Zephaniah of being able to rise to fame, riches, and greatness if he would come back to the old country. A few days later he took passage in a sloop sailing coastwise to the settlement of Plymouth; and coming back again in due time he brought with him a young man named Barnerd. This Barnerd he took to all his friends and neighbours, and told them that he was his partner in trade, and that he would conduct the business of the store whilst Zephaniah himself was away in England.

Verity was very happy when she heard that Zephaniah was going away. Now, Zephaniah was the craftiest of men. Coming to Madam Whalley's door one day he knocked and begged to have permission to speak to Verity for but five minutes. She agreed to see him, thinking that it might be for the last time; and his conversation pleased her more than any she had had with him before.

"Mrs. Verity," he said, "I have come to see you, not to say farewell, for I shall not leave the settlement for a month or two yet; but to ask your pardon."

"My pardon, Master Eccles?"

"Yes. Your pardon if I have been too instant with you. I fear I have been unmannerly; 'twas my affection that made me so. I promise you I will not offend again."

"My pardon is readily granted," said Verity, "but only on condition that you keep your promise not to offend."

"And perhaps I may see you sometimes before I sail, Mrs. Verity? I may never return."

"Very gladly," said Verity. "So long as you keep your promise you may see me as often as you wish."

After that Zephaniah would often visit Madam Whalley's house, and be abroad with Verity as well. He kept his promise faithfully; and Verity would often walk with him, with Prudence to keep her in countenance.

During the month of June the ship *Swallow* from the Port of London arrived in the bay. Her master was one Gregory Allstone, and she had a crew of fifteen hands. No sooner had she dropped her anchor than Zephaniah put off to her in a small boat, and for the next few days he was for ever on board of her, or else the skipper was at Zephaniah's store, in close converse. The end of it was that Zephaniah purchased the cargo as it stood. Now in this there was nothing wonderful, for Zephaniah was a man of substance, and the lading of the ship was of such things as he dealt in at his store; but he made a further venture, and chartered the whole ship for a voyage back again to England. The neighbours looked cross-eyed at each other, and chattered that Zephaniah Eccles was putting forth his hand further than he could draw it back again and the like, but Zephaniah cared not, and he busied himself during the next six weeks in getting the cargo from the ship safely on shore and collecting a new cargo to lade her back to England. Towards the latter end of July he announced that all was in readiness, and that the *Swallow* with himself on board would sail for England in seven days' time.

Now all this time, although Zephaniah feigned to be engrossed in his business, he had not forgotten Verity for one moment, and he was contriving a crafty plot against her. As soon as her lading was complete the *Swallow* hauled off from the shore, and began bending her sails and making all ready for the voyage;

and all that now remained to be done was to wait for a fair wind from the west. One morning, two days before the time he had set for his departure, Zephaniah came forth early from his store, snuffed the breeze and looked at the heavens, and then took boat and went on board. He was gone for an hour or more, and when he returned to the shore he went straight to my father's house and asked to see Prudence.

"Mrs. Prudence," said he, "the ship is now in good order. Would you like to go on board, and see what accommodations your old friend hath for his long journey?"

"I should indeed, provided my father will give me leave," said Prudence; "I will go ask him."

My father gave his consent to her going, provided that she was not absent long and that some other maiden went with her. Thereupon did the sly Zephaniah go to Madam Whalley's and there give the like invitation to Verity. As soon as she heard that Prudence was going, old Madam Whalley readily agreed to let Verity go too, for she had confidence that Master Baywood would never have agreed had he not been satisfied that all was safe and as it ought to be. So the two girls put on their cloaks and hoods, and went off in one of the ship's boats with Zephaniah, he promising to bring them safely on shore again within two hours. When they reached the ship, Zephaniah with great politeness conducted them up the side and into all parts of her; they, like young people always will be, much interested to see her and delighted with the cabins and little bed-places. At length he showed them into a small room or cabin opening off the great cabin, and neatly furnished with two bunks, a mirror, and other accommodations.

"Pray step in, young ladies," said Zephaniah. "Now is not this a pretty cabin to make the voyage to England in?"

"Very pretty," said Verity. "Is this your own sleeping-place, Mr. Eccles?"

"Nay," said Zephaniah, "this were by far too pretty a place for a plain man like me."

"Then Mr. Allstone, the Captain, must sleep here," said Prudence.

"What, an old rough sea-dog like Allstone?" said Zephaniah. "No, he sleeps in a hammock slung from the deck-beams. No; this little room is for two ladies of my acquaintance."

"Come out, quick, Prudence, quick; we are trapped," exclaimed Verity.

But Zephaniah was too sharp for them. He had taken care to be standing between them and the door; and now he slipped rapidly out, shut to the door behind him and turned the key on the outside.

Even in this strait dear Verity's thoughts were of me.

"Mark me, Prudence," was the first thing she said, "this is how thy brother John was trapped, and I will be bound that Zephaniah Eccles had a finger in that pie as well."

There was a small port in the cabin, but that was closely shut, and moreover it was on that side of the ship which was away from the land. The two maidens clung terrified to each other. They grew speechless with fear of what would befall them as they heard the sounds of the anchor being got up and the sails loosed, and presently they could see through the port that the ship was moving through the water. From the first they had no hope of aid from the land, for, although they knew that the ship would be seen departing, they also knew that long ere a party could be collected to stop her from sailing they would be on the open sea. All that they could do was to commend themselves to the Protection of the Almighty, and this they did most heartily. They wept but little, Verity told me; for after the first violence of their anguish was past there came upon them a full assurance that they would be shielded from all harm, even in this terrible danger.

CHAPTER XVII.

VERITY AND PRUDENCE GAIN A PROTECTOR.

THE two maidens must have been sitting thus in the cabin for some two hours, as nearly as they could judge, when they heard the key turn in the lock, and Zephaniah Eccles begged to know if he might enter. He had put on an air of what he believed to be genteel politeness, which sat on him as a jewel of gold, or perhaps I should rather say a thinly gilt jewel, in the snout of a swine.

"Fair ladies, cannot your humble slave tempt you to step forth into the cabin?" said he.

"Master Eccles," said Verity, in great indignation, "we require that you shall instantly return us to our friends on shore."

"Lovely madam, the thing you ask is impossible, or it should be done," said Zephaniah. "We are already many leagues distant from land. Have no fear of me, especially thou, dear Verity. I exist but to be thy humblest servant."

"Then I lay it upon you as a command to carry us back to the shore" said Verity. "Mr.

Eccles, this nonsense hath gone far enough. Set us at liberty instantly."

"Beloved object, that may hardly be," said Zephaniah. "It is my fixed purpose to carry thee to England and there to marry thee."

"Never, never!" exclaimed Verity. "Zephaniah Eccles, thou wicked man, the Lord will deliver me from all thy evil plots and plans."

"The Lord hath delivered thee into mine hand, that is more like it," said Zephaniah. "What saith the Scripture? 'To every man a damsel or two.' It is a sweet text, Judges fifth and thirtieth; many a time have I mused upon it, and now it hath come to pass."

"Zephaniah Eccles, it is a poor return thou makest for all my father's kindness to thee," said Prudence, "that thou shouldst bring his grey hairs with sorrow to the grave. Verity, let us see the master of the ship. Surely he will give ear to us and carry us home again."

"Hardly," said Zephaniah. "I have chartered the ship, and for this voyage he is my paid servant. But your lightest wish is a law unto me, ladies. I will call Mr. Allstone into the cabin, and ye shall have speech with him. But, Verity, ere I call him, listen to me. You need not fear me. I design no harm to either of you. During the whole voyage this small cabin is yours. I have carefully made provision of clothing and all manner of gear suitable for you both during your stay on the ship. Here you shall be private; and the great cabin too shall be yours if you wish it; neither I nor any other person shall enter when ye desire to be alone. But understand me clearly, Verity; as soon as we land in England, thou art to become my wife. When we reach port, we will go straight to some godly minister, and he shall marry us."

"From that and all other perils the Lord will deliver me," said Verity. "Now be pleased to send the master of the ship hither."

Presently Gregory Allstone, the master, came into the cabin, and seeing Prudence and Verity there made them his best seabow.

"Your servant, ladies," said he. "I trust you find the accommodations on board the *Swallow* to your liking, though but indifferent compared with your fine home on shore, I make no doubt."

"Master Allstone," began Verity, "we are in sore trouble."

"Trouble, ladies, trouble?" said the master.

Seeing him to be an elderly man, with grey hair, and with a kindly look in his face, the poor girls took a little courage, and Prudence went on:

"Yes, indeed, Mr. Allstone, and we beg that you will turn the ship round and sail back to Boston."

"Nay, that were a very short voyage indeed!" said Captain Allstone. "Have you then changed your minds already?"

"We have not changed our minds," said Verity.

"Why, is not one of you this Master Eccles' sweetheart, and the other her sister? And did ye not agree, nay, desire, to go with him to England, to be rid of the government of a sour stepmother?"

"No," said Verity. "Is that the tale he hath told you? We are not sisters, and neither of us has a stepmother; and as for being that man's sweetheart, as you call it, I loathe the very sight of him. He invited us to look over the ship, promising to return with us on shore within two hours."

"Is this true, thou Eccles?" said Mr. Allstone, in an angry voice.

Zephaniah nodded his head.

"Didst thou not spin me that yarn about the stepmother," went on Mr. Allstone, "and thy pretty sweetheart who was crying her eyes out because she was not suffered to marry thee? And I was to get up the anchor and set sail forthwith because they feared pursuit?"

Again Zephaniah nodded, and Gregory Allstone said no more, but made for the companion-ladder leading to the deck.

"Pray where are you going, Mr. Allstone?" asked Zephaniah.

"Why, to bid the hands 'bout ship and sail back to Boston, o' course," said Allstone.

"Wait one moment, you are too hasty," said Zephaniah. "Under whose orders is this ship sailing, I pray you?"

"Why, yours, Mr. Eccles, but——"

"Very well. And I order that she be kept on her course."

"Well, but, sir," said Mr. Allstone, "am I to sit quiet and see these two dear young ladies carried off against their wills?"

"It is nothing to do with you, Allstone. Now, listen to reason. Is this wind like to hold?"

"Ay, sir. It might blow from the west for a fortnight or more."

"And if it blows like this how long will it take you to work the ship back to Boston?"

"It might take a week, or ten days, or fourteen, or more."

"And you can make England in a month?"

"I'LL CLAP YE IN IRONS AND RISK ANSWERING FOR IT TO MY OWNERS."

"Yes."

"Very well, Mr. Allstone. Neither of these young ladies has been in England since she was a child, and they will have much pleasure in the voyage and in seeing London. Now, when we come to London, if they shall still desire it I promise that they shall return to Boston, safe and unharmed, in your own ship if you like. Does that content you?"

"It doth not content *me*," said Verity.

"Nor me," said Prudence. "Allowing that we shall ourselves be safe from harm, what of our parents and friends? What of the grief they must suffer?"

Captain Allstone scratched his head. He was not satisfied; but he was in a great difficulty. He knew well what would be his trouble with the owners of the *Swallow* in London should he waste time in returning to Boston, and so miss the fair wind and perhaps lose another voyage to America that same summer. They would naturally say to him that he ought not to take runaway damsels on board, and that they must engage another skipper who would not embark in such undertakings; and so poor Allstone would lose his bread. Moreover, the habit of obedience is very strong at sea, where they have a saying, "Obey orders

though you break owners;" and Allstone could not forget that Zephaniah was his employer for the time being.

"Well, young ladies," he said at last, "it seems as if I must carry ye to England against my will and your own as well. But hark ye, you Eccles; I am a man having daughters of my own, and if you molest these ladies or want to be in their way when they want you out of it, or if you try any tricks, why, charter or no charter, I'll clap ye in irons and risk answering for it to my owners. And, ladies, if you want help at any time, do ye blow on this here whistle, and I'll come to ye at once." He gave them an old pewter whistle, and showed them how to blow it. "Keep it on ye, or in some place where that Eccles cannot get to it. Your servant, ladies."

So saying, he stumped off, and presently Zephaniah sneaked away as well.

Verity and Prudence were greatly comforted to think that they had a friend on board the ship; and they have both told me since that, once recovered from the nauseating sickness which troubles men and women new to the sea, they were far from being unhappy. Zephaniah they saw but rarely, for he had the wisdom to keep aloof from them. Captain Allstone came every morning and knocked at the door of their little cabin to ask respectfully how they did; and they would often talk with him on deck. They lived on the ship's provisions, which were served to them in the great cabin by the Captain's steward, a negro man. Zephaniah had put on board some delicacies for their use, but they refused to touch them; or to make use, beyond what was absolutely needful, of the various accommodations which he had provided in their cabin. The weather was fine and warm, and they spent great part of the day on deck. The ship's company used them with all civility; they seemed to be for the most part sober, God-fearing men, very different from the scum which Captain Skeffington had raked together at Barbadoes for the *Barnabas and Joseph*.

One day when Verity and Prudence were alone in the great cabin Mr. Allstone came to them, and began (as he ever would do):

"Your servant, young ladies. Can I have speech with you for one moment?"

"Truly, Captain Allstone," said Verity.

"At this rate of sailing we shall be in the Downs in a fortnight," said Allstone. "Now, I am but a blunt sailorman, and ye must pardon me if I offend, for I never learned manners. Do ye desire to go ashore with this fellow Eccles?"

"No, no, indeed," they both cried.

"What do ye purpose doing, then?" said Allstone. "Have you friends in London that ye can go to?"

"I have a kinsman in London of my own name, Whalley, who is a Parliament man," said Verity. "If I can but come to him I doubt not that he will aid us and shield us from Master Eccles."

"Ay; but it may be ill work to come at him," said Mr. Allstone. "London is not like Boston, where one may know every man that dwells there; and a Parliament man is a great man nowadays. Now, ladies, I am a rough, plain man, but I would fain do ye a service. I have a wife at home, and daughters much about your own age. We have a little house in Southwark, which ye may not know is on the far side of London Bridge. Will ye come home and bide with my wife and daughters until ye can come at friends of your own? It is a little, poor place; but I know well that ye have no money, and it is borne in upon me (as your sort of people say) that I am to save ye from the hands of this fellow Eccles, who is a wolf in sheep's clothing if ever there was one."

They thanked Mr. Allstone heartily, with tears, and praised the Lord for giving ear to their cry and raising up this deliverer for them in their hour of need.

CHAPTER XVIII.

HOW I MET VERITY AGAIN.

ONE fine morning, the *Swallow* being then about four weeks out from Boston, Verity and Prudence were enjoying the sunshine on deck, where good Mr. Allstone had caused stools to be set for their use; and Verity said:

"See, Prudence, what is that dark thing which I see yonder on the face of the ocean?"

Prudence could not see it; but presently the man whose duty it was to keep watch on the forecastle sang out:

"Sail ho!"

"Where away?" answered Captain Allstone.

"Large on the starboard bow, sir. Leastways I don't know about its being a sail, sir. Looks to me more like a dismasted hulk."

Captain Allstone could not see it. He therefore fetched his spy-glass and clapt it to his eye.

"I see it now," he said "It is a dismasted

JEFFREY AND I SAW THE SAILS OF THE "SWALLOW" GRADUALLY COME ABOVE THE HORIZON.

ship. Lost her masts, most likely, in that bit of a gale we had night before last. Keep the ship on her course, Peter," he said to the man at the tiller, "and we shall cross her. There may be souls on board wanting help, and it may be there will be a bit of salvage in it as well."

He continued spying for a time; and then said:

"I can see something moving on board. Yes, there is a man quite plain to be seen. And there is another. Get the boat ready for lowering away."

"Ay, ay, sir," said the boatswain.

"Mrs. Verity, do you please to take a peep?" said Mr. Allstone.

He made the glass steady for her. It was a little time before she could see aught save the tossing waves, but at last she caught the ship and looked earnestly. Then with a great cry she called out:

"Prudence, it is Jack. It is thy brother, John Baywood, brought back to us by the winds and waves!"

Thus, by strange chance, or (shall I not rather say?) by the Hand of Providence, were my

dear Verity and I brought together once more. Indeed, when I consider the greatness of the Ocean, and how our dismasted ship was following no fixed course, but was carried along at the caprice of the winds and waves, I cannot but attribute it to a Higher Power that we were blown into the track of the *Swallow* and so saved from a certain death.

I must leave the reader to imagine the alternate hopes and fears with which Jeffrey and I saw the sails of the *Swallow* gradually come above the horizon, and the anxiety with which we wondered whether she would see our ship, and if so whether the master would think it worth the trouble to overhaul such a battered old hulk, and the gratitude with which we saw her bearing down upon us, and then her boat lowered and coming over the sea to our rescue. We had spent a day and night of great misery on board our ship, without food or drink; and with the most doleful apprehensions. But these were quickly changed to the most lively astonishment when the boat came alongside, and the seaman who was in charge of her, whom we learned to be the master's mate of the *Swallow*, a man named Wilkins, roared out:

"Which of you two gentlemen be called John Baywood?"

"Jack," said Jeffrey, "thy fame hath gone out into the ends of the world. Thou wert known in the Barbadoes, and now it seems thou art just as well known on the high seas. This, sir," he said to the mate, "is the worshipful gentleman after whom you are inquiring."

"Captain Allstone's compliments, sir," said Mr. Wilkins, "and he will be glad if he can be of service to you."

"My compliments to him," I answered, "and I shall be grateful if he will receive us on board his vessel."

"Gladly, sir," said Wilkins. "May I inquire what ship this is?"

"That I cannot tell you," said I. "We came across her but yesterday, having been set adrift by mutineers in the boat which you see riding astern yonder."

"In that case, sir," said Wilkins, "Captain Allstone desired me to go on board and find out what ship she might be. Will you heave us a rope?"

We hove him a rope's end, and he clambered on board, followed by one of his seamen, an elderly man of the name of Apreece, who came from the town of Carnarvon, in Wales.

"She has been derelict a long time," said Wilkins. "Loaded with whale-oil, I see. A Greenlandman, I suppose, and the oil has kept her afloat. But wherefore did her people leave her?"

Old Apreece had been nosing the decks, and now he shouted:

"Well, gentlemen, look you, if this do not beat all, well yes indeed, I never heard the likes of this before."

"What is it, Apreece?" said Wilkins.

"Well, indeed, if any one did tell me the likes of this I shall not have believed it. Mr. Wilkins, this ship is the old *Dolphin*, belonging to Whitby, that I sailed in to the Greenland fisheries twenty years ago."

"That cannot be," said Mr. Wilkins. "I have often heard you tell the yarn about her being lost in the ice, Apreece."

"Indeed, she got fast in the ice, and was froze up, and we that was on board did abandon her. But she must have unfroze again, and sailed out into the ocean. Well, did any one ever hear the like!"

"Dear me, Apreece, that cannot be the case! I never heard of such a thing," said Wilkins.

"But I will prove it to you, sir," said Apreece. "Look you, sir, we left in somewhat of a hurry, and I left behind me a tobacco-pipe with a ship in full sail painted on the bowl. Now, if that tobacco-pipe is yet in the forecastle you may call me a true man; if it is not there you may go back and tell Captain Allstone that old Apreece is a lying old dog. Now, does this please you, Mr. Wilkins, sir?"

The two ships had been gradually drifting nearer and nearer, the *Swallow* being hove-to; and now came a hail across the sea:

"Mr. Wilkins, Mr. Wilkins, have you taken a lodging in that ship? Be quick, sir!"

"Will you come on board with me, gentlemen?" said Wilkins to us. "I believe Captain Allstone will think this ship worth the salving, for, if her hull be not worth very much, the whale-oil will not have suffered greatly. I will go and report to him, leaving Apreece and another man on board, and, if they can get the forecastle hatch off, Apreece may look for his painted tobacco-pipe."

We tumbled into the boat, and were soon on the deck of the *Swallow*, Captain Allstone receiving us at the gangway.

"Your servant, sirs," said he.

"Captain, yours to command," said I. "Pray, what ship is this?"

"The *Swallow*, Allstone master, of and bound for the Port of London; last from Boston in New England, with a cargo of skins and notions."

"From Boston?" I cried. "Pray tell me, Captain, how it is you know my name,

and can you tell me aught of my family and friends ?"

"There is one below in the cabin who can give you more news than I," said Mr. Allstone. "Pray step below and make yourself known."

I went below, leaving Jeffrey to give the Captain an account of our adventures; and in the cabin found my beloved Verity and my dear little sister. The reader can imagine my astonishment and our joy, our mingled laughter and tears as I embraced them both. For I folded Verity in my arms, and she yielded herself to my kisses readily, yet with all due modesty.

"Zephaniah Eccles will not interrupt us this time, dearest Verity," said I.

"Dearest Jack," she answered, "I would not have thee too sure of that, seeing that he is here on board with us."

Then they told me how Zephaniah had craftily trepanned them; and I vowed vengeance on him — in words, I am afraid, unfitting my bringing up. Then they would have Jeffrey brought down and presented to them; and soon the Captain came below as well and afforded us means of changing our raiment and washing ourselves, of which we stood much in need. When we came on deck again, we found that the *Swallow* had worked close alongside the old *Dolphin*, and that Captain Allstone himself had been on board to see her.

"There is no question but that she is the old *Dolphin*," said he, "for Apreece hath made his way into the forecastle and there found his pipe; and at this moment he is taking tobacco through it for old acquaintance' sake. Now, gentlemen, do ye claim any rights in this hulk ?"

"Not I," said Jeffrey, "I am only too glad to be quit of her."

"If I have any rights in her, Captain," said I, "I cheerfully cede them to you; and you can have our long-boat as well. 'Tis the only payment we can make for our passage until we reach London."

"I do not know that she is worth much," said the Captain; "still, she must be worth something, and she hath plenty of whale-oil on board, though I cannot tell how far it may have suffered from the sea-water. A trifle of salvage will not be unwelcome to my owners; for between ourselves, gentlemen, Master Eccles is a keen hand, and drove a very hard bargain with me when he chartered the ship; and I have been doubting in my mind what my owners will say to me. Now, it is a hard task for one ship to tow another, and slow work too, and what Eccles will say I cannot tell; but whatever he may say I am fully determined to tow the *Dolphin* home to England. The carpenter reports that he can repair her rudder and tiller enough to steer, and I will, therefore, put two hands on board to steer her, and pass a hawser on board; and if this weather holds and it doth not come on to blow again we will in time pluck the old hooker home to London. I should love to see the face of her owner (if he be still alive) when he hears that his old ship hath turned up again!"

The black steward here announced the welcome news that dinner was ready; and we fell to with the appetites of wolves.

Now where was our friend Zephaniah all this time ?

As soon as he had heard the news that it was I that had been sighted on board the wreck, and that Mr. Allstone purposed to pick us up, Zephaniah began to protest loudly on the score of loss of time and so forth; and when this availed not, what did the fellow do but go forward amongst the crew in the forecastle, and endeavour to bring them to that silly superstition that to save a man from drowning is sure to bring disaster to a ship, so that they might persuade the Captain to pass us by; as if the Almighty would visit with punishment a work of charity and mercy! But the men were sober and sensible and would have none of him; and as he began to grow instant with them and became angry, so did they; and they answered his railing with railing; and presently the men that were below shut to the scuttle that covered the forecastle-hatch, and for the time Zephaniah was kept a prisoner amongst them.

So it fell out that after dinner, as we were sitting in the cabin in talk with Mr. Allstone, the boatswain of the ship came in with his hat in his hand, and said:

"Begging your honours' pardons; Captain Allstone, sir, the crew makes so bold as to ask you if we might keel-haul this here rascal Eccles, sir."

"Keel-haul him ?" exclaimed Mr. Allstone in amazement. "What, keel-haul the gentleman that hath chartered the ship ?"

"No offence meant, sir. But this fellow hath been doing his best to turn the crew from their duty towards God and towards you, sir, and we made so bold, sir, as to hold what the sodgers calls a court-martial on him; William Stimson sitting on him to keep him quiet; and we come to the conclusion as a keel-hauling would do his manners a deal of good, sir."

"No, no, no, Rogers," said Master Allstone.

"Enlarge him forthwith. If he complains of his treatment, send him aft to me, and I will deal with him."

Now, to enlighten those who may not already know it, I will here set down the nature of the dreadful punishment called keel-hauling; a common penalty on board filibustiering ships, and in the navy of the Dutchmen, but very rare on board of English vessels. A rope is passed under the ship's bottom, the ends going through a block at each main yard-arm and brought on deck again. The delinquent is made fast in a bight of the rope and so is hoisted up to the weather yard-arm. From thence he is lowered into the sea, and drawn right underneath the ship's bottom and up to the lee yard arm, and then back again, and so on, to and fro until he hath had enough of the sea, to say nothing of wounds by barnacles and other excrescences, to correct his manners. So that it was a happy thing for Zephaniah that Captain Allstone disallowed the sentence on him. Where he hid himself the rest of the day, I know not; but it is certain that he did not venture to make any complaint of his treatment by the crew, nor did he intrude upon us in the cabin, where Verity, Prudence, Jeffrey, and I spent a very happy afternoon in relating our adventures and weaving plans for the future.

Before nightfall the carpenter had made such repairs to the hulk's steering-gear as were absolutely needed, and the *Swallow* took the *Dolphin* in tow, Rogers the boatswain and old Apreece being left on board the latter to do the steering. Our long-boat was hoisted on board the *Swallow*, and the two ships set forward on their long voyage.

I was not quite without apprehension that Zephaniah might make some attempt upon us in the night, but it passed quietly away. Small though the bed-places were, they were to Jeffrey and me the very height of luxury after our cramped quarters in the boat and our exposure on the *Dolphin*, and we slept as if we should never awake again

CHAPTER XIX.

ZEPHANIAH'S FATAL FOLLY.

WHEREVER it was that Zephaniah had bestowed himself, he gathered courage during the night, and in the morning, when Jeffrey and I went on deck, we found him disputing with Captain Allstone about the *Dolphin*. He seemed to be giving orders that the *Dolphin* should be cast off, and we were glad to perceive that the Captain was very positive in refusing to do this. However, when Zephaniah saw us he ceased his argument with Mr. Allstone, and without wasting time in compliments spoke to me.

"John Baywood, this ship is mine for the time. I desire that thou and thy friend, whose name I know not, shall leave her forthwith, having come on board without any invitation from me."

"Zephaniah Eccles," I replied, "I have ere now had occasion to remind thee that thou art my father's old servant, and to desire that thou shouldst address me in a becoming manner. Say *you*, and not *thou*, when thou speakest to me. As for leaving the ship, are we to travel on board the *Dolphin*, or what?"

"Look yonder," said Zephaniah. We looked in the direction in which he was pointing, and saw the sails of a ship hull-down on the horizon. "I have ordered Captain Allstone to bear down on that ship and put you two persons on board, if she will receive you."

"Zephaniah, thou rascally kidnapper of men and women (thou seest I know all about thy plot to have me carried off as well as these two defenceless young women), I will leave this ship when the master desires me to do so, not before. Further, when I go, Mrs. Verity Whalley and my sister go with me."

"I have no more to say," said Zephaniah. "Mr. Allstone has his orders, and you will find that he will not venture on disobeying them."

And Zephaniah moved away with an air of great dignity. Nevertheless I felt confident, after what Verity and my sister had told me, that the Captain, if he compelled me to leave the ship, would also insist that Verity and Prudence should go in my company.

The strange vessel neared us rapidly, bearing up from southwards. When she was within a mile or so Jeffrey asked Mr. Allstone for his spy-glass and looked through it intently.

"Jack, what do you make of it?" he said, handing me the glass.

I examined the stranger carefully, and said,

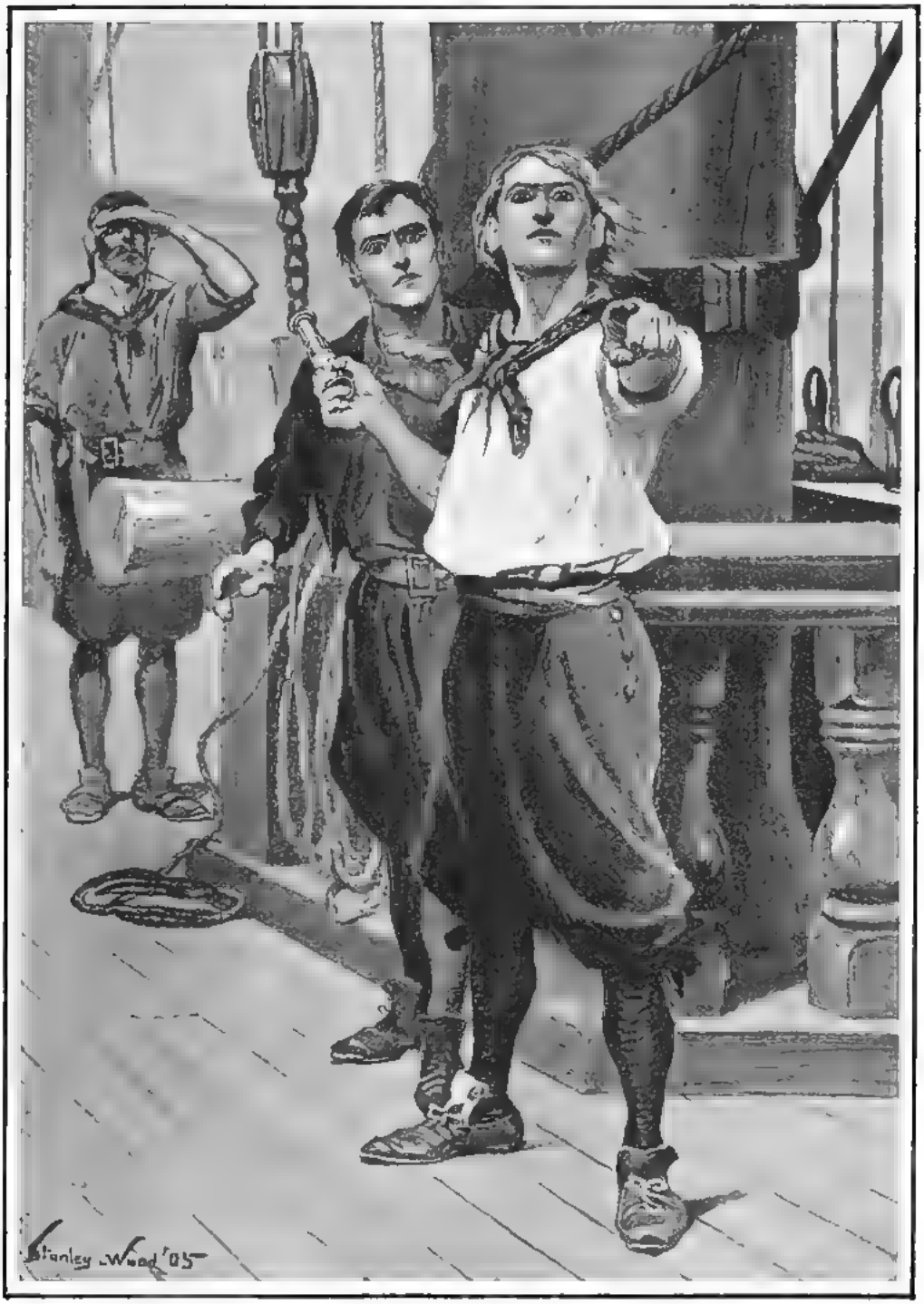
"Jeffrey, if that is not the *Barnabas and Joseph*, it is her twin sister. There's more trouble in store, I fear."

"I fear it too," said Jeffrey. "And we have women on board. What is to be done?"

"First of all, tell Mr. Allstone and see what he says."

We went to the Captain, and told our story.

"If that is so we must cut and run for it. How many of a crew doth she carry?" said he



"JACK, WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF IT?"

"Twenty, all told. One or two may be wounded and unfit for duty."

"What arms have they?" said Mr. Allstone.

"Two great guns, and some small arms. She is fitted out as a merchantman, not a flibustier."

"Well, we might give a good account of ourselves. But with women aboard—the risk is too great, too great."

"What about the old *Dolphin?*" said I.

"Her we must cast loose and abandon. It may be that those pirates will stop to overhaul her and thus give us a better chance of getting away."

So saying, Mr. Allstone gave orders to the crew, and the *Swallow* was presently standing off on the other tack, away from the stranger, the *Dolphin* still following in her wake. We had a small jolly-boat towing astern, for convenience of sending provisions on board the *Dolphin;* and the Captain, after shouting certain commands to Rogers in the *Dolphin's* bows, let this little boat veer astern until Rogers could drop into her. Old Apreece then came forward from the tiller with an axe, cut the hawser so that its end dropped into the sea, and then dropped nimbly into the boat, which was then pulled up, by means of the line, under the *Swallow's* stern; so that both men were got on board without loss of time. The *Dolphin* was adrift again, and for my part I was quite content that the *Barnabas and Joseph* should take her and do what they would with her if by that means we might escape.

Master Allstone was engaged in looking at the stranger through his glass and reckoning rates of sailing and distances, when Zephaniah stepped up to him, and said:

"Why have you changed the ship's course, Allstone?"

"I am responsible for the sailing of this ship, not you," answered the Captain, something tartly. He was beginning to be very weary of Zephaniah.

"You are sailing away from yonder ship, and not so as to meet her as I ordered," said Zephaniah.

"Yes, sir, that is just what I am doing," said Allstone. "I find her to be a pirate."

"A pirate? Who says she is a pirate?" said Zephaniah.

"These two gentlemen," said Mr. Allstone. "They were on board her until a week ago, when there was a mutiny on board, and the crew slew the master and set these two young gentlemen adrift. They cannot be mistaken in a ship which they know so well and have so lately left."

"Pooh!" said Zephaniah. "I know thee, John Baywood; and this is thy device to avoid being sent on board yonder vessel. Thou art an ingenious youth, but thy trick will not succeed this time. Pirates? There be no pirates in these seas."

"Bethink you, sir," said Allstone, "we have women on board."

"What, sir," said Zephaniah, "are you so simple as to be taken in by this clumsy trick? I see that you have cast off that useless old hulk, as I ordered you to do; and now I order you to hold on the ship's former course and get rid of these two persons."

"Master Eccles," I said, "this is indeed no device of mine. My friend and I know yonder vessel to be one named the *Barnabas and Joseph*, on board of which we sailed for many weeks; and we know her to be now manned by a crew of mutineers who have turned pirates. You say you have an affection for Mrs. Verity Whalley; and if that be so, I tell you, Zephaniah Eccles, that you will be sorry to your dying day if you do aught to hinder our escape from that ship."

"Go and tell that tale to a child, John Baywood, not to me. Captain Allstone, I order you to turn the ship into her former course and to speak with that ship," said Zephaniah, who by this time was in a furious rage, ill becoming a person of such piety.

"I make free to tell you, Mr. Eccles," said Allstone, "that I cast off that hulk not in consequence of any order of yours, but to aid us in escaping from that pirate-ship."

"Mr. Allstone, you are a coward, a wretched coward; and a fool to boot, to believe an old wives' fable about pirates," said Zephaniah.

"No man shall call me a coward," said old Allstone, almost beside himself with anger "As you will have it so, we will wait and let the ship attack us, and may God send us well out of this which your folly hath brought upon us! And if innocent blood be shed this day, upon your head be it, Zephaniah Eccles!"

"So be it," said Zephaniah. "Tush, man, there will be no blood shed this day. I am pleased that you have returned to your senses."

In spite of all the remonstrances and entreaties of Jeffrey and myself, in which the mate, Wilkins, joined us very heartily, Mr. Allstone gave orders that the vessel should go about again, so as to draw near to the *Dolphin* once more; "for," said he, "if I have to fight I'll fight for my prize as much as for this fellow Eccles' cargo;" and that she should then be hove-to, and that all should be made ready for receiving the attack. There was

one great gun on board, throwing a shot of about twelve pounds, and small-arms enough to furnish the whole ship's company, with good store of powder, bullet and match, besides cutlasses and pikes; and the *Swallow's* crew being seventeen men, counting Jeffrey and me, against twenty on board the *Barnabas and Joseph*, I had good hopes of the result. Nay, had Verity and Prudence not been on board I should have welcomed the chance of exterminating that nest of scoundrels; but when I thought of them I wished Zephaniah at the bottom of the ocean for interfering to prevent our escape. And, indeed, Zephaniah wished himself anywhere but where he was when he saw the *Barnabas and Joseph* run up a red flag to her peak, and shoot at us with one of her great guns. Captain Allstone, who was as brave as a lion, did forthwith run up the flag of England; and did likewise bid his black steward, who played the trumpet well, to strike up the One Hundredth Psalm, as well to hearten our own men as to give defiance to the enemy.

When we first knew the ship to be the *Barnabas and Joseph*, I had warned Verity and Prudence to stay below, and by no means to show themselves on deck; and now, when the fighting was like to begin, I went, at Mr. Allstone's desire, and showed them a little place, incommodious but safe, far down in the bowels of the ship where no shot could reach them, and where they might perchance escape notice should the pirates get the mastery and rummage the ship. As for Zephaniah, he was now as instant with Mr. Allstone to turn the ship and escape as he had before been to hold her on her course.

"Too late now, Master Eccles," said the Captain. "She will be upon us before we can make sail. You should have hearkened to heads wiser than yours. You see what mischief your foolishness hath brought us into. It's an ill turn you have done this day to Mrs. Whalley, that you pretend to be so fond of. We must stand it out now; and do you fight like a man, Mr. Eccles, and so make some amends for your wickedness and folly. I marvel that they shoot not at us again," went on Captain Allstone. "I do suppose they think us so easy a prey that they will not waste powder upon us."

"Will not you try a shot at them, Captain?" said Jeffrey. "If we could bring down one of their sticks it would help us mightily."

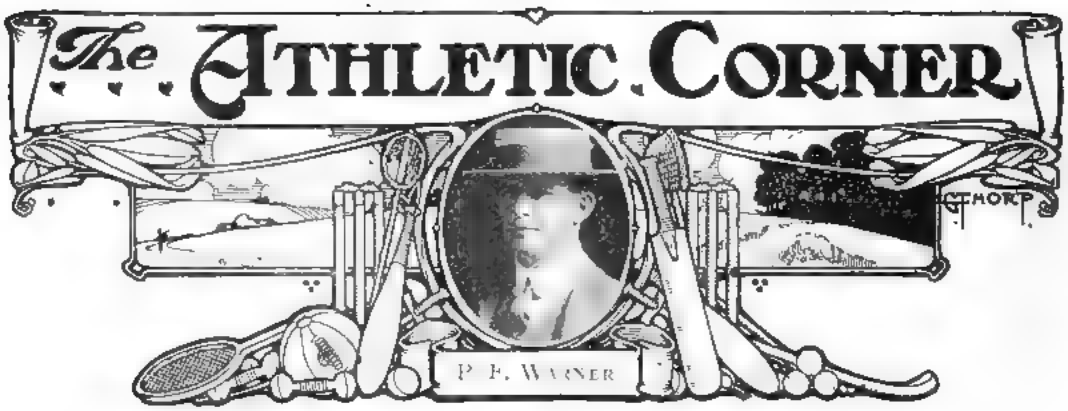
"No, that were to put ourselves in the wrong by firing the first shot," said Allstone. "The shot they fired was but a signal. But see, who is that? It is some prisoner that leaps overboard from them."

The vessels were by this time no more than half of a quarter of a mile the one from the other, the *Barnabas and Joseph* steering directly towards us; and as Captain Allstone was speaking we saw a man leap from her poop into the sea and begin to swim towards the *Swallow*. Instantly we heard the noise of muskets, and we saw the water splash up with the bullets, but none touched the swimmer, and he turned in the water and made signs of derision.

"Jeffrey," said I, "that is Captain Skeffington, or I'm a Dutchman."

(To be concluded.)

The above vessel may be termed the latest addition to the Royal Navy, seeing that it is the brig, *King Edward VII.*, in which the little sons of the Prince of Wales will receive their first lessons in seamanship on Virginia Water.



CRICKETERS' LITTLE WAYS.

Illustrated by ***ROLAND HILL*** *("RIP!")*

"JACKER."

MOST cricketers possess some special characteristic. One, for instance, will invariably assume a particular attitude after taking a wicket; another has a habit of touching his cap before a ball is bowled; and a third calls his runs in a tenor voice when he fancies himself in form. Most of these idiosyncrasies are displayed quite unconsciously, and are for that reason all the more amusing and interesting to watch.

The most prominent cricketer in England at the present moment is Mr. F. S. Jackson; for he it is who is leading England—we hope—to victory in the test matches. Mr. Jackson ought to make a very fine captain. One of the most necessary qualifications for a successful captain is enthusiasm, and this Mr. Jackson possesses to the full. Then he is observant, and is often inspired to do the right thing at the right moment, on which occasions he may be seen tugging his moustache as he stands deep in thought at cover-point or mid-on. Mr. Jackson stands out, *par excellence*, as the greatest test match player of the last twelve years. He first represented England *v.* Australia as far back as 1893, and since that day he has always done well in test matches. Unfortunately, he has never been able to spare the time to go to Australia; but he has three times made over a hundred runs in test matches in England, and he will probably make another such century this summer. Mr. Jackson is, of course, one of the greatest batsmen that have ever lived, with a beautiful style and a variety of strokes, and a happy knack of coming off

"DE LARD."

at a crisis. Indeed, I would rather see him coming out of the pavilion "to stop a rot" than any other man in England. And then he is also an excellent medium-paced right-hand bowler, and has for years been the mainstay of the Gentlemen of England's out-cricket. The Yorkshire amateur always had great natural skill as a cricketer, and on his inborn ability he brings remarkable intelligence to bear; wherefore he is a highly interesting person to watch playing cricket. In regard to his international captaincy, it is satisfactory to know that he is the type of man on whom responsibility acts as a tonic.

Lord Hawke is the Odysseus of cricket; for he has travelled far and wide in search of the game he loves so well and has served so truly. India, Australia, South Africa, America, Canada, and the West Indies all know him, and wherever he has played he has done everything to promote the well-being of cricket. He is an ideal leader of these expeditions abroad, for apart from a sound understanding of cricket itself he is most unselfish, thinking always of the comfort of his men and never of himself. In the West Indies he was regarded by the native population as a glorified sort of governor on whose part it was a condescension to play cricket at all. Wherever he went he was greeted with shouts of "De Lard," "De Lard," and the keenness to bowl at "De Lard" was extraordinary. As a leader of Yorkshire for over twenty years he has simply created that famous eleven. When he took over the captaincy matters were in a far from satisfactory state, but by firmness, common sense, and tact he pulled things round, and now he is in the happy position of knowing that Yorkshire is always quoted as the ideal county eleven, both for efficiency on the field and for good temper and happiness off it. A free dashing bat, the moment he feels at home he begins to call his runs in a throaty tenor—a storm signal to the opposing side, for when he makes runs he gets them as well as any one.

You have read about Ranjitsinhji and his

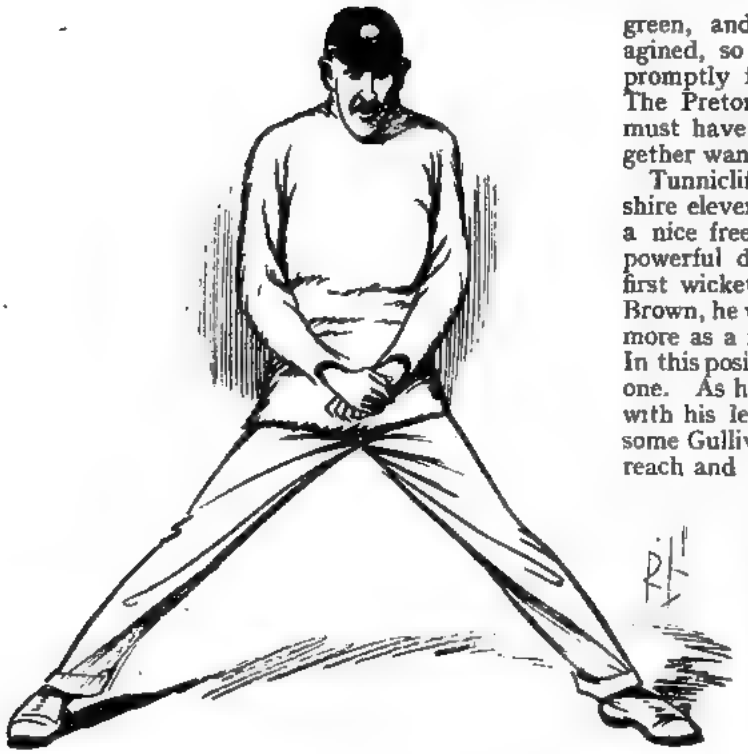
"RANJI."

"BOZY."

deeds in the July number of the CAPTAIN. To what I then said I have little to add, beyond expressing the hope that he may return to England in time to repeat his triumphs of the past against our formidable kinsmen from Australia. Ranjitsinhji usually fields at point or in the slips, and his silk shirt and hands clasped behind his back until the ball is on the way are well known to every follower of cricket. How often have we seen that apparently listless figure make a panther-like spring and bring off a gallant catch!

Mr. Bosanquet is one of the best all-round cricketers in England—a fine bat, a good field, and, on his day, the most destructive bowler we have on a true wicket. Originally a fast bowler, he has almost totally abandoned his former style, and now bowls slow and, from the ring, harmless-looking leg breaks—with this difference, that every now and then an apparent leg break breaks from the off, to the discomfiture of the batsman. Naturally, this type of bowler must have his off days, and when he is bad he is very, very bad, and may lose a match in three overs; on the other hand, when he is good he is surprisingly good, and may win a match in a quarter of an hour, as he did at Sydney eighteen months ago. Mr. Bosanquet is, to a large extent, England's hope this season. If he can reproduce his Sydney form we shall beat the Australians; if he falls greatly below that form I do not see how we are going to dispose of the powerful Australian eleven for a total which will enable us to win. Given warm, sunny weather, Mr. Bosanquet is a prize in any eleven, but in our cold and variable climate he often finds it difficult to acquire that finger-spin which is the very essence of his bowling. Before running up to bowl he strokes and caresses the ball in an almost affectionate manner, and when walking to his place in the field keeps his eyes on the ground as if he were in search of hidden treasure.

"A. E."



"A GULLIVER-LIKE FIGURE."

Trott is, possibly, not the bowler he was, but I live in hopes of his recovering his best form. At any rate, a few years ago he was one of the most original and enterprising bowlers in the world. When he first came to England, and for three or four years subsequently, he had that "curl in the air ball" to a very marked degree; and during the years he was qualifying for Middlesex he had great fun with this ball. As a fielder at extra slip and to his own bowling Trott has scarcely a superior, and those huge hands of his afford a safe resting-place for the hottest return. And then he has hit a ball over the pavilion at Lord's, and he once drove a ball clean out of the Trent Bridge ground, which damaged severely the spokes of a hansom cab. He also has his mannerisms on the field. After taking a wicket he almost invariably balances himself on his left leg and looks at the spikes in his right boot. He wears almost as many different caps as Mr. F. S. Jackson, but one of them—a concoction of yellow, green, and black—was, as may be imagined, so appallingly hideous that he was promptly forbidden ever to wear it again. The Pretoria hosier who designed that cap must have been either colour blind or altogether wanting in artistic refinement.

Tunnicliffe is one of the pillars of the Yorkshire eleven. Very tall and strong, he wags a nice free bat with an easy swing and a powerful drive. The hero of many a long first wicket partnership with the late J. T. Brown, he will, however, go down to posterity more as a fieldsman at slip than a batsman. In this position, indeed, he is the equal of any one. As he stands ready to grab the ball, with his legs wide apart, he reminds one of some Gulliver-like figure. With a telescopic reach and a remarkable intuition as to the direction the ball will take after leaving the bat, "c Tunnicliffe b Rhodes" is a common sight in modern day score-sheets.

If Tunnicliffe is one of the pillars of Yorkshire, Hirst is its chief corner-stone. He is the Agamemnon of the North—a warrior stout of limb and nerve, and scarred with the honours of battle. He is the first man chosen in an All England team—first for his batting, first for his bowling, and first for his fielding at mid-off, where he stops anything, no matter how hard.

"NEARLY ALWAYS SMILING."

"P. F. W."

Sturdy and strong, he has a gentle nature and philosophical turn of mind, and no professional cricketer is more highly esteemed. His benefit last year "beat all records," and well he deserved his good fortune, for he has fought nobly and right well both for England and for Yorkshire, and in an age of great all-round cricketers he has earned the distinction of being the greatest. He is nearly always smiling, so much so that in his most serious moods he carries an expression of extreme happiness.

Your Athletic Editor has hitched his trousers up as far back as he can remember—indeed, since the day he first wore them. But his first lessons were in a nightshirt. He will continue to hitch them up so long as he plays cricket, as habit has grown into second nature. As for pulling up his socks after running for a ball, this habit originated in the fact that his socks did not always fit too well.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. Saw.—(1) You ought to develop into a very big and strong man. I should recommend a bat weighing *not more than* 2 lb. 3 oz., with the india-rubber handle (if you use one), but the weight of a bat does not matter as long as the bat comes up well, or, in plainer language, balances well, and of this you alone are the best judge. (2) Three-quarter back, I fancy, would be your best position.

Hugh H.—(1) The first four test matches are limited to three days; the fifth will be played to a finish if the rubber has not been decided before that game. (2) Any of the advertisers in the CAPTAIN can sell you a good bat.

Quercus.—The India Police force, if you do not mind living abroad, offers the greater opportunities

Sidney H. Pinks.—Yes, the batsman was out under the circumstances you name—"hit wicket." It was as a result of his stroke at the ball that he was forced on to his wicket.

Ralph O. Fletcher.—I fancy Mr. H. Martyn, of Somersetshire, would be second choice for an England XI. wicket-keeper. Board and Butt are both very good indeed. It was in no sense of comparison that I picked out six wicket-keepers; I merely criticised the methods of six of the best-known in England.

A Well-wisher.—Linseed oil and salad oil mixed is the best.

Inquirer.—I should consult Sandow. Write to him at Sandow's School, St. James's Street, London, S.W.

Jack D. Whiteman.—(1) Oil your bat every other day. Perhaps it was a cold day when your bat stung so; they often do in cold weather. (2) No; you are quite tall enough for your age.

R. D. O.—It is impossible for a batsman to be caught off his pad unless he has first played the ball.

R. A. Pike.—(1) Write to Sandow's School. (2) If A was caught at long stop, B, the other batsman, could not possibly be run out off the same stroke.

A. B. O.—Originally Rugby *v.* Marlborough was played at the Oval, but for the last forty years this match has taken place at Lord's.

Inquirer.—Gentlemen *v.* Players was first played in 1805, so this is the centenary year of the fixture.

Yorkshireman.—Probably the Yorkshire eleven of 1900 (and 1901) was the strongest county team of modern times. Surrey at the end of the eighties and early nineties was a very powerful side, and Lancashire has had some great elevens.

R. S.—Yes, the Colonial Secretary was captain of the Cambridge XI.

Arthur Clark.—You will find "Ranji's" centuries for 1896 in *Wisden* for 1897.

TALES OF THE FAR WEST.

By Franklin Welles Calkins.

No. 17.—SOZY AND THE SIX-SHOOTERS.

AROUND our French Creek camp-fires in '75 there were gathered groups of mountaineers and plainsmen of the old *régime*. We had then no status in the gold-bearing wilderness despite the fact that we had staked claims and paid recorder's fees. Therefore Buckskin Joe, California Joe, Florida Bill, Old Missouri, Felix Michaud, Jacques Boyer and others of us of less picturesque nomenclature and far less fame had time to burn, if time may said to be consumed in that manner. At all events, we burned quantities of tobacco, and often we talked and oftener the major part of us listened. Our camp, under the pinnacled rocks of Custer's Gulch, was set in a breathless and solemn wilderness. The caterwauling of a cougar, the surprised "whoof" of the grizzly, the whistle of the startled mule-deer, the clucking call of the pine-hen to her scattered young: these sounds and their like, and the track of various four-foots, were the audible and visible signs of a habitation apparently undisturbed since the eon of the split-hoof horse.

Lounging about the waggons of our Iowa party a group were, one afternoon, discussing Indians and their superstitions—especially the superstitions, or perhaps cowardly dread which had kept the tribes out of the depths of those solemn Black Hills pines. Naturally, talk turned upon the comparative courage of red and white as exemplified in border warfare. In the argument which followed, men of little or no experience generally expressed the opinion that the American aborigine was cowardly by nature. Of this there was evidence enough, they contended, in the deadly ambush, the treachery and general bushwhacking tactics of the race in fighting.

Although appealed to from time to time in confirmation of this or that opinion, California Joe, who was of our number, smoked his pipe in silence. When he finally began to speak it was not to set forth an opinion or to give expression to a sentiment.

"There was my Shoshony partner, now, that I picked up at our North Fork rendyvoo in '47," he said, "Sozy—he was an average Indian, I reckon, rather under the average as to looks. Sozy was so consumedly homely that he couldn't git married, not even among the Snakes and Flatheads. I reckon that's the reason he took to me an' my ways. I named him Sozy, which isn't Injun that I know of, because the name seemed to fit his ornery face, somehow; and his Shoshony name, well, that was a name that no white man could pronounce twice runnin' with any certainty of ever eatin' another meal o' victuals. Sozy was only half Snake. His mother was a Blackfoot woman, captured in war, and he spoke her language better, if possible, than he did Shoshony. He knew the country to north of the Yellow Stone like a schoolboy knows his reader, and that is principally the reason why I took him with me in '48, upon the Yellow Water, which is a little branch of the Musselshell.

"We took beaver for a season there and had good ground left, which we concluded to hold for another fall. When summer put in I went to Fort Union with our pelts. While I was there I traded for three Colt's six-shooters out of the first shipment of that kind of guns to come up the Missouri. They were the first repeaters I had seen, and I was mightily tickled with them. I would have

taken a dozen if McKenzie would have spared 'em, for I knew the mountain men would want the guns whenever I should run up against a company again.

"Sozy wasn't long in learning to handle the one I gave to him, when I got back. He was, if anything, more tickled with the weapon than myself. 'Shoot Oglalla a heap; shoot Sikasapi a heap'; he would say, grinning with delight, as he rubbed the cylinder of his gun with bear's grease, 'shoot buffalo a heap, all same more better like bow and arrow.'

"Early in September, or thereabouts, we went to the foot-hills of Big Snowy to kill elk for our winter's supply of meat. Of course, buffalo would be runnin' south soon, but there never was much of a buffalo's carcass that agreed with my stomach, and the wastefulness of coverin' an acre or two o' ground with dead critters, for the sake of tongue and tenderline, always went agin the grain with me. I was never guilty of slaughterin' God's critters for fun, either. I never hired out to any dukes or nabobs to blow his innocent four-foots off the earth, an' I never will.

"We hadn't seen any buffalo that season, so far, but on the fourth or fifth day of our hill huntin' we saw 'em come up on the prairie in countless herds. I've never seen so many critters of any kind, before or since. We were well up on the mountains and could look down upon a heap of country. And yet there seemed a mistry about the way those cattle appeared. They popped suddenly out of creek valleys and the heads of coulees in dark, moving lines an' blotches and spread until the mind got tired in tryin' to conceive of their number.

"Well, we thought best to git back to our camp an' ponies on the Flat Willow, an' so we pulled our freight immediately. We got to camp before it was overrun with herds, but the Blackfeet had come with the buffaloes and our five ponies were gone; also their ropes an' picket pins an' our blankets and camp truck. We soon discovered that a single Injun had done the whole business, an' that was the reason we hadn't been laid for an' bushwhacked. Sozy wasn't a beauty, as I've said, even when he was sober and goodnatured. Ordinarily, but for his horse-tail hair an' pig's eyes, his peeked for'ead and copperas skin, he'd have been taken for a fat guzzler of hop drinks. But a fiend pitted with smallpox would have looked handsome beside of Sozy when he found the Blackfoot's moccasin tracks. He made pizen medicine agin the maker of 'em. Rather late in the day, it struck me, but Sozy was all Injun. When he got through with his contortions, an' shakin' of his medicine clout, he became as cam an' placid as if nothing had happened.

"He spoke in Shoshony, which I understood. 'This is very bad,' said he, quite as if he was offerin' me information. 'This will make the feet weary until we can take horses of the Bloods and Piegans. Younger brother, we shall have to kill some of those people.' 'Well, then, come and let's do it,' I said. I was young and very much incensed, and quite ready for a desperate enterprise. We returned on foot an' cautiously to our shack lodge, on the Yellow Water, where our traps, ammunition, and extra firearms were cached. So far the shack, which was hidden in a thicket of river ash, had escaped the Blackfeet's detection.

"We now prepared ourselves for a scouting expedition. We both wore Shoshony dress, but Sozy spent a few hours of the night a-patching and fringing, and easily changed our shift to Blackfoot gear. We tied our hair in Sarcee pattern. I wore no beard in those days an' my skin was tanned blacker, if anything, than Sozy's. A little yellow earth fixed me to pass an ordinary inspection. Disguised in that fashion, and wearing the new Colts under our shirt flaps, we set out on foot in the morning. We scouted along the river and among the coulees as though we were stalkin' the buffalo. It didn't take us long to discover that the country was overrun with Bloods an' Piegans; indeed, we hadn't walked two miles when we met a party of Bloods—it was Sozy who knew the difference in tribes—an' they passed us, a dozen of 'em, within a hundred yards. It was a trying minute for me, but I followed Sozy's lead. He turned indifferently towards a coulee on our right an' the party rode on payin' us no attention. We saw other parties of horsemen and foot-hunters presently and avoided 'em in the same careless fashion, among the breaks and gullies.

"Before night we had located a big village of Bloods and another of Piegans. These camps were on the bottom an' not more than a mile apart. We lay close in covert and watched hunting parties an' squaw packers come in loaded with meat. About sundown, too, we saw another big band of Injuns come into the valley on the

east an' make camp two or three miles below the Bloods.

"I saw that Sozy was mightily tickled at this, although I confess I couldn't guess the reason, an' it seemed to me our chance o' gittin' out of that hornet's nest wasn't any too good. 'Accordin' to my reckoning we'd enjoyed uncommon good luck that day and ought, in all reason, to have lost our scalps before night.

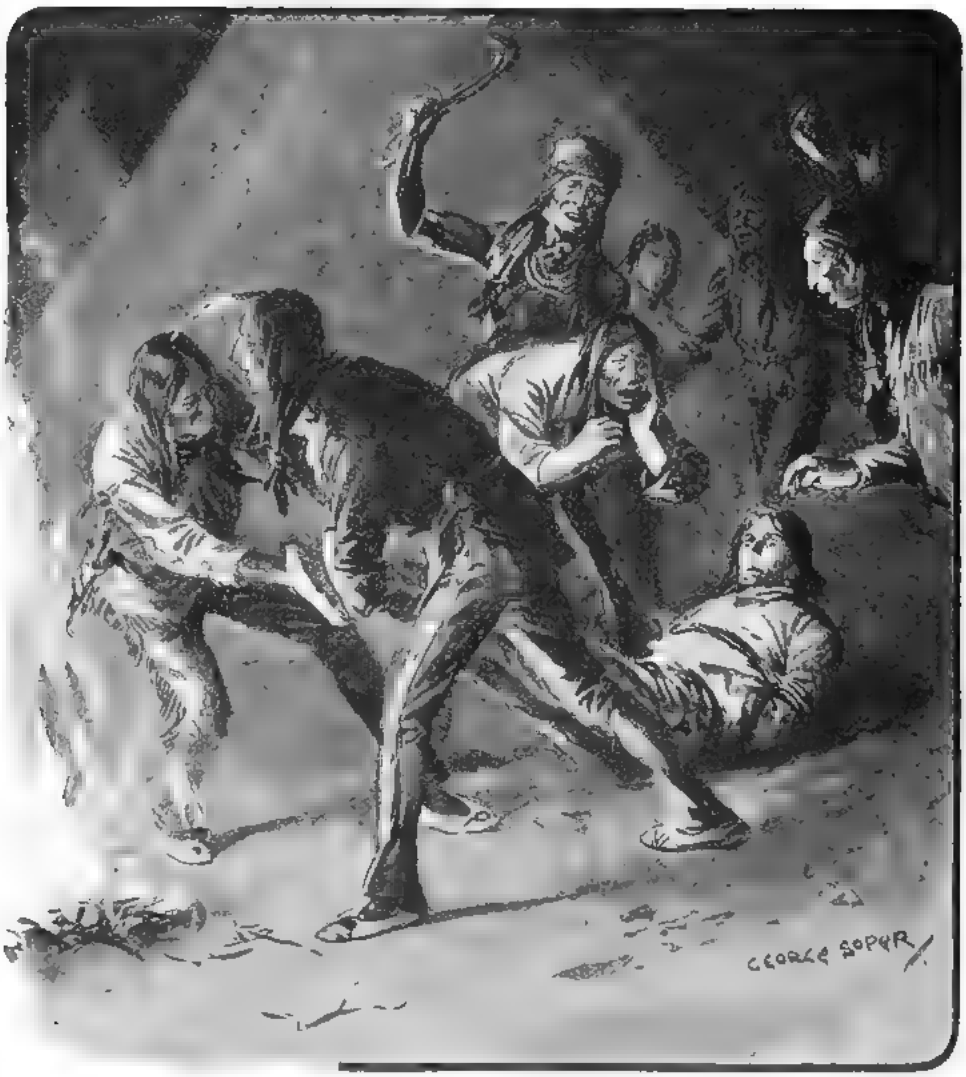
"'Brother, we shall take horses of these people to-night,' said my partner. Now, there was a big lot of ponies, especially around the Piegan lodges, but they were all tethered close in, an' the outlook for a mount didn't seem to me promising. I knew there would be prowling guards and sharp eyes on the look-out among those herds.

"But when darkness had fairly settled down, Sozy got up out of the grass bold as a lion. 'Come, brother, let us go among those Piegan folks,' says he, as cool as though we were goin' a-fishing. Not knowing exactly what he intended I thought I could go anywhere that he dared to venture. The night was cloudy and so far favourable. We got pretty close to the Piegan village and stopped to take observations. Against the light of plenty of camp-fires we could see guards moving about among the ponies, evidence that the Blackfeet were on the look-out there at the edge of the Sioux country. At their village things were lively. Everybody seemed to be having a big time in the midst of peace an' piles of meat. Squaws were busy with fleshing knives, yawpin' back an' forth at each other. Two or three fellows were beating tom-toms and makin' some kind of luguberous squeelin' music. Most of the hunters had laid down in their lodges, dead tired, but young fellows were having all sorts of frolic.

"'Younger brother,' said Sozy, 'we must now go among these Piegans. If any see we are strangers they'll think we're visitors of the Bloods. We must go as the young men do, leaping at play.' It seemed a crazy thing to do, but I couldn't seem to be a coward, and so, laying our rifles on the knoll we'd been standing on, we approached the Piegan village with perfect assurance. Sozy chanted some snatches in Blackfoot an' we pulled an' hauled each other about roughly as we passed in among the horses. I knew that so long as there was nothin' suspicious in our appearance the Injuns wouldn't interrupt us while we seemed to be engaged wholly with each other. An' that was what Sozy was counting on.

"An Indian stalking among the ponies passed us, paying no attention to our capers. That was encouragin'. On we went, chasin' each other to an' fro as other young men were doing among the lodges. All the time we kept a sharp look-out for the best line of retreat when we should leap upon ponies an' fly, as I expected we'd have to do if we got away with a mount. Well, we tumbled into the midst of the Piegan lodges in a roarin' good humour.

WE TUMBLED INTO THE MIDST OF THE PIEGAN LODGES IN A ROARIN' GOOD HUMOUR.



THEY GRABBED ME BY THE FEET AND BEGAN HAULING ME TOWARD THEIR FIRES.

"'Who are you?' a saucy young squaw asked, as we stumbled among her tepee stakes.

"'Sarcees,' said Sozy, an' his matter o' fact statement must have satisfied her, for we saw her pointing us out an' talking an' laughing with some of her friends, a minute later. No others paid us any curious attention and presently we set down on the creek bank and talked together in low tones.

"'My friend,' says Sozy, 'you saw the tepee of the two hunters who slept—it was open. They have no women. We shall take their bridles and ride the horses of those men. Theirs are the horses nearest their lodge.' We talked on in undertones until most of the Injuns' camp-fires had died down to embers; then we got up an' walked carelessly, in a roundabout way, until we'd come to the open tepee of the two hunters. Sozy went in an' I followed. The tired Blackfeet were both lyin' on their backs breathing like quarter horses. Flickerin' embers in front threw a faint light inside. We sat down and smoked for awhile. I could see Sozy's pig-eyes gleaming wickedly in the firelight.

"Presently my partner gathered up two

bridles which lay near the tepee's fire-hole and we passed out, walkin' toward the nearest ponies, just as though we owned 'em. It was too dark for the sharpest eyes to make out figures at more than a few yards distant. Sozy, fat an' stocky though he was, was mounted in ten seconds, with lariat hauled in an' ready to go. But my horse gave me plenty of trouble. The half-wild critter began to go backward before I'd got it bridled. I hung on intending to cut the pony's rope when I'd mounted and git out of town the best way I could. But the little rascal backed up agin the tepee of its owner, an' before I could make up my mind to let go a pair of sinewy arms jerked me backward off my feet.

"As I struggled to git out of his grip the Piegan yelled like a demon, an' before I could break loose we were surrounded by a crowd of excited bucks. The rascals went for me like a parcel of wolves. They pushed an' hauled an' crowded each other to git at the horse-stealer, whose boldness must have excited their envy, whatever they might have thought of his judgment.

"I fought like a caged tiger. I tried to git at my guns, but some fellow, during the squash, got his hands under my shirt and jerked both weapons out of their holsters. Then I went down under the mob, an' my hands were tied up in a jiffy. Two or three of the howling pack now grabbed me by the feet and began hauling me toward their fires.

"You can guess what would have happened to me next had not the attention of my captors been drawn off just then to a more serious matter. Their village was attacked from the prairie side. Bang! bang! bang! A succession of shots was fired that rattled like the volley of a troop. An Injun was hit an' fell across my legs. One or two more went to the ground, and the Piegans hustled for their weapons.

"Crack, crack, crack, came the shots, so close at hand I could smell the powder, an' I knew that Sozy, my gallant Shoshony, was making a diversion in my behalf. He'd rushed in among the Piegans who were downing me; had mixed with 'em in the darkness an' got away with my Colts. An' now he was banging at 'em with a vim and a relish that was good to hear an' feel.

"The flight of the bucks for their guns left me free use of my feet, an' I gained them in a jump an' ran for dear life toward the blaze of Sozy's pistols. The Shoshony met me in the tall grass an' thrust my revolvers, hot with firing, into my belt. He cut my hands free and we slashed the ropes of the nearest manageable ponies an' mounted in hot haste.

"While the Piegans were in a hubbub getting ready to repel an attack upon their village, we made a dash across the Yellow Water and into the bush toward Fort Union, where we arrived two days later, minus rifles an' traps, but thankful to have saved our hair."

The silence which fell upon our group, when this famous old frontiersman had finished his simple narrative, was suggestive.

Thrifty People Build up the Empire.

THE laws which guide the affairs of a nation create also the character of an individual, and I doubt whether the superstructure of any character be sound which does not rest upon thrift as one of its foundation stones; for thrift is not to be thought of as the mere accumulation and investment of money, it is the evidence of certain qualities which are more precious than silver and gold. When you know that a family are thrifty, then they may or may not be clever, agreeable, good-natured, popular, but you do know that they must be industrious, honest, persevering, simple living. Thrift, if you go into the matter, proves foresight in the regulation of life, a steady principle of action, a constant self-denial in little things, and a certain willingness to endure hardships. It would be a rare thing indeed to find a thrifty person lazy, shiftless, unreliable, irresolute. You may take for granted that he will be clear of head and strong of will, independent of human opinion, and true to his own conscience. He cannot be soft who lives in this atmosphere; he cannot be weak who has passed through this temptation; he cannot be a fool who has so often had to say no.—From *The Homely Virtues*, by JOHN WATSON, D.D.

H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES OPENING THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE 1ST CADET BATTALION ROYAL FUSILIERS.

From the painting by Alfred Pearse.

Reproduced by special permission of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.

The Fusilier Cadets.

By A. E. JOHNSON.

"DURING my visit to the Colonies, four years ago," said the Prince of Wales in opening the new headquarters at Hampstead of the 1st Cadet Battalion of the Royal Fusiliers, "I was much impressed by the cadet movement, which had then attained some importance, and I believe our brothers across the seas are right in encouraging it, not for the purpose of militarising the population, but in order to give training in physical exercises and discipline, and in the art of shooting, sufficient to make every one feel that he is developing into a man, and that, at all events, he may be of some use should his services ever be required in the defence of his country."

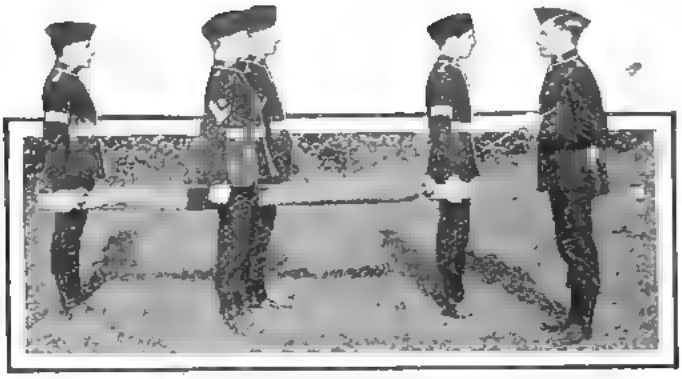
The spirit of the Prince's words is the spirit which has inspired the work of organising the latest addition to the cadet battalions of the metropolis. The 1st Cadet Battalion of the Royal Fusiliers has, in point of fact, been formally in existence for the last four years, but not until the present year, which has seen the completion of the magnificent headquarters opened in May by the Prince of Wales (as Colonel-in-Chief of the Royal Fusiliers), can it be said to have fairly entered into its own. It has done much good work already in its brief existence, under inconvenient and hampering conditions; now, splendidly equipped, with a strength which was over 300 at the close of the last volunteer year, and is rapidly increasing, it may be looked upon as sure that it will not only maintain the excellence of its past record, but will do yet greater things.

The formation of the battalion was sanctioned by the Secretary of State for War on May 1, 1902, and seven days later Major Frank Sheffield, second in command of the 17th (North) Middlesex R.V., was transferred, gazetted Lieut.-Colonel, and appointed to command. Temporary headquarters were secured in a convenient district of Hampstead, and recruiting began, with such success that when the battalion made its first appearance in public nearly 250 of all ranks were on parade. No bad muster for a new battalion!

The record of the corps for the first few years succeeding its formation has been entirely creditable. Onlookers, even the most critical, who have watched it on parade or in the field, cannot fail to have been struck by the smartness of the cadets and their steadiness in the ranks. The temporary headquarters of the battalion, however, were very cramped, and though the many difficulties to be contended with were overcome in one way or another it became imperative to secure adequate accommodation. This was forthcoming through the private generosity of Mrs. Wharrie, daughter of Sir Henry Harben, Honorary Colonel of the battalion; and in Pond Street, Hampstead, the 1st Cadet Battalion Royal Fusiliers has now perhaps the most complete and well-equipped headquarters possessed by any volunteer corps of the metropolis.

A brilliant assembly filled the Drill Hall on the occasion of the opening ceremony by the Prince of Wales, and the picture by Mr. Alfred Pearse, which we reproduce, admirably depicts the notable gathering upon the platform.

1ST C. B. ROYAL FUSILIERS CYCLIST.



1ST C. B. ROYAL FUSILIERS STRETCHER-BEARERS.

The quarters are exceptionally complete and most ingeniously planned. The Drill Hall, 100 ft. by 50 ft., is a splendid building, well lit, and convertible into an immense school of arms with every kind of gymnastic plant available. The Armoury is one of the largest in London; while the Orderly-room, Committee-rooms, Quartermaster's Stores, Machine-gun Room, and Band-practice Rooms are all more than adequate in requirements. What may be termed the social accommodation includes Officers' and Sergeants' Messes, while for the Men there is an excellent Canteen, with kitchen attached, where good meals can be obtained at the lowest possible prices. The Canteen, it should be added, is conducted on strict temperance principles, the battalion being a branch of the Royal Army Temperance Association.

One particularly interesting feature of the equipment of the headquarters is the underground Rifle Range for practice with the Morris-tube. This is fitted with electrical targets, the value of each hit being automatically signalled at the firing point. The pull of a cord suffices to wash out the previous shot, and the presence of a marker at the targets is thus dispensed with. In addition there are ingenious contrivances for similarly manipulating from the firing-point miniature sectional targets (reduced to scale, that is), both stationary and disappearing, and a miniature "running man." A compacter, neater, or better devised miniature range we have certainly never seen.

The organisation of the battalion is remarkably complete. The Machine-gun Section has the use of two up-to-date .303 Gardner Guns (one single, and one double-barrelled) which can be hauled either by horse or man draught. The Cyclists' Section does good work, while the Signallers, using both flag and lamp, have gained a reputation for exceptional smartness and proficiency. Next year it is hoped the heliograph will be added to their equipment. There is likewise a Stretcher-bearer Section, which has proved its efficiency on more than one occasion. Of bands the battalion has no less than five! The Brass Band is of recent formation, but the Drums and Fifes have been in existence since the first days of the corps, and have many times earned no small praise. At the first Inspection of the battalion, their performance drew from the Inspecting Officers an inquiry as to "where the Band had been borrowed?" The Bugle

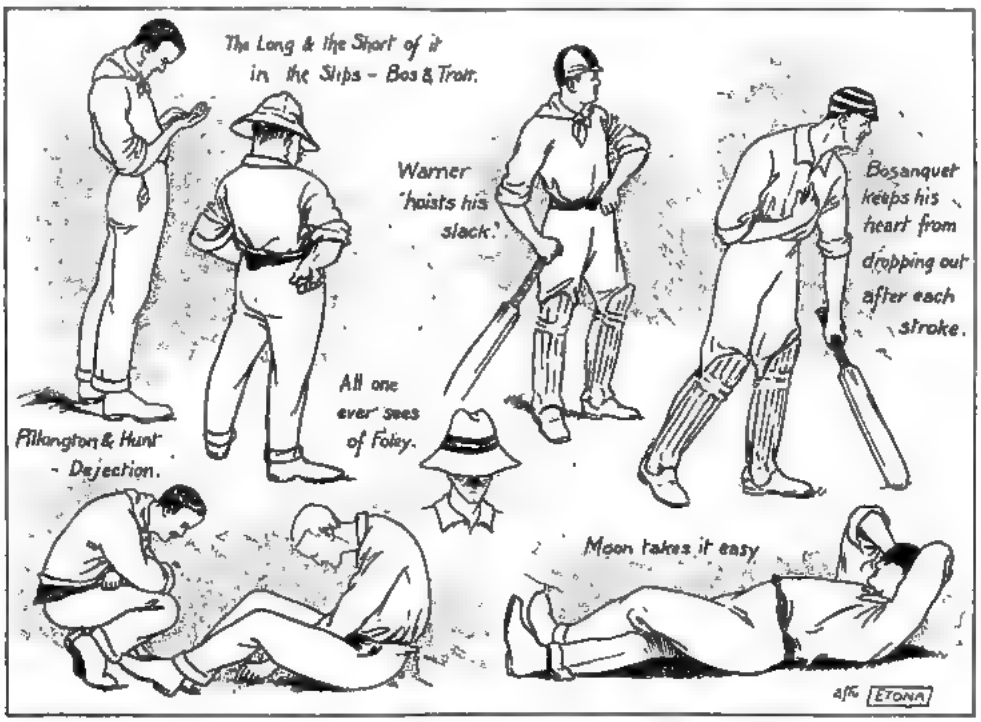
1ST C. B. ROYAL FUSILIERS: THE MACHINE-GUN SECTION.

Band and the Pipers supplement the Brass and the Drums and Fifes: while the battalion can also boast the distinction of a String Band, numbering twenty-four at full strength, which is already much in request for public and private performances.

We have not the space here to enter upon a discussion of the ethics of cadet soldiering. But no one, surely, who has studied the subject at all, or is familiar with the work done by the volunteer cadet battalions in this country, would be willing to dispute the value, *on every ground*, of the training they give. Discipline, *esprit de corps*, intelligence, alertness, and physique—all these qualities of mind and body the training of a cadet imparts. For which reason the work of such organisations as the Cadet Battalions of the Royal Fusiliers, the King's Royal Rifles and others is heartily to be commended. From the patriotic point of view, their importance cannot be exaggerated. "Only a few days ago," said the Prince of Wales in his speech to the Hampstead Cadets, "an important memorandum on the subject was published by the Government of the Commonwealth of Australia with a view of establishing the movement upon a more thorough and systematic basis. I need only quote and commend to your notice its opening words: 'The training of the young is the foundation of any sound system of national defence.'"

SIGNALLERS OF THE 1ST C. B. ROYAL FUSILIERS.

Which the CAPTAIN humbly begs leave to endorse.



"MORE CRICKETERS' LITTLE WAYS."

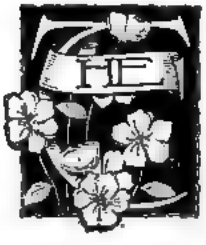
THE PEACE MACHINE.

BY WILLIAM HICKS.

Illustrated by Alfred Pearse.

[I think this is the wildest flight of imagination that has ever been submitted to me in the form of a story. Such an original idea, however, deserves to see the light of print, and so I am publishing Mr. Hicks' tale, though not without qualms lest some ingenious CAPTAIN reader may invent and commence operations with a "peace machine" on the lines laid down by M. Jakovitch!—ED. CAPTAIN.]

I.



Prime Minister was courteous but very firm.

"What you ask, M. Jakovitch, is quite impossible. Your invention may possibly be all you claim for it, but to pay you a round million for the secret is quite out of the question. All our efforts are directed to keeping down the public expenditure, and the increase of the Secret Service Vote by a million would provoke a storm of indignation from the Opposition. A pretty story it would make for the Halfpenny Press—that we had paid this enormous sum for an invention, blind-fold! No—unless you can trust us sufficiently to explain the nature of your discovery, and allow us to judge as to its value or otherwise, it is quite useless to continue this discussion."

"My Lord," returned the Russian, "that is not right what you say. I have come to you with this great discovery of my own, which I have given so much of my life to perfect. With it you can rule the whole world—say to the nations what you will have done. And I offer it you for less than the cost of one big ship in your navy. The other peoples would take it willingly without wanting proof, but your land is the only one we poor exiles can come to without fear; therefore I would be thankful to you, and give to you the power to make the other peoples do what you want."

The Prime Minister hesitated a moment before speaking again, and studied the speaker's face with interest. Carl Jakovitch was an uncanny-looking man, certainly. About sixty years of age and of average height, there was something in the stoop of his shoulders and the shuffle of his walk that told of a life mostly spent in prison. His face was clean-shaven, but his hair was arranged in long matted tresses over his forehead as if to conceal the mark of a wound. His thin, nervous hands were scarred and cut as if the muscles had been torn by a sharp knife. One could see he had suffered much; one knew instinctively that his body bore marks of the knout and scourge. He was in every way a contrast to the well-set-up, debonair Lord Starminster, Prime Minister of Great Britain.

"We must leave sentiment out of the discussion, M. Jakovitch. Much as I should like to help you, I have also to remember my duty to the State."

Jakovitch looked disappointed for a moment; then a faint smile stole over his face.

"My Lord, I am so sorry that I cannot make you buy my invention now and here. But you will see me again in six months' time, during which I hope to prove the value of my invention—yes?"

Starminster nodded acquiescence, and Jakovitch, with a word of thanks, turned to leave the Prime Minister's room. At the door he paused and cast one look of amused pity on the great man; then vanished silently into the street.

II.

One morning, a few weeks later, Police Constable 4473X turned from his rapt contemplation of the fountains in Trafalgar Square and strolled in a leisurely manner towards the Nelson Monument. As he drew near to the lofty pile he was surprised to see an old gentleman climbing on to the base of the column. This was against rules, but to his astonishment the

old gentleman beckoned to him to come closer, seeming very excited about something, and prodding and scraping the stonework with his stick. The constable opened his mouth in gruff rebuke; then, forgetting his dignity, clambered on to the column as quickly as he could. For on coming closer he saw that the stonework, for a space of several feet, seemed to be covered with a curious green fungus. It was like nothing he had seen before, and the old gentleman and he began scraping away at it, but without making the slightest impression for a long time. At last they detached a small piece, which the old man put in his pocket-book; then, slipping a shilling into the policeman's hand, he hurried away towards Westminster. Quite a crowd was by this time staring at the statue in wonder, and some passing journalist must have taken note of the matter, for several evening papers had short paragraphs about the occurrence in their later issues. Next morning a real mob surged round the column, and in the afternoon a London County Council inspector examined the stonework carefully. What he found seemed to puzzle him, and that same evening the space around was roped off to permit an examination by experts from the Home Office. Then the next morning it was generally known that some mysterious decay had seized upon the Nelson Monument, rendering it unsafe for people to approach it. Trafalgar Square was closed, and the traffic along the south side stopped, pending an investigation.

PRODDING AND SCRAPING THE STONEWORK WITH HIS STICK.

The authorities in provincial towns looked at their statues anxiously, but for the most part discovered no cause for alarm. At Bristol, however, the Cabot Statue showed small patches of the fungus, and the façade of St. George's Hall at Liverpool was also found to be affected. In each case it proved that the mysterious growth had eaten more or less deeply into the stones. No preventative could be discovered. The matter was mentioned in Parliament and a committee of eminent scientists appointed to report. After several days' work they were none the wiser, and could only advise the demolition and rebuilding of the various monuments.

No further appearances of the mysterious fungus being reported, public apprehension became somewhat modified. But the papers were crowded with letters on the subject, many weird theories being advanced as to the cause of the disease. As is invariably the case, the writers were apt to stray from the point, and introduce side issues into the discussion in order to ventilate their pet ideas. A well-known clergyman in the East End took the fungus as a text for his Sunday evening sermon, and proved to his own satisfaction that it was a modern "Writing on the Wall"—a warning to the inhabitants of Modern Babylon.

Things were jogging along as usual when, like a bolt from the blue, came the announcement that several of the newest and biggest battleships at Portsmouth and Devonport

showed signs of the fungus in their hulls. People gazed in vague fear at the placards announcing this fresh development; a new committee (of naval experts this time) was formed, but its investigations proved as fruitless as those of the first one; it could suggest no remedy, and the nation awoke to the fact that not only was the first line of defence seriously weakened, but that further construction was a waste of money under the circumstances. The peace-at-any-price party was in raptures at the news, and started an agitation in favour of total disarmament. At the dockyards, consternation reigned, and the long lines of men waiting to be taken on met with curt refusals and the statement that all work was suspended on instructions from headquarters. And while these things were occurring and setting England topsy-turvy, no one noticed a little stooping man who moved among the excited crowds, his smile growing broader and broader as he listened to the various explanations and theories with regard to the dreaded fungus. His smile vanished when he saw the ranks of the unemployed swelled by the men discharged from the dockyards—he felt sorry for them, and more than once was on the point of seeking out the Prime Minister; then, thinking of the weary years he had spent on his invention, he decided to wait a little longer.

III.

Dover Bay was crowded with warships; the old town seethed with excitement, and was noisy with the tramp of soldiers. The ruler of a friendly State was to land at the historic port on a visit to England's King. At early dawn a long, black line of destroyers had sped across the Channel to escort him into the harbour. Decked out with flags, the fleet made a brave display, the clear winter sun showing the war vessels off to perfection. On the pier stood a prince of the royal house, surrounded by a glittering group of officers and local dignitaries.

The eager crowds on the front cheered lustily as the lithe, black destroyers leapt into sight out of the channel haze, and were seen to be escorting a big cruiser, on the bridge of which stood the nation's guest. Amid the thunder of guns from fleet and fortress, the blare of bands and rolling cheers, the big ship came to her moorings, and after a very brief delay the special train of the Great Southern Railway rolled out of the station on its journey to London.

All went well until the train had covered half its journey. Then the grinding of the brakes told that something was wrong—a second later and the train was pulled up with a violent jerk. With dismay and chagrin on their faces, the officials in charge hastened to seek an explanation from the men on the footplate, and to their consternation found that the engine had broken one of her piston rods. The engine was a brand new one, just out of the shops, but examination showed the whole of the "motion" thickly covered with fungus. A fresh locomotive was quickly obtained, and the journey completed without further mishap.

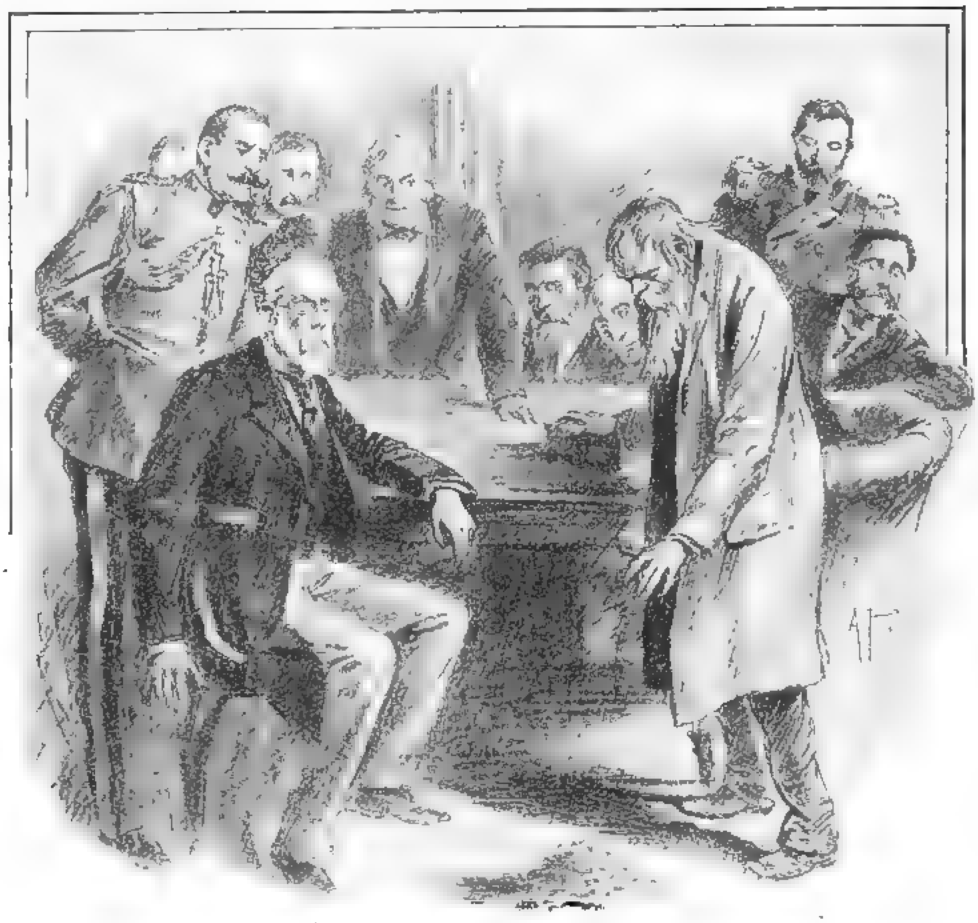
During the next few days there were a number of unaccountable breakdowns on all the railways, and in every case the fungus was found to be the cause. The railway companies were alarmed, and would issue tickets and accept freights only on the understanding that they were not to be held responsible for damage or loss caused by breakdowns, accidents or delays proved to be due to the new fungus.

All this time Jakovitch was travelling about the country, but nobody connected him with these strange accidents, for only one man in the country had reason to suspect him, and he had kept silent. It wanted a fortnight before the six months expired, and Jakovitch determined to make the most of it.

IV.

Lord Starminster sat in his private room at Downing Street. On a table by his side were copies of a large number of newspapers of various dates, and a pile of cuttings. His lordship looked worried, as well he might; things seemed absolutely upside-down everywhere, the public were clamouring for an explanation of the numerous accidents which took place daily, and the trade of the country was rapidly coming to a standstill, for merchants would no longer trust their wares to the railways under the new conditions.

Lord Starminster was feverishly reading the reports and articles for the tenth time when his servant announced the Home Secretary. That gentleman lost no time in stating his business, which consisted of a report to the effect that the façade of Buckingham Palace had been attacked by the fungus. While they were talking about this fresh disaster a telegram arrived from Windsor to say that the castle walls



IT IMMEDIATELY CRUMBLED INTO A HEAP OF WHITE SAND.

were showing signs of crumbling—fungus undoubtedly the cause. The two men looked at each other in dismay, and, after an anxious discussion of the situation, Lord Starminster decided to call the Cabinet together to decide what was to be done.

The meeting of the Cabinet was very prolonged, and although no details were allowed to leak out, it was generally understood and reported in the press that the fungus had been the one subject of discussion. Immediately upon its close the Prime Minister instructed the police to find Jakovitch. They had little difficulty in tracing him, and he at once expressed his willingness to put himself at the disposal of the authorities, acknowledging that all the occurrences of the past few weeks had been his work.

It was arranged that Jakovitch should demonstrate his invention before a joint committee of the Cabinet and naval and military experts, and the appointed day witnessed a full attendance at No. 10 Downing Street, extraordinary precautions being taken by the officials to ensure that no whisper of what was going forward should become public.

Jakovitch's apparatus filled a small japanned box, which he placed carefully on a table by his side. Without delay he plunged into an explanation of his invention, and what he could accomplish with it. Put into plain English, and shorn of the verbiage of his language, it was as follows:

Jakovitch was a chemist by profession, and had been honoured as a man Russia might be proud of until his outspoken Nihilism had procured him many years in

a Siberian prison. Escaping thence, he proceeded to America and devoted all his energies to the study of his profession. By experimenting with radium he had evolved a new element, the emanations from which formed a gas or vapour. This gas, when ignited and focused by a powerful lens, had the effect of producing instantaneous decay in any object on which the rays fell, no matter how hard it might be—in the case of human beings it produced a virulent cancer. The new element and method of controlling the same were Jakovitch's secret: the element, he insisted, shared with radium the property of being practically inexhaustible.

With this explanation Jakovitch opened his box and took from it a small black case, for all the world like a hand camera, with two little ivory buttons on the top. He next produced a solid block of marble, about a foot square and four inches thick, which he placed on a table a few feet away. Taking up his little case, Jakovitch pressed the two buttons together, and those present saw a quick flash from the lenses, followed by a faint bluish light, which burned steadily. Every one held his breath as the inventor pointed the lenses at the block of marble, which in a second or two became densely covered with a green, scaly fungus; then, after a short pause, he released the little buttons and invited those around him to examine the stone carefully. Seeing that they hesitated to touch it, Jakovitch laughed and then threw the marble lightly on the floor. It immediately crumbled into a heap of white sand. A gasp of astonishment and admiration proved that all present realised the value of such an engine of destruction.

Jakovitch now asked that an armour plate might be submitted to the influence of his apparatus, but material of that kind not being available, he turned his lens on the great safe which stood in the corner of the room. In a few seconds' time the paint began to peel off in flakes, showing the solid steel eaten and fretted as if by an acid. Locking up his camera, Jakovitch took a wooden spade from his pocket and, crossing the room to the safe, soon scooped a big hole in the solid steel, the metal falling out in a silver shower.

Jakovitch took his spectators' praises as a matter of course, though the Prime Minister gazed ruefully at his safe. The inventor was then left alone for some little time while the committee retired to consider the matter. Upon their return the Prime Minister informed Jakovitch that they would purchase his invention for the sum he asked, and would appoint him to supervise the manufacture.

In course of time Jakovitch received naturalisation papers, which changed his name, by royal letters patent, to Sir Charles Jackson, K.C.V.O. As usual, his Majesty had done the right thing, and time was to prove that he had secured a most loyal, faithful subject. The purchase of the invention having been accomplished, the new-made knight settled down in the country of his adoption and devoted all his time and energies to the elaboration of the wonderful machine which was to make Britain the arbitress of the World's Peace.

THINK OF OTHERS.

IF every one did an act of daily kindness to his neighbour, and refused to do any unkindness, half the sorrow of this world would be lifted and disappear.

What we mean to do let us do quickly, for life is short, and, as has been said, we shall not come this way again. The sun will soon be setting for every one of us, and we will be coming to the Master to give an account of the day's work and to receive His judgment. And we are going to be judged by nothing more or less than by our kindness or our unkindness. They who were kind shall go to the right hand—He said it who Himself is Judge—and they who are unkind shall go to the left hand, for inasmuch as we have done it unto the least of His brethren, we have dealt kindly with the Lord Himself.—From *The Homely Virtues*, by JOHN WATSON, D.D.

"The Captain" Photographic Gallery.

Being a Selection of Photographs entered for our Competitions.

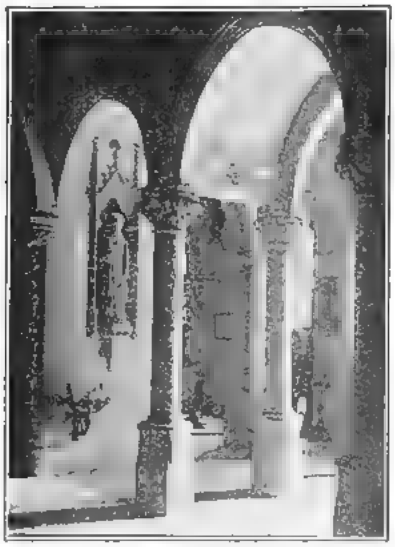
CLYTIE. By C. Burrell, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

LIGHT AND SHADE. By K. W. Dowie, Montreal.

FISH MARKET ON BRIGHTON BEACH. By C. J. Hubbard, Norwich.

PORTRAIT STUDY. By T. E. W. Strong, St. Anne's-on-Sea.

ORIENT PACIFIC R.M.S. "ORTONA." By F. S. Piper, Yelverton



IN THE CLOISTERS. By C. Winter-Wood, Paignton.

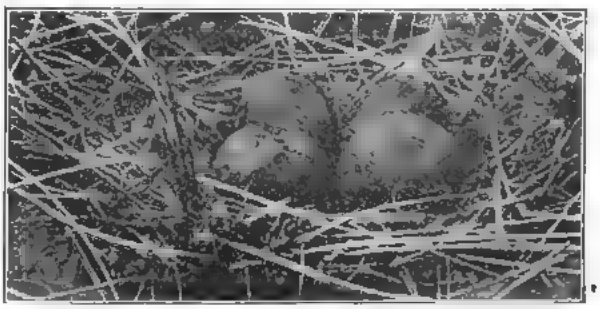
A STUDY IN SMOKE. By James Aitken, Durham.

IRISH SHELL AND COCKLE VENDORS. By V. R. Poole, Waterford.

"WE TWO." Pape, Colwyn Bay.

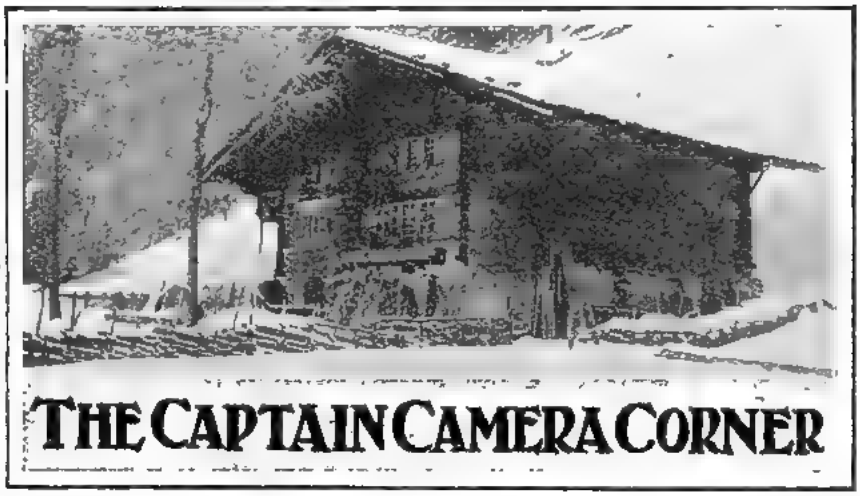
"DOOMED." By Eric Seward, Hastings.

IN THE ALPS. By Walter Kalisch, Renens, Switzerland.



A PLOVER'S NEST. By Alice M. Hamling, Barnstaple.

"UNINVITED GUESTS." By R. W. Copeman, Wincanton.



THE CAPTAIN CAMERA CORNER

Photo. by H. S. F. Cosens.

SOME TOURING HINTS

THOUGH not all cyclists are photographers, very few photographers are not cyclists: and when a cyclo-photographer goes on tour he naturally wishes to take some sort of apparatus with him. In the following paragraphs I venture on some hints which I trust may be useful to those readers who have been bothered by their cameras during a tour from lack of knowing how best to carry and keep them supplied with films or plates; or who have not yet cared to include them in a touring outfit.

The Best Camera for Touring.

From the point of mere convenience the small roller-film camera undoubtedly takes first place. It is light and occupies little space; and films for many exposures can easily be carried in one's pockets. For snap-shotting pure and simple it is all that can be required; though the subsequent handling of the films is by no means quite plain sailing.

At the other end of the scale I should put the box-form hand camera with plates in metal sheaths. It is bulky, and rattles, besides being heavy.

Midway between the two comes the small stand camera, with separate dark slides for plates. This, from the point of avoirdupois, would seem to be an even worse burden than the type last mentioned. But, fortunately, its parts can be distributed about the person and machine. And for really artistic and all-round work—interiors as well as landscapes, "time" as well as snap exposures—it will prove most valuable to the serious photographer.

Camera slides and stand conveniently arranged for carrying.

My own touring camera is

A "Five by Four,"

which I find an excellent size of plate. The quarter-plate has one chief advantage over it, namely, that it will yield lantern slides by direct contact printing. Otherwise I plump for the 5 × 4. Not believing in strapping a camera to the cycle, since the slides may be chafed by continuous jolting, and deposit dust on the plates, I carry it in one waterproof canvas bag and its six double slides in another. Both bags are furnished with "webbing" slings 2½ in. wide, so as to bear broadly on the shoulders. Camera, cases, and six loaded slides make a total weight of about 6 lb., which I have carried 100 miles in a day without feeling any discomfort. The stand is either a three-fold wooden one weighing 2 lb., or a feather weight four-draw telescopic aluminium, scaling, with leather case, 22 ounces. The cloth is wrapped up in the macintoshes on the handle-bars.

I think that the camera and slides should undoubtedly be carried on the body. The two important points to remember are: (1) keep the slides separate from the camera; (2) have broad shoulder straps.

The stand is fastened under the top bar of the frame. To prevent rattling, I use two lengths of ¼ in. circular rubber, passing them round the bar and tying the ends of each together. Before the stand is inserted in the rings, the latter are given a half twist so as to form the figure 8, the top loop encircling the tube, the lower loop the stand. The point of crossing acts as a buffer between stand and tube.

The screw is permanently attached to the stand top and therefore cannot be lost. If you have a loose tail screw, at least secure it to the top of the stand by a piece of string.

A very puzzling problem with tourists is

How to keep the Slides fed with Plates

In most towns one can find a photographic dealer who has a dark room which he is ready to place at the disposal of customers for a small fee. I strongly advise you to spend a shilling on "The Peerless Photographer's Note-Book," which gives the addresses of about 2500 dealers in the British Isles, besides a plate register for 700 exposures and a neat little exposure calculator. If you want to change plates, look up the town you next come to and ask permission to use the dark room. The chief drawback attending local purchases of plates is the uncertainty of being able to get the brand you are accustomed to work with. Therefore it is well to select a well-known make, such as the "Imperial" or "Ilford," and to write to the manufacturers for a list of agents who supply them. As a general rule, however, you are almost certain to find one or other of these makes; though of their freshness you must take your chance. The bigger the town, the more likely you are to get fresh stuff.

Another Plan

is to buy several dozens of plates before you start, pack them in a box, and send them in advance by post. Six dozen 5 × 4's, and a "Student" pocket dark-room oil lamp, can be packed comfortably into a box measuring internally 10 × 6 × 5 in. The lid must be attached by screws: and for protection against prying eyes you should tie the package up with string and seal it before sending it on to a post office or hotel in the town where you are next likely to need a change, with your name and "To be called for" plainly inscribed. This system costs about 1*s.* every time the box is forwarded, but ensures you a constant supply of good and uniform plates, and also a means of storing exposed plates. As soon as the six dozen are used up the box may be sent home to await your return: or the plates should be despatched, carefully packed, and the box refilled, if you contemplate a further journey.

The Numbering of Plates

gave me some trouble till I worked on the following method. In my exposure book I, of course, make full entries of subject, light, stop, time given, &c., about each plate exposed. All plates exposed *before the first change* are lettered A1, A2, A3, &c., in my book. When I change I scratch the corresponding letter and number on each plate in one corner, and write the letter on the outside of the wrapping of each group. After the first change I use B's; after the second, C's; and so on. No plate is marked *until it is removed from the slide*. I have found this a satisfactory and simple plan: very preferable to consecutive numbering, because the number of the slide is transferred straight to the plate, while the letter distinguishes it from any other plate exposed in the same slide. When I numbered plates *before* putting them in the slides, difficulties kept occurring. Thus, out of twelve plates only nine might be exposed; then came the change. I should now have to shift 10, 11, and 12 into slides 1, 2, 3, and make a special note of it in my exposure book; or fill up slides 1 to 9 with plates 13–21. Of these only 13–17 might be exposed; then more confusion. So I gave it up.

Changing the Plates

should be done at night, if you cannot get access to a dark room. With practice it is, however, quite easy to change in the recesses of a bed during the daytime, by the sense of touch alone. I have done this sometimes, after drawing down the blinds of the room and pulling the curtains. The slides are pled carefully in order. Then comes a plunge head first under the bedclothes with slides, a pin, a pencil, and a box and wrapping for the plates. All the plates are extracted, and I scratch the letter and its proper number on a corner of each. They are packed film to film in pairs and stored in the box. I emerge, and get a box of fresh plates and also a draught of fresh air. Then into the bed again, and unwrap the plates, piling them up until I have the required number. If you are doubtful as to which is the film side of a plate, moisten the tip of your

finger slightly, and apply it to a corner. If it sticks, it is on the film.

Such changing is very hot work, and I don't resort to it if a dark cupboard or cellar is available. Most hotels have what is called a "dark room," though in an ordinary house it might be mistaken for a mere stuffy cupboard.

Developing on Tour.

I don't do it nowadays: it proved much too messy and uncertain. Instead of test developments, I use an exposure meter (Wynne's) and thereby make approximately certain of my exposures.

If, however, you are working from a centre to which you return every night, and there are proper facilities for development, it is worth while treating the day's exposures at once. Very possibly evenings which would otherwise be heavy on hand may be passed profitably in this way; and you will also avoid the somewhat wearisome business of developing a stack of plates "off the reel" when you get back to your dark room at home. But if things are *not* convenient, leave the development alone.

I should advise the use of

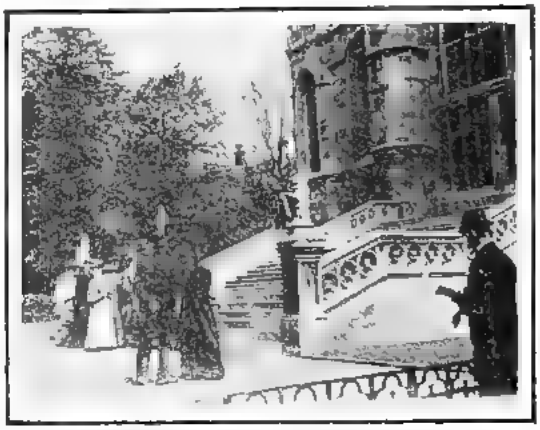
Backed Plates

for touring, as you will probably want to take interiors of cathedrals, &c. For the last an exposure meter is simply invaluable; also a piece of very stout string to pass round the camera legs to keep them steady on pavements. I would also remind you that architectural subjects require a swing back and rising front on the camera. (*Vide* previous articles.) Since the photographer is not so welcome everywhere as the plain tourist, you will do well before setting up your machine in ecclesiastical or historic buildings to ascertain whether special permission is needed to take photographs: and if it is, apply to the vicar, dean, or owner, as the case may be. Generally speaking, no objection will be made to photographing churches inside as well as out; but in cathedral precincts and in the grounds of "show" residences you often require a special permit. If you intend to make a point of securing photographs in such places you will be wise to get permission before starting on your tour. Don't omit the stamped envelope for reply.

To obtain the best value for your expenditure of time and money

Don't throw away Plates

on unworthy objects, or be in too much of a hurry to get a picture. Study light and shade, and do your very best to photograph the object or landscape from the most picturesque and effective point. A careful perusal of "Landscape Photography," by Reginald Craigie, and "Architectural Photography," by Arthur Burchett (1*s.* each from Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, 27 Paternoster Row, E.C.) will



A good photograph spoilt by not using swing back. Notice how the masonry on right seems to tip forward at the top.

In this view, too, the "cant" of the masonry is evident. Be very careful that the plate is vertical.

give you many valuable hints and ideas to take touring with you.

Naming Dishes.

Before putting down my pen I shall turn to non-touring matters for a moment. The porcelain dishes which one uses for toning, fixing, intensifying, &c., should be reserved rigidly for their respective work. If you are constantly using them you will probably remember which is which. But after a space of a week or two their distinctive marks or shapes may be for-

gotten. I have lately carefully labelled my "porcelains" in the following manner.

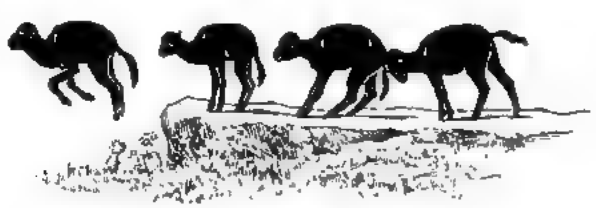
Get a little carriage varnish and smear some on one side of each dish. Leave it till "tacky." Then affix labels of white paper on which are written "Gold Toning Bath," "Fixing for Prints," "Fixing for Plates," &c. Press these on till the varnish underneath has penetrated and discoloured them all over, and smear a coating of varnish over the top. When this is dry, add a second, and even a third. I have had labels so protected under running water for hours together without finding any traces of separation from the porcelain.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

H. C. Maclaine.—(1) Your camera is a good pattern for field-work, and if you have found it satisfactory there is no reason why you should not adapt a portrait lens to it. At the same time, I should prefer a square-bellows camera, racking out backwards, for portraiture. As a portrait lens has to work into a very large aperture it necessarily requires very careful manufacture, and a good article is expensive. A Zeiss half-plate portrait lens runs to over £15. This would work at f/4. The "Holborn Special" (f/4) portrait lens costs £2 15s.; and the "Holborn Extra Rapid" (f/3) £7. If you don't care to spend much money, try the "Holborn Special" (Messrs. Houghton, High Holborn, W.C.). Of course, it cannot be expected to cover the plate as sharply as a more costly lens. (2) *Synthol* is good for plates and paper. A useful formula is: Water, 10 oz.; sulphite of soda (best quality), 300 gr.; synthol, 30 gr. Be sure that the sulphite is quite pure. If the sulphite is reduced the action is slower. For a quick action, increase *both* sulphite and synthol Take care not to get any hypo in the solution. It keeps very well. (3) Yes; a powerful acetylene lamp will do very well, with a proper condenser. The light, being much more actinic than that of an ordinary oil lamp, is well suited for the purpose of enlarging. A great deal will depend on the nature of your reflector. It should be very bright. (4) 'I have never seen a lens marked like yours. If 3 is the largest stop I should imagine that all the figures are proportionate to the focus, *i.e.*, 6 denotes a stop of half the diameter of 3, and so on. The best method to ascertain their value would be by actual measurement of the stops and the focal distance of the lens. If the series meant f/3, f/4, &c., the exposures would proportionately run, *roughly*, 1, 2, 3, 4, &c., whatever the time for the open stop may be.

Velox.—I am afraid that your system of enlarging is not a very good one. But I think that you might improve matters by removing the lamp much further away from the negative, say 18 ins. The light would then be much better distributed in proportion, especially if you had between lamp and ground glass a rectangular wooden box (open at both ends, of course), its sides covered with white paper. An alternative would be to get some one outside the room to move the lamp about during exposure. You must in this case be very careful to cover up all the ground glass except the part opposite the negative with an opaque substance. Try this if the first dodge doesn't succeed.

Anglo-Argentine.—Advertise your camera in the *Amateur Photographer*, or the *Exchange and Mart*. No! you can't focus as accurately with a hand camera as with a bellows camera. In fact, it becomes more or less of guess-work unless you have a very carefully marked scale and measure your distances exactly. Even then you cannot be quite certain as to what is on the plate. Many "finders" by no means cover the same field as the lens. I can recommend Houghton's "Triple Victo," which has *triple* extension. The half-plate size, with lens, stand, three double dark slides and case would cost £5. Lancasters' "International" half-plate with similar accessories costs about £6 10s., the "Royal Instantograph" £4 5s. All are very well made. Thanks for the photo. Rather badly under-exposed, I fancy.



TALES OF WRYKYN

No. 5

THE LAST PLACE

BY P. G. WODEHOUSE.

Illustrated by T. M. R. Whitwell.

ONCE, on an average, in every four years, there comes to most public schools such a season of athletic prosperity that many who would, in ordinary years, have been certain of places in the first eleven or fifteen have to be content with second caps. This happened at Wrykyn in the year when Trevor was captain of football and Henfrey captain of cricket. The fifteen won all their school matches and most of the club games, and, which only happened at very rare intervals, beat Ripton twice. The cricket team did, if anything, better. All the four schools they played went down before them. The M.C.C., who brought a poor team, were positively massacred; and the O.W.'s were beaten, though including in their ranks three county men, one of whom had been in the last English eleven to Australia.

It may be imagined, therefore, that there was some competition for places in the team. There were eight old colours, which left only three caps for the twenty odd second- and third-eleven men who wanted them.

At the beginning of the summer term it was found that Strachan had not returned, and news came that he was ill at home with scarlet fever. Strachan, who played back for the school fifteen, was a reckless, hard-hitting bat and a useful field. He had got one of the last places in the team of the previous year, and was the eighth of the eight old colours mentioned above. Henfrey bore his loss philosophically enough, having such magnificent material to his hand with which to fill the vacant place, wrote him a letter of sympathy, telling him to come back as soon as he could, and in the list for the first school match, against the Emeriti, included Ellison and Selwicke, both of Donaldson's.

In an ordinary season both of them would have been high up in the team on their form of that year. Three years later they were playing for Oxford together. They were good, stylish bats, curiously alike in method, and they fielded beautifully, Ellison at third man, Selwicke at cover. Out of the cricket-field they were inseparable. Wrykinians as a class were rather inclined to hunt in couples, but Selwicke and Ellison lowered all records. For years, since the days when they had been fags, they had walked to school together, sat next to one another in form, gone for afternoon strolls together on Sundays, boated together, and prepared their work together. They were now in the Sixth together, and house prefects. They did not share one study, but they were so constantly in each other's dens that it amounted to that. In the holidays, it was believed, they visited each other's homes. The school knew curiously little of them except the fact that they were good at games. It was said that they were good sorts, but the firm was so self-sufficient that it did not recognise the necessity of knowing anybody outside it. They were very quiet, and not even Trevor or Clowes, who had gone up the school with them and been in the same house for five years, could remember an occasion on which they had let themselves go, and plunged

into any public escapade. There were single hermits at Wrykyn, though not many, fellows who seemed to know nobody and to want to know nobody, but the Ellison-Selwicke combination was the only case of a firm of hermits.

The match against the Emeriti resulted in a fairly easy win for the school. Ellison and Selwicke were at the wickets together towards the middle of the innings, and scored respectively twenty-nine and thirty-one. Ellison caught a couple of catches at third man, Selwicke held a nice one at cover. Each came out of the ordeal, therefore, with credit, and, as might have been expected, with equal credit. One could not imagine either of the two making a century to the other's duck. One expected a neat twenty or thirty from both. Clowes and Trevor talked the match over that night after tea. Both were certain to be in the eleven at the end of the season. Trevor was an old colour, and, after Jackson and Henfrey, perhaps the best bat on the side. Clowes, though not a great bat, was sure of his place as wicket-keeper.

"What did you think of Ellison's innings?" asked Clowes.

"Good," said Trevor.

"And what did you think of Selwicke's?"

"Good," said Trevor again.

"Not much to choose between them, was there? And there never will be, either. You see. As long as Henfrey goes on playing them they'll each make exactly the same number of runs in exactly the same sort of way, and they'll each field exactly as well as the other. I tell you what, Trevor, and that is that there's brain-fag waiting for our popular and energetic skipper. He can put it off, but he's got to have it. What would you do in his place? I should cry, I think."

"But there are three places," said Trevor.

"Nothing escapes you," said Clowes admiringly. "On the other hand, in my modest way I had already bagged one of the said three for myself. At any rate, if they don't have me—and I shall bring an action if they try to turn me out—that won't affect Ellison and pard. Because they've got to have a wicket-keeper, and, if it's not me, it'll be Dunstable or some one in the third."

"Yes, you're right there."

"I'm always right," said Clowes. "They call me Archibald the All Right, for I am infallible. Then there's Milton. He must get one of the vacant places for his bowling. You must have a fast bowler in the team. And if Milton didn't get in, which he will, that, again, wouldn't let in Ellison or Selwicke. They'd give the place to some other bowler. Clephane, perhaps; only he's too erratic. So, however you look at it, there's only one place for the two of them. And, I tell you what, if this doesn't smash up the firm, I shall be surprised. I could imagine David quarrelling with Jonathan if they both wanted the same place in a cricket team."

"I hope it won't," said Trevor. "I rather like seeing two chaps pals like that. They don't interfere with anybody, and they give the house a leg-up whenever they can."

The house was Trevor's hobby.

"So do I hope it won't," said Clowes. "Who said they hoped it would? I used to be sick with them at one time, but it amuses me now. Still, it'll be interesting watching the effect of this on them. If anybody came between me and that cap for which I hope shortly to write to Devereux, I should feel it my painful duty to blot him off the face of the globe. I should feel that he wasn't wanted, that he didn't fit into the general scheme of utility. And I bet that's what Ellison and Selwicke 'll be feeling before long. You watch 'em. And, in the meanwhile, lest we become rusty in the noble language of old Greece, make a long arm and hoik down yon 'Prometheus Vinctus,' and let's do a little work for a change. For slackness," said Clowes, opening his Bohn's English translation, "I can't abear."

Clowes was right. Slowly but surely the rivalry began to have its effect on Selwicke and Ellison. There was something almost ludicrous in the way they kept together in their cricket performances. Against the Gentlemen of the County Ellison made twenty-five. Selwicke replied with twenty-four. In the first of the school matches Selwicke had made nine and Ellison ten, when Henfrey declared the innings closed. Without inflicting upon the reader their full scores in every match, it may be said that three-quarters of the way through the term there were not a dozen runs between them. They had played in every match, and neither had failed nor yet achieved a big success. Useful twenties and thirties stood to their names in the score sheets of every match.

Henfrey was not disturbed. As far as

he was concerned, all was well. He had not to decide on the final composition of his team till after the return match against Ripton, three weeks away. And, meanwhile, he had two absolutely reliable men to go in sixth or seventh and knock up a nice little score as a background to the scintillations of Jackson, Trevor, O'Hara, or himself earlier in the innings. He was not going to worry himself yet about which of the two must have his cap. "Sufficient unto the day"—he felt. He gave Milton his colours after the M.C.C. match, and Clowes his after the game against the old Wrykinians. But the last place remained open; and Selwicke and Ellison grew more silent than ever. They avoided one another now. It had started in a small way, by Ellison omitting to come to his friend's study to work, but it grew till sometimes they barely spoke half a dozen times to one another in the day. Like the heroes of Mr. Gilbert's "Etiquette,"

> "At first they didn't quarrel very openly, I've heard.
> They nodded when they met, and now and then exchanged a word.
> The word grew rare, and rarer still the nodding of the head.
> And when they meet each other now, they cut each other dead."

It was a pity. But when two dogs want the same bone, there is always unpleasantness.

"What did I tell you?" said Clowes to Trevor.

"Fools—they are," growled Trevor. "What's it *matter*, when you come to think of it! In another five years nobody'll remember they were at the school."

"It's all very well to say that," said Clowes, "and thank you very much for the moral reflection, but I should like to see *you* if somebody tried to bag your place in the first."

A fortnight before the Ripton match the situation was further complicated by the reappearance of Strachan, who turned up at the school thin but cheerful. There was one match before the game which would settle the team for good and all, for, as in the case of the fifteen, it was a school tradition that the eleven which played against Ripton in the return match should be the official Wrykyn eleven. This last remaining fixture before Ripton was against the Incogniti, and took place a week after Strachan's return. All through that week the ex-invalid had been practising hard at the nets, and it was certain that he would play against the Incogs. The excitement in the school was great now that it seemed that Henfrey must make his choice between the two rivals. Selwicke and Ellison went about looking gaunt and anxious.

And after all the choice was not made. When the list went up on the Friday morning the school, crowding round the notice-board, saw that the two names still figured on the list. Strachan's was there also. Examination revealed that O'Hara was not playing. And presently authoritative information came (through the fags of the house) that O'Hara had bruised his right hand, and that, in order to ensure its being serviceable against Ripton, he intended to rest it for a few days.

There must have been a bigger gathering at that Incogs. match than at any other match on the school grounds for years. Not even the Ripton matches had aroused such interest. There was a sporting flavour about this long-drawn-out duel between the Damon and Pythias of Donaldson's which appealed to the school.

By five o'clock the match was in a most exciting state. The Incogs. had batted first. They had brought down a sound side, with a Middlesex man who had scored a double century against Essex during the previous week, in command, and quite a number of well-known players in the ranks. The Incogniti did not intend to make the mistake the M.C.C. had made. They recognised that the Wrykyn team this year was an uncommonly good one. Starting on a good wicket, the earlier batsmen had helped themselves freely off the school bowling. At lunch time a hundred and forty was on the board, and only three wickets were down. But lunch had had its effect on the eye of the visiting team. Milton, in the course of a couple of very destructive overs immediately after the start, had disposed of three men, including a dangerously adhesive gentleman who had made seventy before the interval. After this the game settled down. The tail wagged comfortably, and the total score when Clowes whipped the last man's bails off at a moment when that impulsive player had gone out of his ground to the extent of a couple of yards in order to hit one of Allardyce's slows into the pavilion, was two hundred and eighty-one.

The Wrykyn ground was made for fast

scoring. The turf was hard and dry, and the ball travelled beautifully, like a red streak along the green. The school went in at three o'clock confidently. Eighty an hour is quick work, but on just such a day as this, in the Masters' Match, runs had come at the rate of ninety an hour and more. Wrykyn never played for a draw, and to-day they meant to win, even if it entailed the taking of risks.

And so at five o'clock it came about that, with four wickets down, the school had one hundred and sixty-three runs to its name. So far the rate of scoring had been exactly right. Some good men had gone in the amassing of those hundred and sixty-three runs. Henfrey was out: l.b.w. 31. Worse still, Jackson was out: clean bowled 54. Trevor had knocked up a beautiful seventy before being caught in the slips; but Strachan, after scratching about miserably for a few minutes, had been yorked for six. Allardyce was in at one end. At the other was Clowes. Neither had scored.

"NO, GO BACK, GO BACK."

For some overs the scoring was slow. Then Clowes got the fast bowler away for a couple of fours. Off the next ball he was caught at third man.

Ellison came in. He played the last ball of the over, but half-way through the next Allardyce's leg stump was knocked askew by a lovely length-ball from the slow bowler. The score was now one hundred and seventy-nine, and six wickets were down.

Selwicke was the next man. There was a stir of excitement round the ropes as he walked down the pavilion steps. The school clapped encouragingly. The interest was twofold. Would Wrykyn save the match? And would Selwicke do better than Ellison, or *vice versâ*?

Selwicke took guard amidst a profound silence, and played the remaining balls of the over carefully. Both he and Ellison were always slow starters.

Soon it began to be apparent that they had played themselves in. The rot was stopped. Selwicke hit the fast bowler twice past cover, scoring seven by the strokes. Ellison took eight off the slow bowler. Two hundred went up on the board. Ellison had made eleven, Selwicke ten.

Selwicke glanced the fast bowler to the boundary. It looked as if the two were going to knock off the runs. The opinion of the school was that each would make forty not out and that Henfrey would get brain fever.

But the very next ball the gruesome thing happened. It was a short, fast ball. Selwicke got well over it, and cut it crisply

to third man. Third man just reached it. For a moment Ellison thought he had let it pass him.

"Come on," he shouted. Then in the same breath, in an agonised yell, "No, go back, go back."

But Selwicke was already half-way up the pitch. Back came the ball, and off went the bails. The wicket-keeper looked a query at the umpire. The umpire's hand went up, and Selwicke, white as a sheet, turned sharply off to the pavilion. There was a dead silence all round the ground.

"Hard lines, sir," said the wicket-keeper consolingly. Selwicke made no reply.

Ellison stood where he was, as if he had been frozen. There seemed to be lead in his chest. The sun seemed to have gone in, and a chill wind to have begun to blow. He walked down the pitch, and tapped a worn spot mechanically with his bat. He felt as if he were in a dream. He could feel vaguely that somebody had just committed the most stupendous act of folly on record, and he seemed to know the fellow, and be sorry for him. The suddenness of the thing had stunned him.

"Man in!" said somebody.

He looked up, and saw Milton walking to the crease. His first impulse was to get himself out, to knock his wicket down, as a sort of atonement. But he realised in time that he must do his best to win the match for the school. But he longed to hear the rattle of the stumps behind him. If only they would get him out before he could make any more!

THE FIRM OF SELWICKE AND ELLISON WAS ONCE MORE DOING BUSINESS AT THE OLD STAND.

But somehow no bowling he had ever played had seemed so absurdly easy. How could a fellow be expected to get out against such stuff! Soon he began to feel a sort of dull fury at the feebleness of it. He hit out viciously. There were roars from the school on the ropes. The incident of the run-out was forgotten in this brilliant display of hitting. Every over the ball

skimmed along the turf and flew under the ropes. It's your fault, Ellison kept saying to himself; you shouldn't bowl such muck. And yet the bowling was fully as good as it had been during the earlier part of the innings, and Milton, at the other end, was in considerable trouble whenever he had to face it.

Two hundred and fifty went up. Another over from the slow man, and two hundred and sixty succeeded it. There was a brief consultation among the authorities. Then the field spread out like a fan. Ellison laughed savagely to himself. What was the good of lobs?

The lob-bowler's name was Saintsbury. If you look at the analysis of that match in the *Wrykinian* you will find:

	Overs.	Maidens.	Runs.	Wickets.
Saintsbury, E. J.	1	0	24	0

Ellison hit every single ball full-pitch over the boundary, and the Incogniti helped to chair him into the pavilion.

"The man's a lunatic!" said Henfrey, some hours later that evening, as he read the letter Ellison's fag had brought him.

"DEAR HENFREY [it ran],—It is very good of you to offer me my colours for the first, but I'm afraid I cannot accept them. I would much rather you played Selwicke against Ripton. He was quite set when I ran him out, and but for my folly would have made a century. "Yours faithfully,

"G. B. ELLISON."

"He's off his dot," said Henfrey. "Of course, he feels raw about that run out; but Selwicke couldn't play an innings like that if he tried all the summer. And yet Selwicke's a jolly good bat. I wish—but it can't be helped."

It was to be proved, however, that it could. As Henfrey was going to his dormitory that night, he was stopped by Strachan. Strachan was very calm and business-like.

"Made out the list for Ripton yet, Henfrey?"

"Not written it yet. But of course Ellison gets the place. Chap who can make an eighty-three like that——!"

"Half a second," said Strachan, "I just wanted to speak to you about that. Put in Ellison, of course. And put in Selwicke, too. I'm not going to play."

"Not going to play!"

In spite of himself Henfrey could not help feeling pleased. He had not even thought of such a solution of his difficulty, but it was the very best possible. Poor old Strachan was dead out of form. Selwicke was worth two of him at present.

"No," said Strachan, "I thought I'd make this afternoon's game a test, and I found I'd lost all my hitting powers. No nerve either. So I'm no good. Be all right next year, I suppose. So count me out. See?"

"Well, if you really——" said Henfrey.

"That's all right," said Strachan. "Good night."

"One minute. I see how we'll manage it. You'll keep your cap, of course. It'll be quite in order, you know, as you've been ill. 'Not placed.' There'll be twelve caps instead of eleven this year."

"All right. So long as you get Ellison and Selwicke in, I don't care what you do. Good-night."

"Good-night. I say, Strachan."

"Hullo?"

"Er—you're a good chap," said Henfrey gratefully.

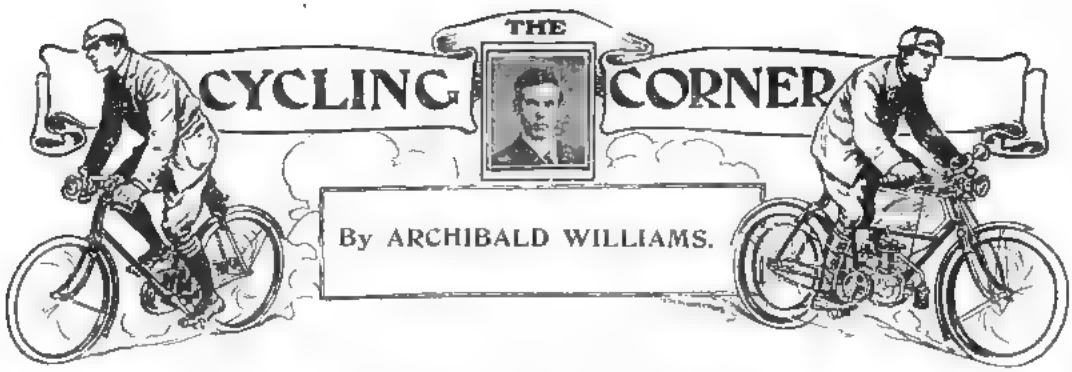
. . . .

Next day it was noticed by the observant that the firm of Selwicke and Ellison was once more doing business at the old stand.

WALKING.

THE walker is the most free and independent being on this earth; his pleasure is dependent upon the caprices of nothing or nobody. He can go as fast or as slowly as he pleases; he may stick to the highways, or he may travel over byways and footpaths inaccessible to all others. He may start when he likes, he may leave off when he chooses; time to him is nothing. True, he does not cover a mighty lot of ground in a day, but he has a better knowledge of the country he goes through than the cyclist, train traveller, or that modern abomination the motorist.

He knows that in every mile he travels he is adding to his stock of health, strength, and vitality, clearing his brain, freshening his ideas, and stimulating his nerves and circulation. His exertion induces free perspiration, and thus he rids his system of the waste matter, the many impurities which would otherwise remain stored, inducing ill-health, and paving the way for the attacks of disease germs. -PERCY LONGHURST in *The Athlete*.



HOLIDAYS ON WHEELS.

WITH the approach of the happy month of August the Cycling Editor feels it his bounden duty to turn his thoughts and pen to the pleasant subject of touring. In his mind's eye he sees scores of CAPTAIN readers saddling-up their steeds and careering all over the British Isles—even invading foreign countries—in pursuit of the delights which a healthy body and quick change of scenery unite to produce. What, therefore, can he offer better suited to the occasion than some advice about preparing for and conducting a tour?

PREPARATION

may be said to fall under four heads. (*a*) preparation of body; (*b*) preparation of machine; (*c*) preparation of luggage; (*d*) preparation of an itinerary. Let us take these in order.

Body.—If you are obviously "out of condition" and "soft," it is well to harden your muscles and get rid of superfluous fat before starting on a tour. If you don't do this, you will have either to take the first few days very easily, or risk fatigue and lassitude. So put in a fair amount of preliminary riding, which will not only make you fit, but also help to show any weak spots in the adjustment of the machine.

Machine.—Don't funk any necessary alterations, renewals, or additions to your mount. Get them done in good time, so that you may start on your happy way with the consciousness that if any breakdown shall occur it cannot be attributed to carelessness. You may take my word for it that neglected faults lie low while you are jobbing about home, but are ready to spring upon you just as you begin to enjoy yourself as a tourist. That cut in the cover has been gradually letting in damp to rot the canvas, and giving no sign. Are not repairers and fresh tyres within easy reach? Alas! as you spin along among beautiful scenery you suddenly find that only tyres are vile. Pop! A large burst;—nasty, messy job;—temper spoilt;—fears of further trouble;—"Oh! why didn't I"—&c. &c.! Strip your covers right off and examine them thoroughly. If they are mottled with dark patches, solution over these large pieces of canvas;—or get fresh covers, since those dark areas mean "rot." Away with inner tubes which have been much mended and *won't* hold air for more than a few hours together. Covers and tubes are fairly cheap; and

FREEDOM FROM WORRY WHILE ON TOUR

is worth the expenditure of a sovereign. Besides, when the tour is over, you will have good rubber to withstand the onslaughts of winter roads.

Make your mudguards tight, so that they may not trouble you with rattling noises. Put fresh blocks on your brakes, if worn, and adjust them carefully. Squirt some paraffin-oil through the free-wheel, and oil it well afterwards. Tighten up loose bearings, and a slack chain. If the machine giveth a rusty colour on the tubes in parts, dab some black enamel over it. Make sure that your lamp is in proper order, and that the bracket carrying it is sufficiently strong for its work. Get your saddle and handles to the right height. If you suspect the saddle of causing soreness, replace it with a comfortable, well-sprung article. (Brook's B 90 is excellent.) Go through your tool-bag carefully: fill up oil-cans; have a new repairing outfit. Put new rubbers on the pedals if they need it.

All this may mean a bit of a bother. Never mind. In the long run it saves time to take a big dose of trouble when you are about it. And there really is something pleasant about the fuss of getting ready for an expedition.

Luggage.

This is the rock on which a good many tourists founder. If one could only count upon the weather, the necessary amount of clothing could be very limited without detracting from one's comfort and personal appearance. Unfortunately our climate has as many delightful (?) uncertainties as cricket, and since I must confess to a hatred of remaining in wet things a moment longer than is absolutely necessary, I plump for a complete change of underclothing. Supposing that I meant to be entirely independent of rail or post office, my kit list would read as follows. (This, of course, doesn't include what I have on.)

Macintosh leggings, reinforced at the bottom.
Macintosh cape, long and large.
Striped flannel shirt (quiet pattern) with collar attached for day use.
Ditto, ditto, for wear with white collars at night.
Trousers to match coat and vest.
Underclothing, fairly thick.
Two pairs socks.
Two pairs stockings.
Pair of slippers.
Washing and shaving tackle.
Brush and comb.
Small clothes brush (most useful).
Half a dozen white collars.
Ditto handkerchiefs.
Thin pyjama suit.

All these (the first two articles excepted) will go into a handbag of squarish section fifteen inches long by twenty-eight inches in circumference, if carefully packed (I have just done it to make sure); and the whole scales eleven pounds. I like the handbag best as a container, since it is so convenient to carry; and if protected by a piece of American cloth (a hole edged with braid should be cut for the handle) it is perfectly water-tight. This I affix to a large bi-carrier over the back wheel—and remember to cock my right leg up a little higher than usual when dismounting. The macintoshes go on the handle-bars. Books, maps, &c., go into your pockets, or into a special little case slung in the frame; and there you have your complete outfit—not very beautiful aesthetically, perhaps, but very workmanlike. Where two or more persons are touring together, certain things, —clothes-brush, maps, sponges, hairbrush—need not be duplicated, and precious room will be saved.

"Luggage in Advance."

For a long tour of a fortnight or more it is advisable to supplement your marching-order kit with an auxiliary package containing clean collars, underwear, shirts, &c., sent on by post in advance to a town or village which you intend to include in your route: addressed to yourself either at the post office "To be called for" (you might send a note to the postmaster at the same time) or to the hotel which you have fixed upon. An even more sybaritic plan is to pack white shirts, a hat, and a second suit, together with other luxuries, in a small portmanteau or kitbag, and despatch it daily ahead by rail; or at least to the places where you intend to spend Sundays. I must say I find it a relief to get sometimes into the ordinary garb of the non-tourist, even if it

AN ANCIENT TOURIST OF EIGHTY YEARS,

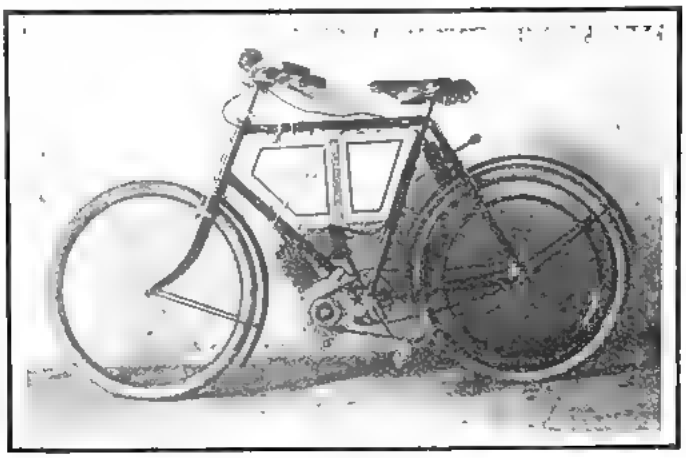
who, now that his legs are not quite equal to the task, propels himself with a hand gear of his own design. Notice the steering apparatus.

costs a little more money and time. On a prolonged French tour I found the last plan work very well. The chief point to remember about your outfit is that it is wiser to take too much than too little clothing; since the lack of a proper change may spell real discomfort, if not illness. You may also bear in mind that to a certain extent your wardrobe should be regulated by the class of accommodation you mean to make use of. Clothes which will suffice for the farm-house lodging or coffee-tavern are sometimes unduly conspicuous in the dining-room of a first-class hotel. And I don't think that people touring on the Continent need leave *all* their nice clothes behind in Merry England. Whatever be your outfit, you should make a point of looking your best possible in the public rooms of a hostelry, out of consideration for your host and other guests. Dusty stockings and other marks of travel are inexcusable, though in my time I have run against a good many people who apparently don't seem to think so.

We now come to our fourth heading,

Planning the Route,

which is an extremely important part of the preliminary business. Assuming that you are quite ignorant of the localities through which you mean to pass, you should get thoroughly good maps (the C. T. C. issue of Bartholomew's two-miles-to-the-inch are very good) and guide-books. I can recommend for the last the series published by A and C. Black (4, 5, 6, Soho Square, W.) which cost from 1s. to 5s. each, according to size, and contain full information about the "lions," besides maps and hotel lists. The C. T. C. road-books, covering the whole of the British Isles in six volumes, which can be bought separately at an average price of 5s., give particulars of road surface, distances from point to point, and the physical nature of the country. Having these helps at your command you can plot out your route so as to make it pleasant for riding as well as sight-seeing, and decide upon your halting-places for the night.



A CURIOUS PIECE OF LUCK.

The screw-driver fell out of the wallet and lodged in the back fork, as shown, while the motor-cycle was travelling at high speed. It was still in position when the rider dismounted.

You Should Determine Beforehand

what you mean to see. A rough sketch map will help you greatly, especially if you annotate it with distances, &c., pretty freely. In the case of historic buildings pick out the things that will particularly interest you, and ask to see them; as the paid officials who show people round often slur over half the attractions,—no doubt from the sheer fatigue of repetition. A good many tourists fail to get their money's worth through a haphazard, Micawber-like trust that something picturesque or interesting may "turn up" as they jog along. Although it is horrid to live with one's nose in the guide-book, it is equally annoying to find after a tour that right and left

of the road lurked shrines which every good pilgrim should visit. After all, touring doesn't mean the mere pedalling of so many miles per diem. We should come back with our minds stored as well as our bodies restored after the drudgery of office stool or class-room desk.

Cycle-Camping

is said to be a pleasant and cheap way of spending a holiday. Of its joys and trials I cannot speak from experience; but I can refer you to a brightly written little book on the subject by Mr. T. H. Holding (1s., L. de Vere and Co., 7 Maddox Street, Bond Street, W.), wherein a thoroughly practical account of the necessary impedimenta is interspersed with a humorous sketch of a tour in Connemara.

The Cost of Touring

cannot be set down in black and white. One gentleman of my acquaintance has toured in strange places at the rate of a few pence a day. But then, he was content to prick a table with a pin to find the softest board. If you are wishful to "rough it," and take your chance of indifferent meals, five shillings a day would see you through. For good hotels double the price. Lunch is a meal on which the thrifty soul may save money without faring badly. A small loaf, two pennyworth of cheese and some cold Cambridge sausages, eaten at the road-side, make a quite sufficient mid-day meal: and one more judicious than a heavy lunch. In France the omelettes—which every housewife makes to perfection—are worthy of attention, though, of course, you must go under a roof to get *them*. Don't drink a lot of ginger beer and such stuff when you feel thirsty; and if healthily hungry after a ride be careful not to *over* eat. Good digestion does not *always* wait on appetite. To enjoy a tour to the full you should try to keep in the pink of condition; which itself depends on moderation in diet and exertion. What marches our soldiers did in South Africa when rations had been cut to one-quarter!

In the "Camera Corner" of this issue I have paid special attention to the cyclo-photographer. So the two Corners should be read in conjunction with one another.

I will conclude this chapter with the wish that all readers who mean to take part of their holidays awheel will find the clerk of the weather in good humour, and have a jolly time.

Answers to Correspondents.

P. G. Dutton.—I fear that I can't help you much in plotting a tour, as you are going into country unknown to me, though I hope to explore it before long. Your second query is practically answered in this number. You should buy *Safety Cycling*, by G. D. Leechman (price 1s., published by Messrs. Iliffe and Son, Tudor Street, E.C.). This will help you a lot.

S. J. H.—I hope to write an article on the subject you ask my advice about, or at least to deal with it at some length, in an early issue. The matter is too large for a mere paragraph, so I trust you will forgive me for not saying more here than to suggest that a club should have other objects than mere cyclometer moving. Try to join photography, natural history, and the visiting of interesting houses and places to which the public is admitted, with the rides.

New Captainite.—I seem quite snowed under with requests to mark out routes. Buy Mecredy's *Road Book of Ireland* (Southern Section), price 1s., and you will be able to find everything you want. I believe that your best way across the water would be from Bristol to Cork.

H. F. Knight.—The only way to clean rust off rims is to use fine emery cloth. Rims are often very poorly plated: as the plating has gone, you will do well to enamel the rims, except on the surfaces rubbed by the brakes.

"Wash."—The route you have mapped out includes very good roads, though after a prolonged drought you might find them somewhat loose. I am sorry that I can't give you archæological details without hunting through the guide-books—a task I think you might profitably undertake for yourself. As regards the hotel charges, I don't suppose that you would find them at all abnormal. If you join the Cyclists' Touring Club you will receive a handbook giving the fixed charges made to all members by the keepers of certain hotels in most towns.

Links.—You need not be afraid of your chain breaking under any strain that you can put upon it with your legs. I believe that an ordinary cycle chain will bear a weight of over a ton. The metal of which chains are made is extremely tough and well tempered.

L. B. Manson.—Straw hats are bad cycling companions. In a breeze they catch the wind too much; and if pressed on tightly may cause headache. A cap is better, and for very hot weather I sometimes use a soft felt hat the brim of which turns down.

Acetylene.—I am sorry you have had the bad luck to lose your lamp. When travelling by train I generally remove mine and take it into the carriage with me, as I have found that lamps are apt to get twisted on their brackets. Guards are good fellows, but they don't take a particularly fatherly view of cycles. No doubt they have their shins a good deal knocked about by pedals during busy seasons. For a long journey it is advisable to remove the pedals, if they can be detached easily, as is generally the case. The guard will also be grateful if you slew round the handles so as to be on a line with the rest of the machine.

POISON FOR SIX.

By E. F. ALLAN.

Illustrated by George Soper.

IN the early autumn of 1901 I was sitting alone one day in the *salle à manger* of the Hotel Meurice, at Boulogne, when Colonel Gaunt came in and joined me at my lunch.

The Colonel—late of the Indian Staff Corps—is a very old friend of mine. He resides for the greater part of every year in a pretty little château lying somewhere between Cape Gris Nez and the town of Marquise, not far from the seashore, in the Pas de Calais. The place is somewhat out of the way, and difficult to get at after you have left the electric tram at Wimereux, but it is well worth a visit in spite of all obstacles, not only on account of the hospitality with which the Colonel welcomes all his visitors, but also because of the lovely view of the surrounding country obtainable from the château, which stands very high, and of the quaint picturesqueness of the gardens and surroundings.

Gaunt took his seat opposite me and was soon very much occupied with an excellent *déjeuner*; little was said until we had practically concluded the meal, when, looking up suddenly, he exclaimed with rather a queer smile—"I had a nasty upset this morning!"

"What! off your bike?"

"Oh dear, no—not a spill off my bicycle, old chap, although, indeed, the machine *has* some remote connection with the business. I mean a mental upset—a sudden shock—one that took away my breath just as effectually as your cold tub does yours on a frosty winter's morning!"

"No bad news, I trust?"

"No; no bad news at all, my dear boy. Dear me! nothing of the sort—only a mere trifle—I suddenly discovered at eight o'clock this morning that *I had killed half a dozen or so Frenchmen*—and soldiers at that, too. Of course, the homicide was unintentional on my part!"

I stared at my old friend, thinking that he was joking, but he appeared to be perfectly serious, and the only signs of incipient insanity that I could detect were in his calm manner and his usual genial smile, which no sane, self-accusing murderer could possibly have assumed.

"Altogether it's a rum yarn, and I will tell it to you, if you like, while Antoine is bringing our coffee and *chasse*."

I assured the Colonel that I was very anxious to hear his story, and, as far as I can remember, he told it as follows:

You know what a terrible bother I have had lately owing to our gardener and factotum—the great Hercule—having to go off and do his twenty-eight days *service militaire* as a Reservist? Well, it was with the greatest difficulty that I could find a substitute for him, as every able-bodied man or boy in the entire province seemed to be busy at the harvest. At last, after hunting about in all directions, we found a youth of about sixteen disengaged, through the medium of that queer little Registry Office up there in the Haute Ville. The people said he was perfectly respectable and quite capable of looking after a horse and minding the garden. He did both—ha! ha!—or rather *he* looked on while *I* did both! Oh, he *was* a treasure. I had had no character with him except that which the Registry Office people gave him, but I was only too glad to find anyone—and this Alphonse, as he called himself, sounded all right. Well, he arrived the day after our *brave Hercule* left. He came on foot in very seedy-looking boots, and brought no luggage with him except three hats. One of these decorated his head, of course, and he carried the others in each hand. From the moment he arrived until he suddenly disappeared this morning I never could induce him to do any work at all. If I remonstrated with him he smiled sweetly and made a pretence at something until my back was turned, when his hands went into his trousers' pockets and he continued to idle.

This autumn our house has been infested by rats. We are too near a farm, you know, and I think they must have scented my last Stilton—it *is* a prime one—for we have been more bothered with them than ever before. Mrs. Gaunt says she can stand many things, and is prepared to stand many things while living in a foreign land, but she will *not* put up with a rat making its nest in the crown of her best hat! So I determined to see what poison would

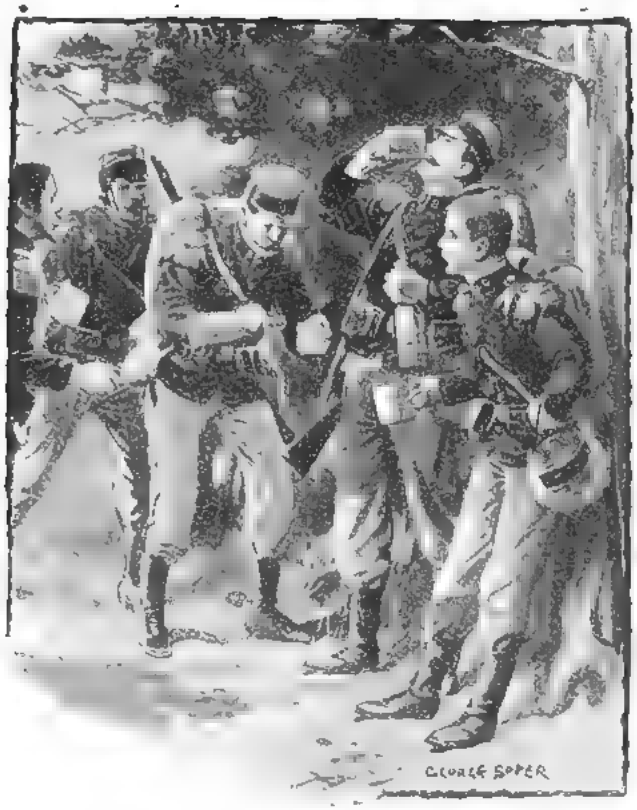
do for the pests, especially as we have no dogs about the place. So I came into Boulogne yesterday morning and bought a packet of rat poison from Dutertre, the chemist. I got home for a late lunch and laid the parcel on the chimney-piece in the dining-room, remarking to Mrs. Gaunt as I did so that there was poison enough there to kill a whole army of rats —or of men, for the matter of that. I said I should commence operations with it this morning without fail. I spoke in French, as I thought it best to let the *bonne*, Léontine, who was serving the lunch, know the deadly nature of the packet.

After the meal was over I went out into the garden to see if Alphonse had earthed up the bed of celery as I had told him to do before I left home in the morning. Not a bit of it—he had never attempted to begin even, and I found him, with a cigarette between his lips, leaning against the stable-door watching Marie, *the cook*, grooming the horse—*his* work! I don't often lose my temper, as you know, but when I do, well—*I do*. I grabbed the young ruffian by the collar and hauled him out of the stable-yard and down to the celery-bed. I took and shook him till his teeth chattered, and we hadn't sufficient breath left as would blow a penny trumpet. Then, as a wind-up, I smashed in the crown of the one of his treasured hats which he chanced to be wearing, and sternly, and with as much dignity as my loss of wind would allow, gave him his *huit jours* there and then.

I HAULED THE YOUNG RUFFIAN OUT OF THE STABLE-YARD.

This morning I was up with the lark, as usual, and on going outside our gates I found a corporal's picket of the 40th Regiment ensconced under the shelter of the trees in front. You know that there are military manœuvres on a small scale—of a sort, you know—going on at present all over this part of the Pas de Calais, and this picket belonged to some brigade or other whose headquarters were at Marquise. These poor chaps had started at 3 A.M. on a small cup of black coffee, and nothing to eat! They had managed to get detached from the main body, and had utterly failed to get in touch with the enemy. So, when I found them, they were resting and waiting for something or somebody to turn up.

You know I have always had a weakness for "Tommy"—no matter whether he wears a red or a blue coat, and I soon got into conversation with these fellows, and we all became very friendly. One of the privates turned out to be the *chef* of the Royal and Imperial Club, and so I expect he was a real artist in his way. He swore magnificently, in English at having had to come over to do his twenty-eight days. The rest of the picket were all Reservists, gardeners, grooms, hairdressers, and I don't know what else not—with the exception of the corporal in charge, who was just finishing



THEY HAD NOT OVERRATED THEIR THIRST!

his three years' with the colours. Presently, at a pause in the conversation, the corporal began to make inquiries as to the whereabouts of the nearest spring of drinking water, and it then transpired that they were all consumed with a terrible and burning thirst. Of course I took the hint and went back to the house to see what I could find. On the sideboard in the dining-room was my bottle of whiskey—as usual, half empty—and also a nearly full bottle of red wine. I filled up the whiskey bottle with water, but did not think the red wine wanted any further dilution, and then took the two to my friends under the trees. Judging from the way in which my refreshment was appreciated they certainly had not overrated their thirst! They mixed the red wine with the whiskey and water in those tin cups the French Tommies always carry, and then sent it fairly hissing down their throats.

I was returning to the house with the empty bottles when Léontine came rushing out crying, "Monsieur! Monsieur! Oh, la la, le pauvre Alphonse! He is not in his room, his bed is deserted—he has not slept in it! He is gone—he is not to be seen—all his *effets* are gone except indeed one hat. . . . He was so enraged last night after Monsieur had so justly corrected him, he swore vengeance against Monsieur—terrible vengeance! And oh, Monsieur! the packet of poison for the rats, it is gone from the *salle à manger*—and Alphonse is gone too! Oh, la, la! He threatened he would kill himself. . . . He said he would do so last night in the paroxysms of his rage!"

You bet I was back in the dining-room in a brace of shakes! Sure enough, the rat poison was nowhere to be seen, but, lying close to the spot from which I had taken the bottles, the contents of which had gone down the Tommies' throats, was the white paper in which the arsenic, or whatever it was, had apparently been packed—and I saw with horror that only a few grains of the white crystallised powder remained in it! Heavens! The whole thing flashed upon me like lightning. That villain of a boy, in his mad desire for revenge, had doctored my whiskey with the rat poison, and had then made a clean scoot of it, hoping he would thus kill me! And *I* had in consequence inadvertently poisoned the whole picket!

I fairly staggered to the gate again, not knowing whether I should find my friends alive or dead, and dreading what I should see when I reached them. The men were still sitting under the trees, but already the deadly drug was beginning to take effect. The corporal looked green and was being violently sick. Some of the others were groaning. The *chef* sat doubled up, every now and then letting loose a violent oath—real Billingsgate! There was evidently not a moment to be lost . . . two of the men shook their fists at me as I came near . . . there was only one thing to be done, but, merciful heavens! my heart was beating so against my ribs I scarcely had strength to get back to the house! I was faint and giddy, I felt as if I had lived years in so many seconds—I believed my own end was approaching.

An antidote! that was the only thing. An antidote! My wife had a medicine chest and two or three medicine books, and *she* would know what to do! I staggered along towards the house feebly calling her name.

but all the sound I could make seemed but a hoarse whisper. . . . The perspiration poured off my face; I was trembling in every limb, and could barely reach the dining-room. As good luck had it, just as my legs failed beneath me and I sank helpless into the first chair I came to, I saw my Missis coming into the room.

She started when she saw me and exclaimed, as she rushed to my side, "Good gracious, Charles, whatever is the matter?"

All I could ejaculate was, "Poison . . . soldiers . . . rat poison . . . antidote! antidote! Quick, quick!"

I waved my arm at the sideboard and she stared with blank dismay and amazement. Then a light seemed to dawn upon her.

"What have you done with my methylated spirits, Charles? I want to curl my hair. Léontine—so careless—broke the new bottle yesterday and only saved half in an old whiskey bottle. She had it to clean the silver with yesterday. . . ."

But I waited for no more. "*Methylated spirits!* Worse and worse! Poor fellows! *Methylated spirits and arsenic!*"

I groaned and hid my face in my hands.

"*Arsenic!* What *do* you mean?" said Mrs. Gaunt, calmly. "I put that nasty packet of poison away under lock and key last night—I thought it so dangerous to leave it about. And, oh, do look at Léontine's careless untidiness! There is the empty paper still there in which I gave her out the lump sugar for the week! Why are you staring so, Charles?"

I believe she must have thought I had gone mad, for I *was* staring at her with all my eyes! I could hardly believe my senses. . . . Then after all I had *not* poisoned the soldiers—for methylated spirits, though very nasty, are *not* poisonous. . . . I could go out again and find them all still there and *still alive*.

I jumped to my feet—all my infirmity was gone—rushed to the kitchen and gave some hasty directions. Then I dared face the music. Before they could say anything I explained to them exactly what had happened—told them about Alphonse—everything. And then, before they could reply, I pointed towards Marie and Léontine, who, wreathed in smiles, were coming from the house bearing trays laden with large cups of steaming coffee, and plates of *tartines*. And the coffee, with a *chasse* of the real thing this time, soon put my warriors on their legs again. . . .

As for Alphonse—the young beggar *had* decamped, but not without leaving me with a souvenir of his nasty spite, for I found the tyres of my new bicycle ripped to ribbons—by his hand, of course. So he had his revenge, and my lack of a man *à tout faire* and need of new bike tyres has brought me to Boulogne to-day!

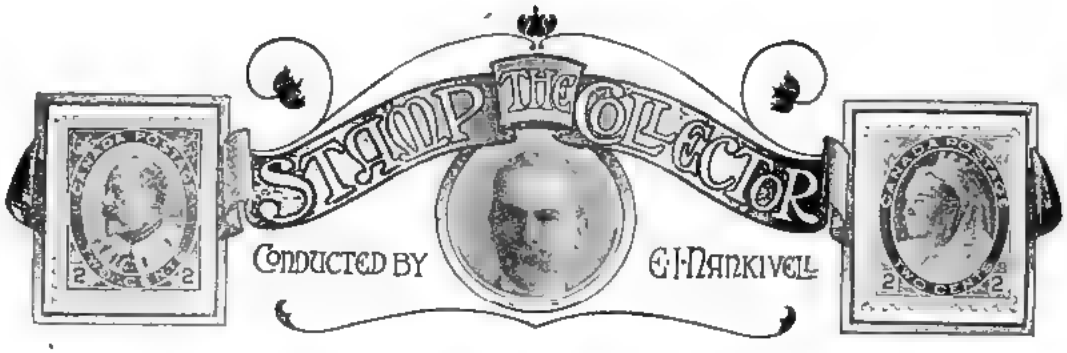
BLISS.

(*Inspired by 90° in the shade.*)

Oh! let me lie beneath the shade,
Alone with pints of lemonade;
Above my brow a gentle spray
Of scented water all the day.
A fountain playing on each hand;
My fevered features gently fanned.
A cooling douche upon my chest—
A bed of moss on which to rest.
Far in the distance dreamy strains
Of fascinating valse refrains.
Seraphic, calm, and comfort this—
How emblematical of bliss!

R. C. Tharp.

Photo, C. Reid. "HOMEWARD BOUND." By permission of the Autotype Company



THE STAMPS OF HUNGARY.

HUNGARY is a restless and troublesome partner in the dual monarchy of Austria-Hungary. Each of the two countries has its own parliament, and makes its own laws so far as they deal exclusively with its own affairs. They are united under one monarch for military, diplomatic, and customs purposes only. A parliament of 120 members, one-half chosen by Austria and the other half by Hungary, deals with affairs common to the empire as a whole.

The dominant race in Hungary are the Magyars, who overran and settled in the country in 889. In the year 1000 they formed it into a kingdom under Stephen, who, having Christianised the country, was made a saint by the Pope and presented with a crown of gold. This self-same crown has been worn by all the kings of Hungary to the present day. In the eyes of the Hungarians it is a sacred relic. It is a conspicuous feature in the design of every postage stamp of the country, and even figures as an outline for the watermarking of the paper on which the stamps are printed.

It is a crown that has had many strange adventures. Mr. Wm. Jones, in his "Crowns and Coronations," indeed, goes so far as to say that there is no crown that has passed through so many vicissitudes. He describes it as a most venerable relic of the Byzantine art, formed by a broad flat band of fine gold, whence springs an arch supporting a cross. It really consists of two united crowns, for it is recorded that "Duke Stephen, after the battle of Vesprini (A.D. 1000), having put an end to the conflict between Christianity and paganism in Hungary, obtained from Pope Sylvester II. permission to assume the title of king, and the present of a crown, which the pontiff happened to have by him, intending it for the Polish King Boleslav, but in consequence of a dream it was bestowed upon King Stephen." This crown Stephen had united to his own, the Roman crown forming the lower part, and the Byzantine one the upper. The widow of one of the kings who gave birth to a son not long after his father's death, placed the crown for safety in her own chamber, hoping thus to secure the succession for her son, but parliament set another on the throne. Once more, during an insurrection, she got possession of the relic, and hid it away in her child's cradle. It was pledged by Queen Elizabeth, and the precious stones it contained were then enumerated as 53 sapphires, 50 rubies, one emerald, and 138 pearls. It was redeemed for sixty thousand gold pieces. A man named Peter Pereny, who had custody of it, betrayed his trust and gave up the crown to Ferdinand King of Bohemia, who used it for his own coronation in 1527, and then removed it to Prague, where it remained for more than half a century. Once only during that time, at the cornation of Rudolph, was the crown used in Hungary.

Subsequently it was deposited in safe keeping under special laws at Presburg. In 1784 it was removed with the rest of the regalia to Vienna, but six years afterwards it was restored to Presburg amidst rapturous national rejoicings. In 1849 Kossuth, who hated crowns and sceptres as the devil is said to hate holy water, got hold of it, hid it away, and intended to remove it to London; but a friend unwittingly betrayed its secret hiding-place. Once more it was recovered, once more it was conveyed to Vienna; but only to be transferred to its present home at Buda.

Its Philatelic History.

The philatelic history of Hungary commences with an issue of six values in May 1871. The design included in the upper half a portrait of the Emperor Francis Joseph as "King Apostolic of Hungary," with the national arms surmounted by the crown of St. Stephen on

the lower half. This first issue was printed by means of lithography from impressions taken from the die subsequently used for making a steel plate for a second issue. This second issue followed in August of the same year, and was printed from steel plates. These two issues, though identical in design, colour, and perforation, may easily be distinguished, the lithographed stamps by the blurred character of the printing and dull colouring, and the engraved by sharp clear impressions and brighter colours.

A third issue made in 1874 discards the portrait of the king, probably as being a distasteful reminder of the foreign yoke of Austria. The new stamp took the form of the simple outline of an envelope bearing in bold figures the numerals of value surmounted by the ever-present and sacred crown of St. Stephen and the inscription, "Magyar Kir. Posta" (Royal Hungarian Post), in carved letters at the bottom of the stamp. In 1887, a fourth issue was made of a slightly altered design, and in 1900 a long series was issued with the currency changed from kreuzers to filler and korona. For the filler values the design included the historic crown in a circle, under the protecting outspread wings of a bird flying overhead, and on the korona values is a large portrait of the aged Emperor Francis Joseph wearing the crown of St. Stephen.

With the exception of the two values of the first issue, it is a most inexpensive country to collect "used." Most of its stamps may be had for a penny piece, and in sets for a great deal less.

1871 (May).—Six values, lithographed, and perf. 9½. Design, head of Emperor Francis Joseph as King of Hungary, with crown of St. Stephen and the national arms. The lithographed stamps all present a more or less blurred appearance, as if they were roughly printed. White paper, unwatermarked.

	Unused. s. d.	Used. s. d.
2 kr., orange	10 0	8 6
3 kr., green	45 0	30 0
5 kr., rose	15 0	0 4
10 kr., blue	60 0	2 6
15 kr., brown	—	3 6
25 kr., mauve	40 0	1 0

No Wmk. Lithographed. Perf. 9½.

1871 (August).—Six values of the same design, colours, and perforation as the previous issue, but printed in brighter colours from engraved steel plates, on white paper, unwatermarked.

No Wmk. Engraved. Perf. 9½.

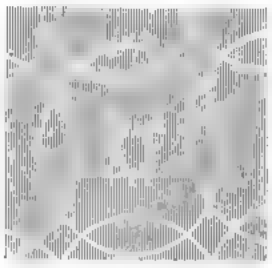
	Unused. s. d.	Used. s. d.
2 kr., orange	0 9	0 6
3 kr., green	1 0	0 9
5 kr., rose	0 9	0 1
10 kr., blue	2 0	0 2
15 kr., brown	6 0	0 8
25 kr., mauve	3 0	0 4

1874–1876.—New design, outline of an envelope bearing boldly the numeral of value surmounted with the crown and the inscription in carved letters at the foot of the stamp, "Magyar Kir. Posta" (Royal Hungarian Post). Printed on white paper, unwatermarked and perf. 12 to 13½, and 11½ to 12, the first-named perf. being the commoner of the two.

	Unused. s. d.	Used. s. d.
2 kr., mauve	2 0	0 1½
3 kr., green	2 0	0 1
5 kr., red	2 0	0 1
10 kr., blue	4 0	0 1
20 kr., grey	30 0	0 3

No Wmk. Perf. 12½ to 13½.

1881.—Same design as last series, but printed on paper watermarked with interlaced ovals with the initials, "Kr," extending over four stamps. Perf. 11½ to 12, also 12½ to 13, the former being the commoner of the two.

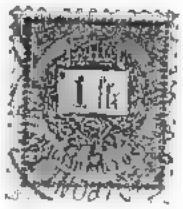


Wmk. interlaced ovals.
Perf. 11½ to 12.

	Unused. s. d.	Used. s. d.
2 kr., mauve	0 4	0 1
3 kr., green	0 2	0 1
5 kr., red	0 6	0 1
10 kr., blue	0 6	0 1
20 kr., grey	1 0	0 2

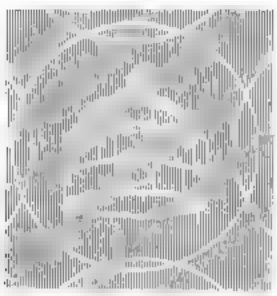
1887–1898.—Similar design to last issue, but printed by what is known as surface printing, that is, the style as used for printing the current English stamps. The paper was watermarked as before, but seems to have received a printing of vertical lines, on which the stamps were then printed. The numerals were printed in black on the lower values and in red on the 1 florin and 3 florins. Perforation, 11½ to 12.

Wmk. interlaced ovals. Perf. 11½ to 12.



	Unused. s. d.	Used. s. d.
1 kr., black	0 1	0 ½ 1
2 kr., mauve	0 2	0 1
3 kr., green	0 2	0 1
5 kr., red	0 3	0 1
8 kr., orange and yellow	0 4	0 1
10 kr., blue	0 5	0 1
12 kr., brown and green	0 5	0 1
15 kr., rose and blue	0 6	0 1
20 kr., grey	0 9	0 1
24 kr., purple and rose	0 10	0 1
30 kr., olive green and brown	0 10	0 1
50 kr., red and brown	1 3	0 1
1 fl., blue and silver	2 3	0 1
3 fl., violet brown and gold.	7 0	0 5

1898.—Same design as last issue, but paper watermarked with interlaced circles enclosing a crown. Perforation, 11½ to 12.



Wmk. interlaced circles, with crown. Perf. 11½ to 12.

	Unused. s. d.	Used. s. d.
1 kr., black	0 1	0 1
2 kr., mauve	0 1	0 1
3 kr., green	0 2	0 1
5 kr., rose	0 2	0 1
5 kr., orange	0 2	0 1
10 kr., blue	0 3	0 1
12 kr., brown and green	0 6	0 3
15 kr., rose and blue	0 3	0 1
20 kr., grey	0 6	0 1
24 kr., purple and red	0 8	0 1
30 kr., olive green and brown	0 9	0 1
50 kr., red and orange	1 9	0 1

1900–1904.—New designs and new currency, fillers and koronas instead of kreuzers. For the filler values the crown in a circle with bird with outspread wings flying overhead; for the korona values head and shoulders of Emperor Francis Joseph wearing the Hungarian crown. Perforated 12. Watermarked as in last issue.

New Designs.

Values in filler and korona in black. Perf. 12.

	Unused. s. d.	Used. s. d.
1 f., grey	0 1	0 1
1 f., dull lilac	0 1	0 1
2 f., olive-yellow	0 1	0 1
3 f., orange	0 1	0 1
4 f., lilac	0 1	0 1
5 f., emerald	0 1	0 1
6 f., maroon	0 1	0 1
6 f., bistre	0 1	0 1
6 f., olive-green	0 1	0 1
10 f., rose	0 2	0 1
12 f., lilac	0 2	0 1
20 f., brown	0 3	0 1
25 f., blue	0 4	0 1
30 f., orange-brown	0 5	0 1
35 f., red-lilac	0 6	0 1
50 f., lake	0 7	0 1
60 f., grey-green	0 8	0 1
1 kr., red-brown	1 2	0 1
2 kr., blue	2 3	0 6
3 kr., greenish blue	—	0 8
5 kr., claret	6 6	0 9

1905.—Designs as in last issue, but watermarked with the Hungarian crown on each stamp.

	Unused. s. d.
1 f., grey	0 1
2 f., olive-yellow	0 1
3 f., orange	0 1
5 f., emerald	0 1
6 f., olive	0 1
10 f., rose	—
20 f., brown	0 3
25 f., blue	0 4
30 f., orange-brown	0 5
35 f., red-lilac	0 6
50 f., lake	0 7
1 kr., red-brown	1 2
2 kr., blue	—
5 kr., claret	—

Notable New Issues.

The best news in the matter of new issues comes from our old friends, Messrs. Whitfield King and Co., who write to us as follows:

"We have just received some news from Columbia which you and all other good philatelists will be delighted to hear. It is that the Columbian Government has suppressed all the separate issues of stamps for the different departments and provinces, and hereafter only one series of stamps will be in use through the entire republic; these, moreover, are sold on a gold basis, the same as the United States. Let us hope there will be no new stamps issued in Columbia for many years to come."

And so say all of us. In Gibbons' Catalogue, Columbia, with its many separate issues for departments and provinces, extends to no less than twenty-five pages.

The new issue factories are not very brisk just now, but they are making a great deal of noise in the United States over a specially designed new series for their Philippine Islands.

The designs as finally determined upon are as follows:

2 centavos, bust of Rizal, the patriot.
4 centavos, bust of President McKinley, who was President when the United States relieved the Filipinos from the bondage of Spain.
6 centavos, bust of Magellan, who discovered the Philippines and after whom was named the famous straits south of South America.
10 centavos, bust of General Lawton, the American officer killed in the Philippines while leading an attack on the Tagalos.
8 centavos, bust of Legaspi, an eminent Philippino who established the first civil government in the archipelago.
12 centavos, bust of Abraham Lincoln.
16 centavos, bust of Admiral Sampson.
20 centavos, bust of George Washington.
27 centavos, bust of Carriedo, the famous Spanish philanthropist who bequeathed large sums of money for the establishment of a water-works system for Manila.
30 centavos, bust of Benjamin Franklin.
1, 2, 4, and 10 pesos are uniform in design, having as the central figure the coat-of-arms of the Filipinos.

Belgium.—Last month (p. 304) we chronicled the 20 c., 25 c., and 35 c. values of the new designs, and we have since received the 10 c., also varying in design, as will be seen from our illustration. The name, it will be noted, appears at the top in French and in Dutch, with a hyphen between. There is no watermark and the perforation is 14.

No Wmk. Perf. 14.

10c., rose.
20c., olive green.
25c., blue.
35c., brown.

British Guiana.—Several values of the current design have appeared on the multiple CA paper.

Wmk. Multiple CA. Perf. 14.

1c., grey green.
2c., purple and black on red paper.
5c., purple and blue on blue paper.
12c., purple and violet.
24c., purple and green.
60c., green and carmine.

Falkland Islands.—We have several values to add to our list on multiple CA paper.

½d., yellow green.
1d., vermilion.
2d., mauve.
2½d., ultramarine.
6d., yellow.
1s., grey brown.
3s., dull green.

Wmk. Multiple CA Perf. 14.

Gibraltar.—The King's heads are coming out very slowly on the multiple CA. paper. In April we chronicled the ½d. and 2s., and now we have the 1d. and 1s. to add to the series with the new watermark.

½d., dull green.
1d., purple on red paper.
2d., grey green and carmine.
2s., grey green and blue.

Wmk. Multiple CA. Perf. 14.

Montserrat.—Four values of the current type have appeared on the multiple CA paper.

½d., grey green and green.
2d., grey and brown.
3d., dull orange and purple.
6d., mauve and olive brown.

Wmk. Multiple CA. Perf. 14.

Southern Nigeria.—The 1d. and 4d. values have to be added to the King's heads on multiple CA. paper chronicled last month. This now leaves only the 10s. to complete the series.

½d., green and black.
1d., carmine and black.
2d., orange brown and black.
2½d., ultramarine and black.
4d., olive green and black.
6d., mauve and black.
1s., black and green.
2s. 6d., brown and black.
5s., yellow and black.
£1, violet and green.

Wmk. Multiple CA. Perf. 14.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

We are indebted to the following firms for early copies of new issues:

Ewen.—Falkland Islands, multiple CA, 2d., 6d., and 1s. Gibraltar, multiple CA, 1d. and 1s. Southern Nigeria, multiple CA, 1d. and 4d.

Stanley Gibbons.—British Guiana, multiple CA, 1c., 2c., 5c., 12c., 24c., and 60c. Gibraltar, multiple CA, 1d. and 1s. Montserrat, multiple CA, ½d., 2d., 3d., and 6d.

Whitfield King and Co.—Belgium, 10c. Gibraltar, multiple CA., 1d. and 1s. Southern Nigeria, multiple CA, 1d. and 4d.

Summer Collecting.

MANY young collectors, when the summer, with all its outdoor attractions, arrives in real earnest, lock away their stamp albums, and never dream of opening them again till the approach of winter. And this practice has been the rule for many years.

But is it wise?

The shrewd general collector says emphatically, "No." The specialist never ceases his hunt for what he needs to complete his varieties, summer or winter. And the keen young collector follows suit. He is gradually beginning to realise the fact that in these days of new issues surprises he may have to pay through the nose for letting his stamp collection lie dormant in the summer months. It does not do to let new issues that may be had for a few pence go by to be gathered up only by the expenditure of a few shillings a few months later.

Besides, what of the wet days? No summer comes and goes without its wet days, and on those days it is surely better to work away at your stamp collection than mope about doing nothing. Out with that stamp album of yours, look up your new issue page of the CAPTAIN, and see that you do not "get left" with some ephemeral new issue of your favourite country.

A Duplicate Pocket-Case.

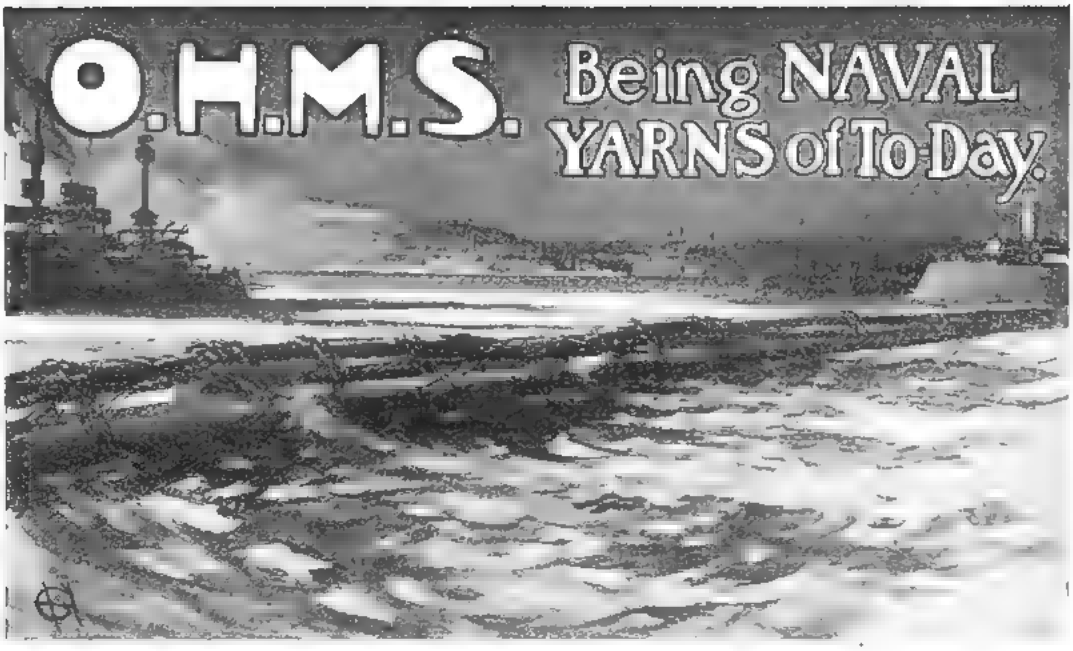
MR. J. CANSINO, 11 Todd Street, Manchester, sends me a new duplicate pocket-case which he calls "XL ALL." It consists of a pair of stout covers with linen shelves for holding stamps. It is handy, neat, and most useful, and the price is only 2*d*. Next to his collection the collector's duplicates should receive special care, and a few should always be tucked away in one of his many pockets, not loose amongst his money, but neatly arrayed in some such handy duplicate case as the one just received from Mr. Cansino. Then if some other collector comes along and produces a duplicate book, you have the material at hand for a grand swop.

Some Stations and their Masters.

A WELL-KNOWN railway company employ a "Mann" at Redditch; a "Goatman" at Haverstock Hill; a "Rainbow" at Blackwell; a "Redman" at Ripple; a "Griffin" at Kirkby Muxloe; and a "Mee" at Masborough. The station-master at Royston is "James"; at Kingsbury "George"; at Credenhill, "Thomas"; and at Oakham "Herbert." "Woods" can be seen at Shirebrook, and a "Woodman" is kept at Ratby. We are informed that "North," "East," and "West," are at Penns, Kimberley, and Ketton, respectively. Fruits appear to be scarce, as there is only one "Peach," who is at Pear Tree, and only one "Cherry," whose station is Walton; although "Orchards" are said to flourish at Desborough and Stapleford. Naturalists will find "Swifts" at Beauchief, Hazelwood, and Defford; a "Teal" at Arkholme; "Martin" at Hasland; "Swallow" at Hunnington; "Fox" at Camp Hill; and an "Antill" at Dublin. Five "Kings," four "Knights," two "Nobles" and one "Earl" may be seen daily attending to their station duties. (*Hélas!* How the great have been reduced, you chaps!) For the convenience of the public, a "Mason," "Barber," "Baker," and "Butler," several "Cooks," "Coopers," and "Smiths," are judiciously distributed over the system. As regards eatables, for *déjeuner* you can obtain "Heggs" from Otley, "Lamb" from Hunslet, "Herring" from Cheltenham, "Sugars" from Tibshelf, "Oram" from Evesham. "Salt" may be procured from Basford, "Pepper" from Tewkesbury, and if mustard is deemed a necessity a "Little" could be provided from Whittington. In the event of hostilities the Company are prepared, as they have a "Fourt" at Isham, and "Arms" at Cotehill. Geography sounds rather mixed when we say "Bentham" is in Giggleswick, "Hyde" in Nailsworth, "Buxton" in Lincoln, and "England" in Rolleston; nevertheless, study a "Mapp" at Leicester and be convinced. "Bills," "Best," "Witts," "Manners," "Kind," "Law," "Done," "Snow," and "Merryweather," yell out lustily the names of their respective stations. Finally, to be serious, only six "Clarkes" and two "Porters" are employed on the system, although, if more are required, a "Staff" can be withdrawn from Gargrave.

J. F. BEBBINGTON.

Photo. W. P. Dando, F.Z.S. THE HANDSOMEST ANIMAL IN THE ZOO. Woodbury Company



No. 5.—THE BOOM.

Illustrated by E. S. HODGSON.

I.

THERE it lay between the ends of the two great walls, menacingly. Not much to look at—just a few baulks of timber, interwoven with chain cables and wire hawsers, rising and falling with the play of the waves; but a very impassable gate to the fleet, semi-circled impotently eight miles or so outside the great harbour. For, until it was removed, there was no hope of getting in to block up the docks and dock entrances, to say nothing of the three battleships and five cruisers, with a goodly number of torpedo craft, sniggering in the safety of the deep water basin behind the eastward wall.

Jimmy Ludlow, sub-lieutenant of his Majesty's cruiser *Ione*, sprawling half on, half off the chart-house table, gazed through his glass and ruminated.

Detached from the Channel fleet the *Ione*, with three other armoured cruisers, four battleships, and ten destroyers, had now been for three days vainly trying to pierce the defences of St. Vilet Harbour, or to tempt its inmates out. There were two submarines with them when they arrived. But with frightful luck one had been hit by a chance shell the very first day, and the other had sunk down cheerfully one dark night, with specially prepared mines on board, never to return. Anxiously the night watchers had listened for the sound of the explosion that never came. When the morning broke, the boom was seen to be still intact. And the fate of the submarine was but subject for surmise and sorrow.

No joke was this blockade of St. Vilet. By night and day there was perpetual danger from the enemy's submarines. That was why the fleet, with torpedo nets down, was kept lashing up and down the roads so much. Even with all their precautions one fine ship, the *Berenice*, had been sunk by the unseen foe. Ludlow smiled grimly as he thought of what had followed. For the *Ione's* ram had caught the escaping submarine right abeam and toppled her down to join her victim, eighty fathom deep below the sea.

And Ludlow wondered, as all the fleet had wondered, why there had been no sign of a French submarine or destroyer since. Was it luck, or had something happened that kept them in?

"It's just like a cork in a bottle," said Ludlow, looking at the boom once more,

"Thing is to find the corkscrew that will draw it."

"Signal from the Admiral, sir."

For an infinitesimal fraction of a second Jimmy Ludlow failed to respond. His thoughts had seized fast hold of an idea; and through all the din and stench and smoke of the high angle shelling that filled out the rest of the morning the idea at the back of his mind slowly grew and elaborated. So much so that, when peace fell upon the fleet again for a time, Jimmy Ludlow, after a careful re-examination of his plan, sought an interview with his Captain.

"Um," said Captain Tower, when Ludlow had finished his say, regarding the young officer steadfastly, "do you know it is certain death?"

"Well, sir," said Jimmy cheerfully, "there's always a chance."

"I should be sorry to lose you," said the Captain, reflectively.

"It might happen any time, sir," said Jimmy, accepting the compliment. "And we must get through the boom somehow."

"Did you know there was a conference this afternoon?" asked Captain Tower suddenly.

Ludlow admitted that he did.

The Captain smiled. "All right," he said, "I will take you with me."

"May I have what I want from the Electrician, sir, in the meantime?"

"Oh, yes. Certainly."

The gun-room mess had knowledge of its president's visit to the Captain, and the gun-room was curious. But Ludlow preserved an impenetrable silence. And as his messmates watched the departure for the flagship of the Captain's galley, with the sub-lieutenant on board, they had to be content with the conjecture that "Jimmy was up to something."

For Jimmy Ludlow had a reputation.

Half way to the *Indomitable*, Captain Tower noticed a small box which the sub-lieutenant kept close beside him. "What have you got there?" he asked.

"The mine connection, sir; I thought the Admiral might like to see it."

Captain Tower smiled. Jimmy Ludlow was nothing if not practical.

The Admiral was busy, but he was curious to know what had brought that keen officer, the Captain of the *Ione*, to the conference of commanding officers before any of the other captains had even started. In a very few minutes Ludlow and his chief found themselves in the great man's cabin. The Admiral stared at the unexpected appearance of the junior officer.

Captain Tower hastened to explain, and suggested that in order to save time Ludlow himself should lay his plan before Sir Charles Cleeve.

"Good," said Sir Charles, turning round in his chair and carefully placing the tips of his fingers together, as was his habit. "Now, young man!"

No whit abashed, Ludlow set forth his idea.

He had finished, and was wondering what verdict lay behind the keen eyes of his silent listener, when a knock came at the door.

"The captains? Good. Show them in."

The captains of the fleet filed in, upright and ready. But clean face and bearded face all showed the strain of night watch and constant tension, and bandages and arms in sling also told their tale.

"Sit down, gentlemen," said the Admiral. "You are just in time to give an opinion. This young man," he waved his hand towards Ludlow, standing in the middle of the cabin, cap in hand, "has had the audacity to suggest that he should swim in to St. Vilet to-night and try to mine the boom single-handed. What d'ye say to that, eh?"

Silence for a moment, while all eyes turned upon the sub-lieutenant. Then said the Captain of the *York*, somewhat dubiously:

"I suppose you would tow your mine, Mr.—Mr. ——."

"Ludlow," put in Captain Tower; "sub-lieutenant Ludlow, of the *Ione*."

"No, sir," said Ludlow promptly. "As I explained to the Admiral, I should carry it on my back." He turned to Sir Charles Cleeve. "I have a dummy in this box, sir; shall I explain it?"

"Yes," said the Admiral, "I should like to see it."

"This dummy case," said Ludlow, holding up a kind of oval-shaped box, "will hold several pounds of explosive. These two hooks at the back are to hook over shoulder-straps. That leaves my arms free, and the hooks would help to attach it to the boom. The electro-contact wire runs on this reel, which I should have attached at one side of my waist, where I could get at it easily. Having fixed the mine I should run the wire off as far as I could and make the contact. Of course if I was disturbed I shouldn't wait and—well, it would be all up with me."

A smile crossed the faces of his audience.

The cheek and pluck of the young officer appealed to all. They gathered round the table to examine Ludlow's model more closely. Several comments were passed. The general opinion was that it might come off, but—and it was a very big "but."

"What about the weight?" asked one.

"I reckon it will not be more than a suit of clothes, sir," answered Ludlow, "and I have done five miles fully dressed easily."

"Well, what d'ye say?" repeated the Admiral.

Captain Fentiman, the senior Captain present, dropped his eye-glass, looked round at his brother officers, and turned his broad, rough-hewn face to his chief.

"I say, sir, let him try—for the sake of the fleet." And all the other Captains nodded assent.

"Very well," said Sir Charles, abruptly. "Mr. Ludlow, you are a fine fellow"—he extended his hand—"and I hope this won't be the last handshake we shall have—for the sake of the fleet. But I am afraid," he muttered to himself, turning over the papers on his table as Jimmy went out, "I am afraid it will be another good man thrown away."

Outside on the bare and sanded deck, in the cool sea breeze of the summer's afternoon, Jimmy Ludlow waited for his Captain in thoughtful silence. Now that his plan was actually under way he realised more fully what a big thing lay before him. He looked out over the dancing waves, past the gaunt, battle-stripped ships of the squadron, to the cliffs of distant St. Vilet, gleaming white in the sunshine, and wondered suddenly whether it would be for the last time.

II.

The sun went down that night in a blaze of glory that burnt itself for ever deeply into Ludlow's memory. When twilight came, the fleet as usual steamed out to sea, where, covered by its destroyers, it would be out of range of the restless search-lights on shore.

After dark, Ludlow went below to the surgeon, who dyed him from head to foot a dark coffee colour—a special mixture of his own composition. This was to render the sub. as inconspicuous in the water as possible. Then, clad in an old coaling rig, Jimmy Ludlow was ready.

But the news had got about the ship, and when he came on deck he found all the officers gathered round the wire makeshift for the quarter-deck ladder, waiting to bid him "God speed." Every one wanted to grip hands. "Good luck, old man!" "Give it 'em hot!" "Keep your pecker up!" came variously with the outstretched hands. "Keep cool," said some one, and there was a laugh.

At the top of the ladder stood the Captain. One more handshake and then, as Jimmy went down the side, a muttered cheer forward, instantly suppressed, told him that the men were giving him their send-off too.

"Full speed ahead," sang the *Peregrine's* Captain down the speaking tube, and the little destroyer shot out into the moonless night. Up on the bridge Lieut.-Commander Havill and Ludlow discussed plans quietly.

"The tide'll be running strongly," said Havill. "Your only trouble will be the cross current by Point d'Orze. Once through that and you're all right. I'd take you inside it if I dared, but it's too close."

"I hadn't counted on getting inside," said Ludlow. "I reckoned on taking the water off Millevranche or thereabouts."

"That's about it," said Havill. "As it is," he went on after a moment, "we shall have to cross the masked battery on the Point."

Swiftly, stealthily, the long, lean hull of the destroyer shot over the dark sea. Nothing but the driving beat of her screws disturbed the black silence. With a double purpose she was making a big sweep round—to keep clear of the enemy's scouts, should any be out, and to give Ludlow the full benefit of the tide, which would soon be on the flow.

Suddenly through the darkness a great beam of light flashed backwards, forwards, and rested, a wide circle of rippling light and shadow, not half a mile away to starboard.

A quick motion from Captain Havill, and the destroyer swung swirling away out of her course. In breathless silence all watched the search-light, now moving, now pausing, as it swept the surface of the waters. But it came no nearer.

"The masked battery," said Havill after a time. "Too close to be pleasant."

"We're clear," he said a little later. "They can't see us now," and he began to edge the *Peregrine* in towards the land.

"How much longer?" asked Ludlow

"About ten minutes. We'll then be about five miles out. You'll have seven to do, off and on, and the set of the tide should take

SUPPOSING HE WERE SEEN FROM THE SEA WALLS? . . .

you right up to the harbour—but look out for that cross current."

"All right," said the sub, and went below to get ready.

Clad solely in a pair of "athletes," and dark as a Malay, it was a quaint-looking figure that reappeared shortly after. If Captain Havill had not been so intent on dropping Ludlow safely and getting back to his flotilla, he might have smiled.

The destroyer's speed came down to dead slow. Ludlow gave a last look to his straps and their deadly burden. Then, shaking hands with the *Peregrine's* commander, he let himself quietly down the side and pushed off into the sea.

It was a warm summer's night, and the feel of the water was not unpleasant. With a long and easy but powerful stroke, Ludlow commenced his big swim.

A few seconds later he heard the churn of the destroyer's screws. Over his shoulder he saw her dark shape passing. Soon it melted into the darkness, and he was alone in the silent night with nothing but the stars for guide.

Now began the monotonous portion of Ludlow's task. With an occasional glance at the heavens he swam on steadily, changing at intervals from breast to side and back again, but taking it quite easily. He knew the tide would help immensely, and he wanted to reserve his energy of mind and body for the end of the game.

There were three critical points on his route—the battery on the Point, masked on this side, but opening across the bay; the cross-current beyond the Point, and finally the harbour entrance and the boom, his goal.

Sooner than he anticipated he reached the Point. The sound of breakers away to his left was the first warning that the shore was not far away. He was in the midst of a calculation as to his approximate whereabouts, when the broad rays of a search-light shot out high up, right ahead. Whereupon he knew that he was nearing the Point and

would soon be in full view of the battery; not that he anticipated much danger from that source.

A little later he passed right under the long shaft of light from the battery, and could see the search-lights of St. Vilet itself moving in varying circles across and around the bay.

Now began the tough part of his task, so far as sheer swimming was concerned. He soon realised that the strong sweep of the cross-current already was taking him out of his course. By raising himself high in the water he could see the shore lights dotted along the bay, and he knew he was coming too far in. Altering his direction, he made vigorous efforts to counteract his inshore drift.

He plugged away strongly, fearing that he would be carried so far in that, once through the current, he would have to take a course that would lose him the full force of the tide.

Minute after minute passed, during which he discovered himself continually dropping off the furthest search-light, his leading mark. At length to his relief he found his line keeping true, and knew that he was out of the grip of the current at last.

Now for a time all was plain sailing. He took a brief rest, floating motionless on his back. Then he turned over and resumed his mechanical one, two, three, once more.

His thoughts turned to the dangers to come, and he wondered whether the merciless glare of the search-lights would distinguish even his small mark, in spite of his precautions. He reassured himself that they would be directed too far out for that, and once he was inside their range he would be in darkness again. But supposing a scouting destroyer came along, or men were at work on the boom for some reason, or he were seen from the sea walls? . . .

"Oh, rot," he said to himself, curbing his imaginative wanderings. "Wait till they happen—no good worrying beforehand."

The moving beams of the search-lights fascinated him as he approached their outward range, and he began to wonder when they would catch him. Slowly he neared them, when suddenly—

He dived beneath the surface, dazzled, dazed, striking out blindly, he hardly knew whither. In a few moments the blinding white glow had passed, and his salt-smarted eyes could see again. "Don't want much of that," he gasped, spitting. "It's hardly pleasant."

But several times yet the sweep of a search-light crossed his path. He found the best dodge was to turn on his back away from the dazzling glare and paddle gently until it swept clear.

It was a long time before he got fairly inside the moving arcs. Now he was not very far from the end, and he braced himself for the final effort.

Gently, cautiously, with hardly a ripple marking his path, he bore down upon the end of the western wall. To his joy he discovered that his long shot had been aimed to a nicety. The tide should just carry him abreast of the boom. Then, for better safety, he meant to dive.

Slowly, slowly he drifted on. Except for the restless search-lights overhead all was still. It looked like being easier than—ah!

Away on the sea wall shorewards something was moving.

Hardly daring to breathe, Ludlow, with no more than his eyes and the tip of his nose showing, trod water gently and watched. Soon his straining eyes made out two figures, moving with measured tread towards the end of the sea wall. As they came near he could hear their voices plainly above the rippling wash of the waves against the breakwater. He could even distinguish some of their words.

"Il fait une nuit obscure."

Ludlow heard the other man agree. They strolled on to the end of the wall and stood looking at the boom. He could see it quite distinctly, with its top hawser stretched some eight feet or so above the water-line.

"C'est bien singulier," came in clear tones.

"Eh bien! Nous verrons demain."

The two officers wheeled round. Ludlow heard the clink of their swords upon the stone. They came back until nearly opposite the sub, when one of them paused and stooped.

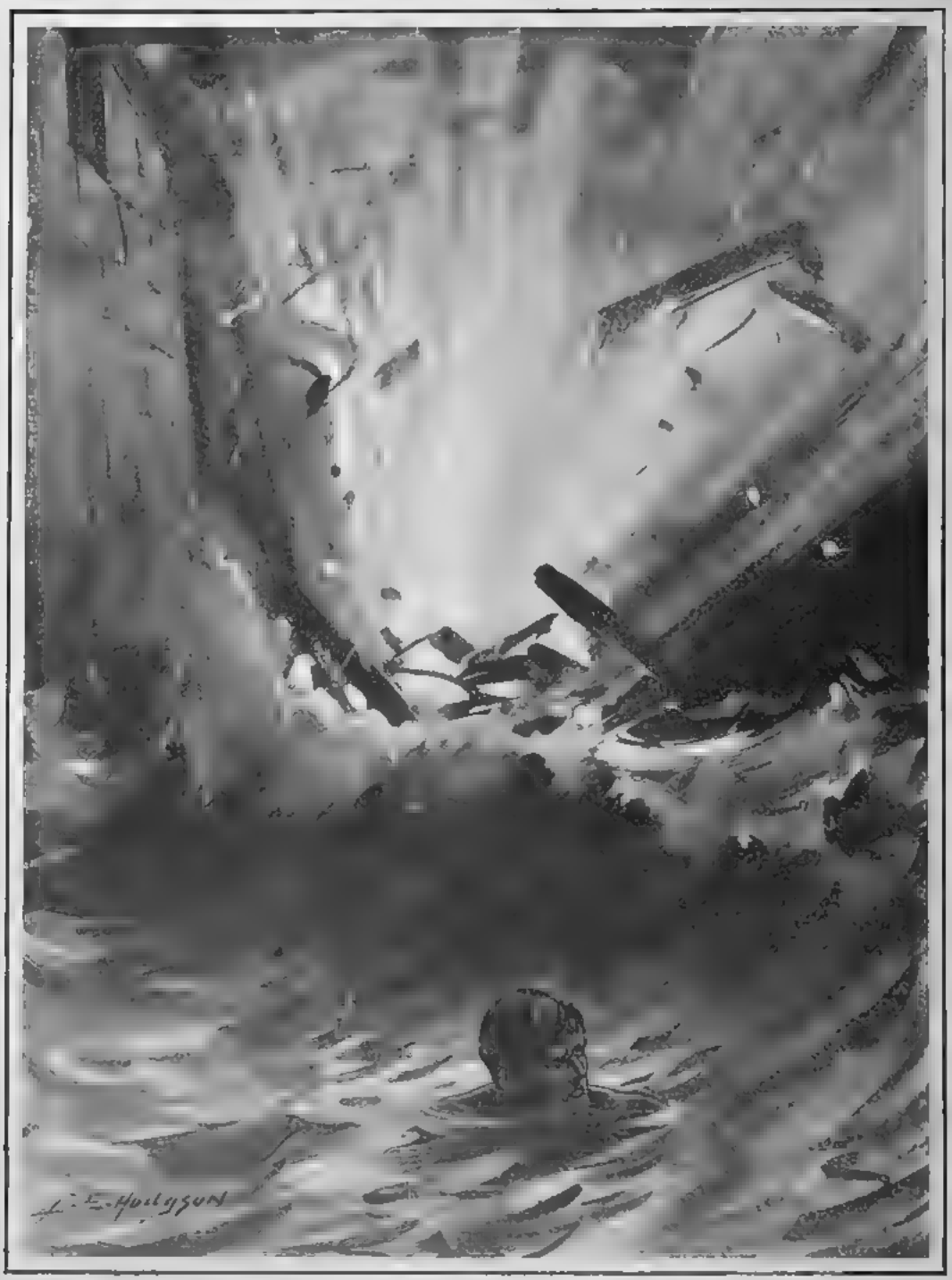
Suddenly he raised himself and his arm swung.

Plash! Ludlow started violently as something struck the water, missing him by inches. A laugh sounded shrilly as the French officers moved away towards the shore.

"Jove," thought Ludlow, "I thought they were shying at me."

All was well, but it was a minute or more before the sub dared shift his position. Then with infinite caution he paddled gently in the direction of the boom.

He was right opposite it, about fifty feet away, when he was startled to find his progress stopped by something, thin but rigid, pressing against his waist. As he paused,



CRASH!

Google

wondering, his feet swung under him and encountered a barrier of some sort that gave slightly at his touch. He felt cautiously with his toes, and explanation dawned on him. It was a wire net defence.

"Can't get under, and it's too high to get over safely," he thought. "I must go round."

He began to work his way along the top bar. At the end, as he expected, was another bar at right angles, with a guy leading up to the top hawser of the boom. He was on the point of diving under the rod connecting with the boom, when an idea struck him, and he floated himself along it instead.

Sure enough, a short way nearer the boom he discovered another net stretching out parallel with the first, and a few feet further on yet another. "Lucky I didn't try to get over," he thought. "I wonder—oh, *the submarine.*"

With a gasp of horror he clung shudderingly to the steel rod, knowing, as certainly as if he could see, that somewhere below, almost underneath him, hung their lost submarine with its hapless crew, caught and caged in the deadly net entanglement.

This then was the reason of its non-return, this was the explanation of the French officer's words. With the weight of the submarine pressing against it the boom could not open, and that was why no French destroyers had been seen for the last day and night. It was all clear now.

Almost oblivious of his own personal danger, Ludlow pushed on towards the boom. The idea of what lay beneath the placid wavelets so shook his hitherto steady nerve that all he wanted now was to finish his job and then get away—away from that unseen, ghastly tomb.

He was at the boom. On the dock head the devilish maxims, ready to riddle him with a hundred bullets, peered down unheeded as he gripped a hawser, and with quick, nervous fingers detached his mine. As he went down to fix it securely into position the thought did occur to him whether the suspended submarine might spoil his effort. But he did not pause to consider. The mine was firmly laid. He made sure the wire would run freely, and struck out quickly in the dark shadow of the wall. A score of strokes and he felt a check. The time had come. Without hesitation he felt at his side.

Crash! A sharp momentary tug jerked Ludlow under water. A sheet of flame spurted out behind; flying fragments filled the air; then followed a dull, grinding roar.

Almost instantly the glare of a dozen search-lights made all around the boom, save the narrow line of shadow on the outer side of the breakwater, as bright as day; and the bright waves were churned into foam as the guns of the harbour focused their fire on the semi-circle beyond the boom.

In the dark shadow of the wall, without a look behind, Ludlow swam furiously, with quick, nervous strokes. Suddenly, however, a terrific, bursting roar from the neighbourhood of the boom forced him to look up. Overhead, high over the wall, flew a great steel structure, its shape illumined clearly by the converging search-lights. It was the conning tower of the submarine.

"The gasoline," muttered Ludlow; "the gasoline, exploded by a shell."

He swam on, unheeding and unheeded. All eyes and energies were directed away from his course. He did not see the black destroyers dash up on their forlorn hope. He did not stop to see their fate, but swam on behind the harbour towards the shore.

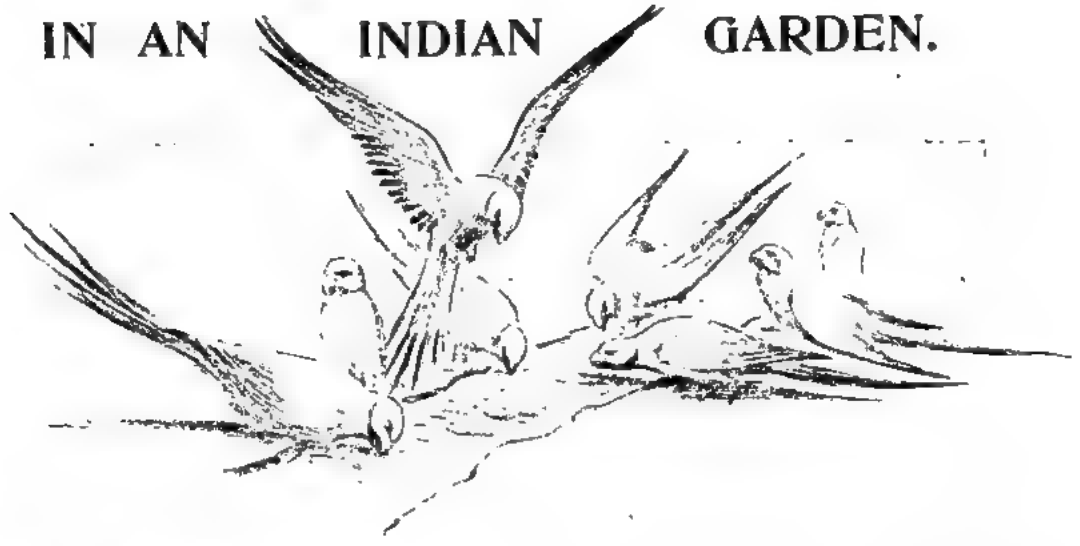
He felt his strength going, but doggedly, mechanically, he swam on. Then, when almost spent, his feet stumbled, and, reeling and swaying like a drunken man, he staggered through the breakers, to fall exhausted on the soft, warm sand.

Overhead towered great, quiet cliffs. Behind, the search-lights flashed and guns raged and roared. But the man who had started it all lay unconscious under the shadow of the cliffs, for, utterly exhausted in mind and body, Jimmy Ludlow had fainted.

* * * * *

"These mad English!" exclaimed one of the French *garde du côte* that picked up Ludlow's senseless form some hours later, "they even fight naked!" And when Ludlow came round he saw no reason why he should offer an excuse for his so scanty attire. Subsequently he spent many uncomfortable hours in St. Vilet prison, before the capitulation of the port brought him back to a crowd of cheering, half-envious messmates, a full Lieutenancy, and, when the war was over, that highest of all rewards, the rarely bestowed V.C.

IN AN INDIAN GARDEN.



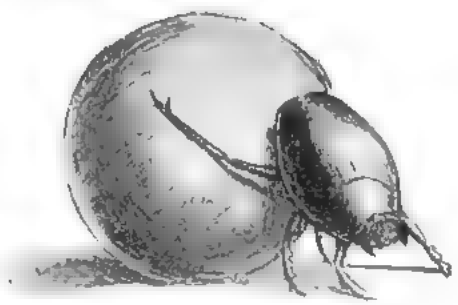
By H. HERVEY. *Sketches by E. COCKBURN REYNOLDS.*

DON'T you fret; I'm not about to launch into a discourse on animal or vegetable physiologies and exercise you with scientifics and technicalities. As I have already said somewhere, I am no *savant;* I do not aspire to knowledge of things beyond my depth; so I am just going to jot down in plain language a little scene or two of insect, bird and reptile life that have been rehearsed outside in the garden when I happened to be round, and where—did I suit my own inclination—I could pass the whole day under the trees, looking on at the fun. But there's work to attend to; and, above all, I must not forget my kind editor friends at home in old England.

To begin with, the house I am living in stands in its own "compound," or grounds. You know that portion of the Embankment Gardens beginning near the Charing Cross railway bridge and skirting the whole river face of the Hotel Cecil? Well, imagine four of these laid side by side; timber that area with tropical fruit trees, adorn it with flowers, plants, and shrubs, run masonry conduits all over the place, lay it out with paths and shady walks, see in your mind's eye three gates with carriage sweeps coalescing to the lofty *porte cochère*, dump down a huge bungalow or house in the centre of this miniature Eden, and there you have a fair idea of my present diggings. The flowers, etc., are at the front; the kitchen and fruit gardens—with which we have more to do—lie to the rear. A long walk, heavily avenued with guava, orange, mango, lime and loquat trees, skirts the back verandah; the locality is seldom intruded on by the servants or gardeners; and it is here that many such "goings-on" as I am about to describe are enacted.

I see something globular rotating across the walk; it is a spherical "dob" of *gobur* (a substance that you find in any field or yard where cattle is herded). But how is it propelled? What is the motive power? A beetle, about the size of, and, in fact, very much resembling, a chocolate cream, and its *modus operandi* is for all the world similar to that of a man rolling a cask; only that whereas the man generally tops the cask, the "dob" is sizes larger than the beetle. The most curious thing about it is that the beetle is reared against the ball, head downward, and progresses backward, pushing the "dob" with her long hind-legs as she goes. Suddenly, the movement stops; a stone obstructs further progress: the beetle gives a heave; no go; the stone is too much for her. Leaving the "dob" she retrogrades an inch or two—in order to gather momentum; then, charging forward, tries to rush the ball over the impediment; but no, the "dob" only tilts and comes rolling back on her. Now, one would imagine that the easiest method of circumventing the difficulty would be to shift her

helm a bit, and so "weather" the stone; she does no such thing. Again abandoning her plunder, *pro tem.*, she attacks the stone, tugging at it, shoving at it, burrowing round it, and as she digs with a sort of shovel arrangement on her head, she looks for all the world like a pig rooting in a field, till at last, with one grand effort, she pushes it out of the way, tackles her "dob" again, and resumes her trundle. She progresses merrily across the path till she gets to the side slope, where the ball feels the gradient, and here the beetle's faculties of reasoning come into play. Directly she realises that the load is actuated by the force of gravity, she springs forward, checks it, and clawing round to the falling side, proceeds backwards, gradually letting the ball follow her, till the level is gained, whereupon she reverts to the shoving process and goes on as before. Curious to see what she would do if she met an immovable barrier, I pick up a brick and gently deposit it athwart her path. Her visual powers are evidently limited, for she takes no notice of me, and propels the "dob" bang against the brick. As soon as she feels the concussion, she skoots round, examines the obstruction, essays to move it, emits a slight fizzing sound—indicative of anger, I suppose—and, finally, realising that the brick is too much for her, she makes a *détour*, and away she goes. I follow. She reaches her burrow; she



PUSHING THE "DOB" WITH HER LONG HIND LEGS.

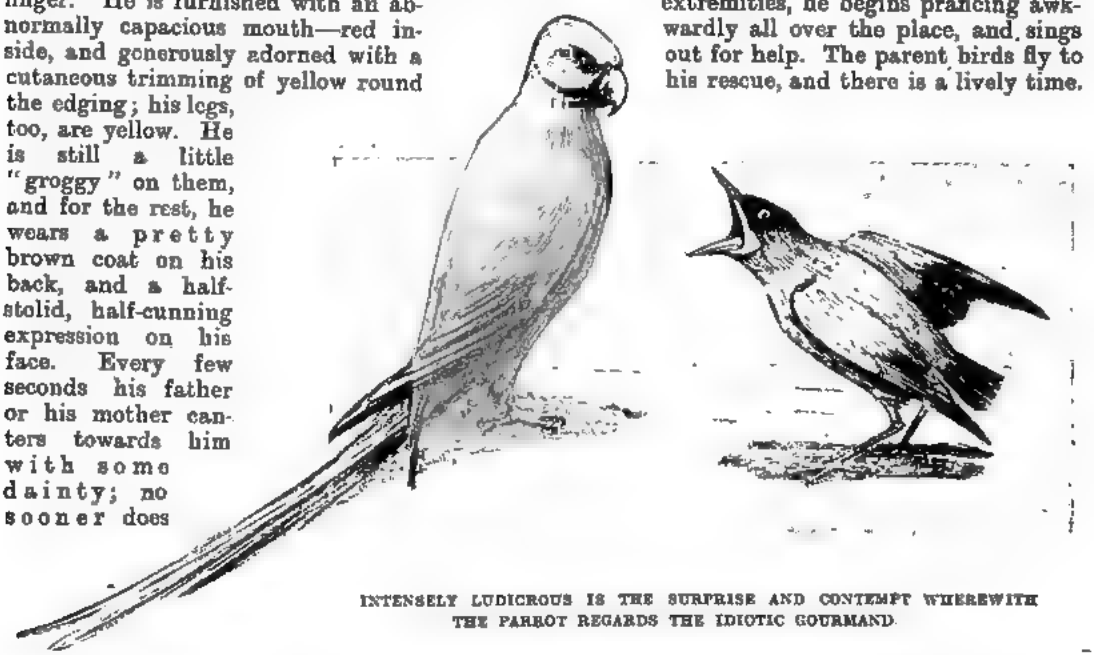
manœuvres to the orifice, climbs over the "dob," and, gingerly letting it down the slope, disappears from view. That beetle displayed a pig-headed tenacity of purpose on the one hand, and a rare judgment on the other; first, by her persistence in moving that smaller impediment, by sailing round which she would have saved herself an immensity of time and trouble; and, secondly, in realising the futility of attempting to negotiate the heavy brick and sensibly avoiding it.

Now, doubtless, you all want to know what the beetle trundles pellets of manure about for, and why she eventually buries them. The fact is that ball of manure is her nest of eggs, and she is rolling it along so that the soft material may pick up a good deal of dust and get case-hardened; then the imprisoned heat will hatch her eggs, and the young grubs will use the walls of their house for food till they become chrysales, when they will lie dormant till next year. But as soon as the ground has been softened by the first rains they will burst the earth, and come forth fully developed Scarabeus beetles. The mother beetle, her labours done, buries herself with the eggs, and dies. The ancient Egyptians noticed this, noticed also that the young beetles sprang to life on the same spot, and that is why the Scarabeus beetle is with them an emblem of the rebirth of the soul.

THE OLDSTERS PROCEED TO PICK OFF THE ANTS THAT STILL ADHERE TO THE YELLOW LEGS OF THEIR HOPEFUL.

Ah, there are three minas—birds answer-

ing, I think, to our English starling, but a tamer, prettier, and more amusing species. Careful not to scare them, I watch. In maturity the mina is one of the most knowing of birds; but as a chicken he is a downright dolt—especially in all situations that may appeal to his voracious appetite. The parents strut purposefully along the ground, squinting on all sides, and keeping up a running fire of talk between themselves and their young one, who lags behind, and who apparently has no thought beyond food, no care outside that of getting his stomach filled; but to accomplish which, at the present stage of his existence, he won't move a finger. He is furnished with an abnormally capacious mouth—red inside, and generously adorned with a cutaneous trimming of yellow round the edging; his legs, too, are yellow. He is still a little "groggy" on them, and for the rest, he wears a pretty brown coat on his back, and a half-stolid, half-cunning expression on his face. Every few seconds his father or his mother canters towards him with some dainty; no sooner does he perceive the intention than a very ecstasy seems to possess him; he droops and flutters his wings, shortens his neck, throws back his head, and opens his yellow-red mouth wide enough to engulf the parent bird almost. Before the eye can follow it, the tit-bit is popped in, and the gaping "mug" snapped to; the oldster stands by for a while, as if to see how the youngster likes it; the youngster strikes a meditative attitude, apparently sampling the stuff he has swallowed, and then starts his convulsive antics again, asking for more. The trio are proceeding along a side path leading to the vinery, in the order already described; presently, the old birds give vent to a warning "Chay-chay," and simultaneously hop over a line of large red ants that are crossing the road, engaged in their favourite business of laying up store for winter or for a rainy day. The young mina, straddling along in the rear, reaches the procession, but, instead of skipping over, like the silly-billy he is he bungles in among the industrious insects, the result, of course, being that the enraged ants fasten on to the trampling yellow legs. The owner of those yellow legs, at first mistaking the nips for something suggesting or prelusive of "grub," promptly opens his mouth and gazes into space for the expected morsel; then, becoming alive to an unpleasant sensation in his nether extremities, he begins prancing awkwardly all over the place, and sings out for help. The parent birds fly to his rescue, and there is a lively time.



INTENSELY LUDICROUS IS THE SURPRISE AND CONTEMPT WHEREWITH THE PARROT REGARDS THE IDIOTIC GOURMAND.

The oldsters, literally hustling their son out of reach of the now scattering insects, proceed to pick off the ants that still adhere to the yellow legs of their hopeful, all the while maintaining a scolding "Chay-chay," levelled either at the ants or their blundering offspring. This done, there follows a congratulatory chat all round, and then, having cautioned the boy to be more on the *qui vive* in future, the parental couple revert to their foraging.

But what about the ants? The mina *contretemps*, I notice, has demoralised them, for when I reach the trail their formation is nowhere; they are a confused mob; they have broken their ranks, and many are straying in all directions, as if in dire panic. Then,

WRITHING IN THE TALONS OF A LARGE KITE.

looking closer, I see that measures are being adopted for the restoration of order. Curious and amused, I halt and watch. A number of the largest ants, evidently acting under the orders of a leader, are bucketing about as fast as they can go, whipping in the stragglers and driving them on to the main body. Here and there, a few of the wanderers are still carrying their appointed portions; they did not abandon the stuff when the *sauve qui peut* sounded. A galloper scuttles up to one of these more faithful transport men, and, I suppose, delivers the mandate to concentrate; the worker appears to demur at the order, whereupon a "confab" is held between the two. The carrier must have complained of his load, as fettering his movements, for now the scout suddenly rushes on the other, snatches the parcel from his grip, drops it, and the pair race back to the multitude as hard as they can pelt. In five minutes the ants have re-formed, and continue their journey.

I now desire to see something more of my friends, the minas. Several families of them are cruising round, but I have no difficulty in identifying the trio that had already interested me; there they are, skirting the grapery, in the same order as before; I *cache* behind the vine leaves and look on. Presently, there is a rushing sound in the air, and, lo! a battalion of common green parrots comes swooping down to settle on the surrounding trees. After the first start of alarm, the minas take no notice of the newcomers, who—as is their wont—immediately commence to chatter and climb about the branches, while some flop down to have a drink from the flowing conduit. One of these, after quenching his thirst, waddles into the path, and comes face to face with the mina chicken. Yellow-legs, still conscious of a vacuum in his inner man, promptly scrabbles up to Polly with gaping mouth, shortened neck, and quivering wings, on the look-out for something to eat. The surprise and contempt wherewith the parrot regards the idiotic young gourmand is so intensely ludicrous that I restrain myself with the utmost difficulty from laughing outright. But when yellow-legs, in his eagerness and impatience, hops against the parrot, capsizing him, and then, when the green bird picks himself up, gives his hobbledehoy aggressor *one* look, and stalks off on his fore-and-aft-toed legs, wearing at the same time an expression of much offended dignity, I can no longer contain myself, but roar with laughter, scaring parrots and minas alike, and putting a period to my diversion for the time being.

Halloa! what's the row away down at the farthest end of the garden? Tragedy, evidently, for in and around a big tamarind tree the whole ornithological population of the place seems to be congregated, all speaking at once, and raising an ear-splitting din. I hasten towards the locality, arming myself with some stones *en route*. Parrots, minas, tailor birds, or seven sisters, sparrows and other small fry screech and scramble among the branches, all throwing their glances earthwards; the ubiquitous crow, his *confrère*, the crow-pheasant, jays, and several varieties of the handsome kingfisher, fly excitedly from point to point, occasionally sweeping down to a particular spot, each such performance eliciting an outburst of applause—so it sounds—from the others; while, forming an outer circle, numerous kites wheel round and round, adding their shrill cries to the general tumult.

They are all either too excited and angry to notice me, or they regard me as an ally, for there is no doubt that they are disturbed by some common enemy, and perhaps expect me to side with them. If so, they have calculated rightly, for my sympathies freeze to the birds directly I perceive the cause of this clamjamfray, a Dhamin or rat snake, holding in its jaws a field rat by the "scruff" of the neck. Mischievous as he is in a garden, nevertheless I pity the poor rodent, for I hate his captor and all his genus; my experiences of him have taught me to regard the snake—noxious and innoxious—as the foe not only of mankind, but of every sentient creature on the face of the earth. I wish to release the rat; peradventure, the serpent is not poisonous to animal life, and the victim may recover from the mere impress of its teeth. The snake is not very large, and is squirming about in a small depression, handicapped by the weight of its prey, and no doubt distracted by the pandemonium going on above it. The brute is making for its home; I see the entrance close by. Not wishing to risk injuring the rat in the process of stone throwing, I run back to a row of peas to procure a forked stick to pin the snake with, and then set free the field rat. I am at the pea row when I hear a louder hubbub than ever. I glance back, and there, high up in the air, I see the snake, with the rat still in its mouth, writhing in the talons of a large kite that now ducks, now doubles in the act of avoiding its pursuing brethren. I keep my gaze on the chase. The laden kite dodges slimly, then something comes dropping to the earth. It is the rat. I run to the place where he has fallen; there he lies, stunned and bleeding, but he still breathes. I turn him over; I take him up by the tail and carry him to the nearest point in the conduit; I lay him down on the gravel, and sprinkle him with water; he revives under the treatment; he opens one eye and regards me furtively. I turn to scoop more water in my hands, and wheel round to my patient just in time to see him sprinting away at the top of his speed, apparently very little the worse for all his recent tribulations, while the birds of the air, on witnessing the field rat's resuscitation, raise such a clamour of rejoicing and congratulation, I suppose, that I fly, stunned and deafened, yet glad that I am the means of saving the rat from the tender mercies of that Dhamin.

COMPETITIONS FOR AUGUST.

Last day for sending in, August 18.

(Foreign and Colonial Readers, September 18.)

NOTICE.—At the top of the first page the following particulars must be clearly written, thus:—

Competition No. ——, Class, ——, Name ——,

Address ——, Age ——.

Letters to the Editor should not be sent with competitions.

We trust to your honour to send in unaided work.

Pages should be connected with paper-fasteners, not pins.

Write only on one side of the paper.

You may send as many attempts for each competition as you like, but each attempt must be sent in a separately stamped envelope.

Every prize-winner is requested to apply for his prize. In the event of the prize offered for competition not appealing to the winner of the same, some other article of similar value may be chosen from our advertisement pages, or from the catalogues of such firms as advertise in THE CAPTAIN.

Address envelopes and postcards as follows:—Competition No. ——, Class ——, THE CAPTAIN, 12 Burleigh Street, Strand, London.

All competitions should reach us by August 18.

The Results will be published in October.

AGE RULE: A Competitor may enter for (say) an age limit 21 competition, so long as he has not actually turned 22. The same rule applies to the other age limits.

In every case the Editor's decision is final, and he cannot enter into correspondence with unsuccessful competitors.

No. 1.—***"Captain" Birthday Book."***—This time take the month of *October* (thirty-one days), and supply a suitable quotation for each day. You may obtain your quotations, poetical or prose, humorous or serious, from any source you please. Make them as varied as possible, and bear in mind the season October falls in. Remember that you are put on your honour not to copy anything out of other birthday books. Do not neglect THE CAPTAIN when making your choice. Prizes: Class I., a Benetfink No. 2 "Flash" Camera, value 10*s.* 6*d.* Classes II. and III., a No. 2 "Scout" Camera, value 10*s.*, manufactured by Houghtons, Ltd. (See Prizes page.)

Class I. . .	No age limit.
Class II. . .	Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class III. . .	Age limit: Sixteen

No 2.—***"Drawing of a Dog or Cat."***—Send a sketch of a dog or cat, in pen, pencil, or water-colours. Prizes: Class I., a Sandow Developer, value 12*s.* 6*d.* Classes II. and III., a Pair of Sandow Grip Dumb-bells, value 10*s.* 6*d.* (See Prizes page.)

Class I. . .	No age limit.
Class II. . .	Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class III. . .	Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 3.—***"An August Event."***—Write an essay, not exceeding 400 words in length, on any great event that has happened in the month of August. Neat handwriting, punctuation, and good spelling will be taken into consideration. Prizes: Three "Swan" Fountain Pens.

Class I. . .	Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class II . .	Age limit Sixteen.
Class III. . .	Age limit Twelve.

No. 4.—***"Photographic Competition."***—Send a print from your best negative. Photographs must be original, *i.e.*, not copied from the work of others. Neatness in mounting will be taken into consideration. Prize (in each class): Photographic apparatus to the value of 10*s.* 6*d.*

Class I. . .	No age limit.
Class II. . .	Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class III. . .	Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 5.—***"Fill-ups."***—A Six-Shilling Book (to be chosen by winner) will be presented to each of the four competitors sending in the four best "fill-ups," after the style of those we frequently use in THE CAPTAIN. These fill-ups should be not less than 200, or more than 400, words in length. They should not necessarily take the form of "lecturettes," but should deal with all sorts of matters. The source should be stated at the foot, and the excerpt should be copied with absolute accuracy from the book, magazine, or paper from which it is taken. One comma out of place will be sufficient to disqualify a competitor.

No age limit.

No. 6.—***Twelve Best Advertisements.***—We will present four prizes of 5*s.* to the four readers who send in the most correct lists of the *twelve most striking pictorial advertisements* now to be seen on hoardings and in periodicals. As usual, this competition will be decided by vote. Send post-cards.

No age limit.

FOREIGN and COLONIAL READERS are invited to compete. In their case the time limit is extended to ***September 18.*** By "Foreign and Colonial" we refer to readers living ***outside*** Europe. There will be ***no age limit.*** One prize of 5*s.* will be awarded to the sender of the best entry in each Competition. Envelopes should be marked: "Foreign and Colonial August Competitions."

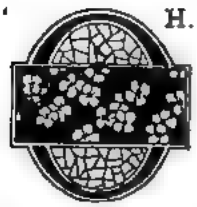
AT HICKSON'S.

By F. L. MORGAN.

Illustrated by ALFRED PEARSE.

No. II.—WHY RITA RAN.

I.



H. I'm *sick!*" said Marie Durne, with much emphasis.

"Exactly!" agreed Les West. "So should I be, if my house were as slack as Bowen's."

"Slack!" echoed Grace Hawkes. "I'd like to know how. I can do my hundred now in fourteen and a half, and there's a fortnight before Sports Day."

"Bowen's isn't composed *entirely* of Miss Grace Hawkes," put in Marie, a trifle acidly. "If you can come in second in the senior mixed on Sports Day, you will have done *your* bit. Of course, John Smiles will be first, and I know our young friend Les reckons on a second. It's the fulfilment of his desires that you've got to prevent."

"Yes, Grace," said West. "Knock off all sweet-stuff, run two-fifty every day before brekker, and then you *may* come in third in the hundred yards, and ninth or tenth in the quarter. I won't promise you better than that."

"Thanks," smiled Grace. "Let me know when you do your hundred in less than fourteen secs."

"Oh! lay down your arms, you two, for any sake," interrupted Marie. "I know you're both marvels, but as to which is the more marvellous, Sports Day will decide. Bowen's won't shine, anyway. The flesh is strong enough, but the spirit is unwilling."

"*What!*" said Grace Hawkes and Les West together, not catching the drift of this epigrammatical remark. Marie disburdened her mind of the trouble that had ruffled her general state of calm.

"Well, the fact is, we've a runner in the fourth form who could walk over the whole of Carr's Middle School, only—and this is the tragedy—she won't try."

"I'd like to know who it is," remarked Grace Hawkes, in a tone that savoured of unbelief.

"So should I—much," said West.

"Well, I'll tell you. I only discovered her yesterday. I was sprinting to the College, about three minutes before lock-up, when I noticed a Bowenite running ahead of me—evidently scared of being late. Being, as you are aware, of a sporting nature, I put on the pace, meaning to catch her up. Now comes the funny part. I was going my fastest—*and I couldn't overtake her.*"

"My land!" from Grace; while a long-drawn whistle expressed the amazement felt by West.

"A fact. Well, on reaching the Coll., of course I captured the kid, and prepared to enter her for the mixed Middle School."

"Yes—and who was it?"

"It was—don't laugh—it was Rita Riley."

"Not—*not* the Middle School music maniac?"

"Yes; I tackled her in her study next day and asked her to run. She was practising on her violin, as usual. I appealed, threatened, coaxed, and almost wept—all of no avail. She said she hadn't time to train, as all her spare time was given to her violin. I talked about the honour of the house, but she only looked pigheadedly musical, and absolutely declined to turn out for Bowen's on Sports Day."

Grace groaned, while Les West remarked meditatively:

"I guess if one of our men behaved that way, we should just kick him."

Marie sighed.

"Seems to me we shall do the same as usual on Sports Day—come in a pitiful last. We might at *least* be an occasional jolly good second."

West advanced with laughter in his eyes.

"I believe—yes, I really do—that you've

been thinking about the *Victor Ludorum*. Oh, Marie, how refreshing you are!"

Marie Durne moved off without answering. It was true. She *had* been thinking of the *Victor Ludorum*—and was still thinking of it. This imposing cup had been in existence for sixteen years—and had been held by the boys' house fourteen times. It went to the house obtaining the greater number of points in the mixed events on Sports Day. Marie was herself a good all-round athlete, but Grace Hawkes was Bowen's fleetest of foot, and better than all Bowen's was John Smiles, of Carr's. But he was indiscreet in his training, and Marie's keen eyes had seen in him signs of a break-up. Taken as a whole, Bowen's were weak, but here and there could be found a brilliant exception. Grace Hawkes was one; Jane Hobbs of the Junior School was another; and the recently discovered and unwilling Rita Riley was a third.

II.

A week later the half-term arrived, and with it Percy John Dover, a small boy, rotund as to form, and with a round, rosy countenance, expressing much stolidity of mind. His parents, having bidden him a fond farewell, handed him over to the Head and departed. The Head, with a few kindly and appropriate remarks, passed him on to a junior, who took him as far as Bowen's Court entrance, and then deserted him.

Percy John leant against the post, viewed the vastness of Hickson's, and gave himself up to melancholy. His feelings need not be enlarged upon in detail, as they are well known to most fellows, and many girls. Suffice it to say that he became profoundly miserable. After a short space of silent suffering, symptoms of grief unrepressed began to assert themselves, and Percy John felt for his pocket-handkerchief—an article always of a more or less unknown quantity.

At this critical moment a tall girl appeared, walking quickly house-wards. She pulled up before the small new one.

"Hallo!" she said, with just the proper amount of sympathy in her voice. "Haven't you any one to show you round?"

"I THREATENED, COAXED, AND ALMOST WEPT."

She was evidently one of those girls whose habit it is always to throw a rope to a fellow-human in distress.

"Don't fret, kiddie," she went on cheerfully; "you'll shake down in a day or two. I'm just going in for tea. Suppose you come with me, and afterwards I'll take you up to the field."

Percy John, feeling better already, followed, and they repaired to the tall girl's study, in which was spread a dainty array of tea-things. Another girl, not so tall, who was stretched at full length on the floor, breathing deep breaths, rose as the two entered, and regarded the small boy with mild curiosity.

"Only a new junior," explained Percy John's friend, who was Marie Durne. "He was moping round, so I brought him along. What were you doing on my study-floor? – and who spread my china?"

"Trying my wind. I did," said Grace Hawkes, replying to both questions in order. "I've come to tea, so I thought I'd do the work in lieu of an invitation. The kettle's boiling, so I'll make the tea if you don't mind, as I'm due up the field at six."

"Right." Marie went to a cupboard and produced a cake, which, with great delicacy and seeming unconsciousness, she placed before Percy John, whose state of mind was still rather downcast.

"I've got something curious to relate," commenced Grace Hawkes; "if you'll buck up and carve the tea, I'll tell you about it. I was watching John Smiles running round the track this afternoon, when suddenly he doubled up and rolled over as if some one had put a bullet in him. He looked mighty queer, and didn't get up, so I and Ward of the fifth sprinted up to see what was wrong. We found poor old John pretty bad. He said it was cramp in his side, that he'd be all right in a minute; but it was a good quarter of an hour before he could walk. He said it was nothing, but it looked to me like a pretty hot case of over-training."

Marie, who had listened to this with great attention, and the teapot suspended in the air, solemnly filled the cups.

"Grace Hawkes, with all due sympathy for Smiles' cramp, I say that things are looking rosy for Bowen's. If you stick to it, you can just do Les West—he's a shocking bad starter, whereas *you* are off with Stevens' powder."

Dr. Stevens manipulated the pistol on Sports Day.

"I reckon," continued Marie, "that with Smiles in form—and I *think* I hope he'll be in form—you'll come in second in the hundred yards; and that, failing Smiles, you'll *win*. The quarter-mile will be a toss-up between you and Les, if John is out of it. Les runs it at tip-top speed all the way."

Grace nodded. "Anyway, we ought to come off decently; and if only that Middle School flyer of yours would do the square thing, and run for the House, we should have a *chance* of the *Victor Ludorum*."

"She won't. She says she doesn't like sports, and doesn't care who gets the cup. She seems to have no interests beyond her fiddle—and I must say she plays it jolly well. At the same time, I think a girl ought to do what she can for her house, and I have told Rita Riley so until I'm tired."

"Just our luck," said Grace, "when Carr's are inclined to be feeble, to have a corresponding feebleness. But it's five to six, and I must fly. See you later, Marie."

Grace departed, and Marie Durne put away the tea, in which process she was aided by Percy John, whose heart had been captured by the senior's continued good nature.

And when, later, she took him up to the field and, with the mighty influence she possessed, procured him a pass into the confidence and good graces of the Lower School, the new junior's unbounded gratitude was such that he swore in secret to devote himself to its practical outlet.

Percy John was small and stolid, but he did not forget benefits received, and his mind, once made up, was not easily turned from its purpose.

III.

Sports Day brought to Hickson's fine weather, lines of horse and motor carriages, and a San Francisco band. Proud were the "people" who claimed relationship with a Hicksonian whose light and airy clothing proclaimed him, or her, to be a competitor.

After several minor events—throwing the ball for Carr's, and the mixed high and long jumps, all won by George Mirams—the bell rang for the mixed senior hundred yards.

In spite of the fact that the result was a foregone conclusion with Hickson's, John Smiles' eleven seconds was heartily cheered; while Grace, with twelve and two-fifths, beat Les West by a paltry foot. It was a good race.

The next mixed event was for juniors under twelve. This was won by Jane Hobbs, who also came in first in the next—an open race of two hundred and twenty yards for mixed juniors. Thus gallantly did Bowen's acquit themselves.

"Strikes me," remarked West, "that it's as well for us your fourth form wonder isn't running. Charming One"—addressing Grace—"how do you feel for the quarter-mile?"

"Fit," responded Grace promptly, "so look out."

John Smiles, who was sitting on the grass, gently rubbing his calves, glanced up.

"Say, West," he said suddenly, "if anything happens to me, we depend on you. Don't forget it."

GRACE SHOT BY, BREASTING THE TAPE A HAIR SECOND BEFORE HIM.

"Nothing *will* happen, old fellow," said Les with encouragement; "you did the hundred in fine style."

"I don't feel extra sure of myself, somehow," rejoined Smiles, "but perhaps it's stage-fright. There's the bell."

The quarter-mile handicap was the event of the day. Smiles, though scratch, was first favourite, but general opinion differed as to the merits of Grace Hawkes and Les West for the second place.

The runners bent low and forward, each in his, or her, own approved position for a good start. Dr. Stevens read out the numbers with great energy. Grace and West went off together six seconds before John Smiles. The favourite had a beautiful stride, and after thirty or forty yards he overhauled Grace Hawkes and West, who were running level. He passed them on the outside. Then something happened that put a different complexion on the race—something that had been feared by Carr's, half expected by a few of Bowen's, and deeply dreaded by Smiles himself. Suddenly clapping his hand to his side, the scratch man staggered and fell right in the path of West, causing him to slacken momentarily. Quickly recovering himself, however, West shot after Grace, who had not lost a fraction of a

second. Smiles, after making several ineffectual attempts to rise, was quickly surrounded and carried off the track—crocked for the day. The cramp (brought on by over-training) that had warned him before, had gripped him again. It was bad luck, for the fellow had been looking forward to this day all the term.

Once out of sight, however, he was for the moment forgotten. Bowen's and Carr's alternately cheered and groaned. Grace Hawkes and West, being far ahead of the rest, caused their respective houses to hover between yells of enthusiasm and deep despairing silences. The educated saw that while West regarded the quarter-mile as a sprint, and did his best all the way, the girl did not look upon it as such, for after the first two hundred yards or so she slowed down visibly, and Les West shot past.

"Bowen's—Bowen's—*Bowen's!*" encouragingly.

"Carr's — *Ca-arr's* — CARR's!" triumphantly.

They entered on the last hundred yards with West twenty feet ahead.

Then Grace put forward the strength she had been nursing. With a mighty rush she gained on the Carr's man yard by yard.

"West—Carr's—*Ca-arr's!*"

Les West had been running at tip-top speed all the way, and was, of course, going considerably slower than at the start. A quarter-mile sprint is a big thing for a young runner.

"It's Bowen's—Bowen's—*hurrah!*"

With a last spurt, made just in time, Grace shot by West, breasting the tape a bare second before him.

Much excitement followed.

"You jewel!" gasped Marie Durne, arriving seventh, all the intervening ones being Carr's. "The senior and junior first are ours. The mixed middle school

"AND PRAY, WHAT ARE *YOU* SMILING AT?"

comes off next. I don't want to see it; I feel too sick at the thought of that Rita Riley giving it to Carr's. If we could have won it, the *Victor Ludorum* would have been ours, in spite of Carr's winning all the jumping, as well as the senior hundred."

"I vote we get through the crowd and breathe a bit," said Grace Hawkes. "Let's go and inquire after John Smiles. He's lying on a seat under that tree."

The two girls made their way through the lookers-on, and collapsed on the grass beside Smiles, who had the air, generally, of a piece of chewed string.

"Hard luck," quoth Grace, patting him gently on the back.

"Never mind, feller, you've pulled off the cup all right. Mirams' jumping and your splendid hundred yards did it," said Marie, thereby causing the despondng look to fade from the face of Smiles.

A murmur that swelled into mighty yelling made both girls spring up.

"It's *Bowen's—Bowen's!*"

"Jerusalem!" exclaimed Smiles.

A senior boy, breaking away from the crowd, ran up to them.

"They've won," he said to Smiles, who had raised himself on his elbow. "A real flyer—don't know who she is. The darned pot is theirs!"

Marie and Grace made a simultaneous rush for the track, meeting the runners on the way. The winner, a frail-looking girl, obviously out of condition and panting heavily, broke away from enthusiastic congratulations and walked hurriedly towards the College.

"It's Rita Riley!" exclaimed Marie Durne.

"Jove! she can run, whoever she is," said a senior boy.

The crowd broke up, chattering excitedly. Carr's ran hither and thither in horrified astonishment. Could it be true?

"But what made her run after all?" inquired Grace Hawkes.

"Don't know," responded Marie, "and don't care a rap. The *Victor Ludorum* is Bowen's! *Poor* thing!" she added in tones of deep commiseration to a passing disciple of Carr.

* * * * *

It was the next day.

"Oh, how weird!" laughed Grace Hawkes. Several other of Bowen's seniors were crowded round the table in Marie Durne's study. They bent their heads over a crumpled and dirty scrap of paper, and the study rang with their laughter.

The scrap of paper was of the kind used by the Lower School, and the writing on it was in the hand of a junior—and a very young one at that. It ran thus:

"*If you win the mixed Race your fiddel will be give back. If you tell anybody of this it will be Burnd.*"

"So it was this masterpiece, coupled with the disappearance of your violin, that made you run, after all?" said Grace Hawkes.

Rita Riley, who was standing near the door, assented.

"And since, the fiddle has been returned?"

"Yes—the same day."

Marie Durne banged the table.

"The kid that did this is a coming Force," she declared; "if I could find out who it was, I'd give a study tea in her honour, and let her invite the company. Could appreciation further go?"

A slight movement behind her caused her to look round. Percy John stood there, a broad grin ornamenting his somewhat heavy cast of features.

"What, still here, kid?" said Marie Durne. "And pray, what are *you* smiling at?"

The grin faded away, and Percy John looked uneasy.

"Nothin', I guess," he replied.

"Don't do it, then," said Marie, "Now, friends, if you *don't* mind clearing out! Because I have a little private business with a Latin dictionary. Thanks."

Thus was the *Victor Ludorum* wrest from Carr's House—and the unknown aider and abetter of the dark deed was a Carr's junior. who did it—whisper it softly—all for love of a lady.

Goldfish.—"Ginger" (Salisbury) says he has two goldfish and one of them "constantly rests at the bottom of the bowl. When he does rise to the surface of the water for food, he often turns on his side and so sinks to the bottom again. Is it possible for him to have fits? Or can you tell me why he behaves so queerly?" It is not possible to give a satisfactory answer to questions of this sort, because as a rule the "pets" have been kept, in most cases, differently from how a naturalist would keep them, and therefore the troubles that arise are different from what the naturalist has experienced. I should think that your goldfish is being drowned! Drowning is a form of suffocation, and if you keep fish in water that has no growing weeds in it they will die for want of oxygen, which is practically what happens to a man if his lungs get filled with water.

Big Spider.—R. G. G. (Pernambuco, Brazil) asks for the name and habits of a large Spider, known in Brazil as "Aranha caranguegeira" or Crab Spider. It measures anything between five and twelve inches in length, and is covered with long black hair. "Is it the Tarantula?" No; but I believe Spanish-Americans know it by that name. It is known to Arachnologists here as the Bird Spider (*Pœcilotheria fasciata*) from the fact that it frequently catches and kills small birds. It is certainly worth preserving in a collection. Dealers in natural-history specimens here often have them, but I cannot tell you what their commercial value is. This, of course, would largely depend upon the size, condition, and skill with which they were preserved. I should be glad to have the specimen you so kindly offer to send me. R. G. G. says he noticed a picture in this "Corner" of the Giant Cockroach. "Unfortunately we have too many of them out in North Brazil, of two kinds, known as lively and otherwise. The slow ones are those referred to in the CAPTAIN. The lively ones are red-brown and shining, and when killing them one has to aim about a foot ahead of them."

Cacti.—"Cactus Plant" (Westcliff-on-Sea) wishes to know the title of a book on Cacti. Get "Cactus Culture for Amateurs," by W. Watson, Curator of Kew Gardens (L. Upcott Gill, 5s.). It contains descriptions with illustrations of most of the kinds that will grow in this country.

Query re Bird's Egg.—G. B. Hony (Malvern) has an egg like a Starling's in size and colour, but it was found in a Hedge-sparrow's nest with three of the builder's eggs. "Can it be a Cuckoo's egg?" Judging from your statement of its size I should say not, though the Hedge-sparrow is a favourite selection of the Cuckoo to act as foster-parent to her offspring. But it is impossible for any one to express a definite opinion about something he has never seen. You might as well ask if that half-crown you received as a tip the other day is a good one.

Tit's Nest.—C. Larcom (Osborne, I.W.) has found a Great Tit's nest, containing four eggs, built in a Magpie's nest in which were four fresh Magpie's eggs. He asks, is this usual? It is not unusual to find the Great Tit's nest in a *deserted* Magpie's or Crow's nest, but I should say it was extraordinary to find it in an occupied nest of the larger bird. The Magpie must have had a very kindly feeling towards the Great Tit; or perhaps it was so amazed at the little one's "cheek" that it felt afraid to eject it. Such a find is certainly worth recording, and it would be well to take note of developments of the situation—what will happen when the eggs are hatched and the Magpie's brood requires more room? Keep your eye on this, and let us hear further on the subject.

Record Nest-building?—G. H. Williamson (Chellaston, Derby) sends me an interesting account of quick nesting which is worth printing. "At a certain brickworks, close to where I reside, a number of heavy carts

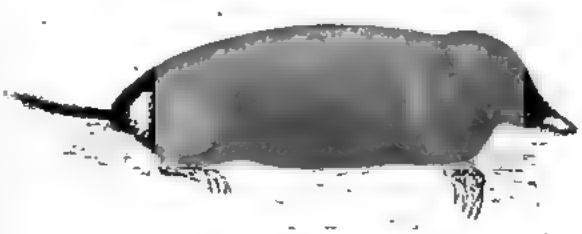
are used. One of these was brought in on Thursday evening (Good Friday Eve) and was not again visited until the following Tuesday morning. It was then found that a Blackbird's nest had been built in the nave of the wheel. Four eggs had been laid in it, and the hen blackbird was already engaged in brooding them. I have since heard that the eggs were all safely hatched." I have known nests to be quickly built in an emergency caused by a disturbance, but do not remember anything to beat this. Probably the bird had already begun laying, and had her first nest stolen or destroyed. The necessity for providing accommodation for the unlaid eggs impelled to instant action on the first site available, and probably the first of the four eggs was laid before the nest was finished. If birds get in such a hurry over their domestic arrangements they may be taking to the use of incubators before long!

Newts.—J. S. J. (Didsbury) bought four Palmate Newts, of which two have died, the third is nearly dead, and the fourth has disappeared. He asks if they ever eat each other, as he feels sure one could not escape. The adults sometimes swallow very small juveniles, but one adult could not eat another. Their jaws are not furnished for such work, so I think you must conclude that number four *did* escape. Adult Newts will not willingly remain in water long after the breeding season is past, and unless the tank is very closely covered they *will* get out.

Wasp-beetle.—C. W. Stacey (Worthing) sends me a beetle in a matchbox which, strange to say, the Post Office officials omitted to smash! He says: "I found this insect on our tennis-net. Never having seen one before, I should be glad if you could tell me the name of it." The insect is the Wasp-beetle (*Clytus arietis*), whose portrait accompanies this note, and for the benefit of readers who have "never seen it before" I would state that its colour is black with bright yellow bands—left white in the drawing. It spends its early life as an internal feeder in timber, and when arrived at full beetlehood flies about flowers, and gets put down as a Wasp, which it is very like on a cursory inspection. C. W. S. further asks if there is any way of preserving the natural colours of pressed flowers. Rapid changing of the drying-papers will do a good deal in this direction, but with many species the utmost care is of no avail, and the cases are rare in which the attempt meets with complete success.

WASP-BEETLE.

Thrushes.—E. B. Hall (Brondesbury) found a thrush's nest with four eggs in a tree in the garden, and wired up the tree to prevent the cats from getting at it. The eggs were hatched, and when the young birds had grown big enough to get lively they fell out of the nest. Then, still to protect them from cats, they were placed in cages which were put outside a window, and the mother-bird fed them through the wires. Then came heavy rains, and the young birds died, so E. B. H. asks me if I can explain the cause of death. Is not this rather obvious? In a cage, with the mother shut out, young birds get no protection from the weather. If they had been put back into the nest the old birds would have kept them warm and dry. An attempt to take over a hen's responsibilities seldom succeeds with very young birds, and could not be expected to succeed under the conditions described. Yes: thrushes frequently have a second brood.



MOLE.

Mole.—I was much surprised the other day to receive the body of a Mole (*Talpa europæa*) from R. B. W. (Dalston), who had found it in Epping Forest and sent it for identification. That was the surprising part of it, for I had imagined that the Mole was well known by sight to every one; but, on reflection, it occurred to me that among the enormous number of persons in a huge city like London who have little opportunity for actual observation of Nature, there must be many to whom so retiring a creature has never shown himself. And so I thought it would be well to put in a portrait, and my country correspondents must understand that it is not inserted for their instruction. Every country boy, of course, knows a Mole by sight almost as well as he knows a sheep; but I wonder how many of them have looked for and found the tiny eyes that most people believe have no existence? And how many have carefully examined those remarkable feet that are perfect as burrowing implements? Again, have they reflected what a perfect coat he has for the life he leads?—a coat of short velvety fur that enables him to go backwards and

forwards in comfort, and is so close and short that there is little fear of it getting clogged with soil.

Minerals.—C. E. B. P. (Derby) is "thinking about taking up the collection of rocks and minerals as a hobby" and wishes to know of a book on the subject. The only small work I am acquainted with is "Mineralogy" by A. Ramsay, price 3*s.* (Crosby, Lockwood and Co., 7 Stationers' Hall Court, E.C.).

Dogs and Canaries.—E. T. T. (Reigate) (1) wants a dog for a companion—"one that would not cost very much to keep, but would be useful as a protector from tramps." She suggests an Irish Terrier as meeting the first requirement, but is doubtful whether it would fulfil the second. I have no experience of Irish Terriers, but would recommend an English Terrier. These are both faithful and plucky. I cannot advise as to any particular dealer, or the price to pay. I should think it would be more satisfactory to make inquiries of dog-keepers in your own neighbourhood; some of your acquaintances or tradespeople are sure to know of such. (2) Yes; Upcott Gill publishes Greene's "Canary Keeping for Amateurs," 1*s.*, and Wallace's "Canary Book," 5*s.* and 6*s.* 6*d.* There are plenty of dealers in the district you name, especially at the upper end of St. Martin's Lane and Shaftesbury Avenue, and in Bear Street, Charing Cross Road; but I cannot recommend any one in particular. The price varies greatly, and choice birds are desirable for breeding. I think that if you have no experience in this matter you ought to get the personal assistance of some friend who has, before you begin.

Fire-fly.—Roy Inglis (Croydon) has received a live Fire-fly from Trinidad, and wishes to know how and where to keep it. From the description I should say the species is *Pyrophorus noctiluca* (a beetle, not a fly), and I do not think you can improve upon your present methods. If you let it loose in the greenhouse, as you suggest, you will probably lose it. In any case you must not expect it will live long, because beetles do not attain to great age as such.

Water Tortoise.—J. Freeman (Cockfield) sends me a description of his Water Tortoises and asks me to name the particular species. I am sorry I cannot do that, as the particulars given refer equally well to the European Marsh Tortoise (*Emys orbicularis*) and the Sculptured Terrapin (*Clemmys insculpta*) of the eastern parts of North America. They are similar in their habits, and their food consists of any small animals not too big to be swallowed—such as worms, insects, tadpoles, newts, small fishes, frogs, &c. They should not be kept entirely in water, but have it handy for them to get into when so inclined. The American species is known to keep right away from water for months at a time. They bury themselves in the ground before winter, and provision should be made in autumn for this retreat. Your Green Lizards will require protection from cold in winter, and if given the materials will curl up among moss, &c., and sleep till spring. You can certainly add newly purchased ones to the same cage, and they will probably get on together, though sometimes they fight terribly, but I have not been able to discover that they can hurt one another. I cannot advise you as to the price you should pay for your Ocellated Lizards, as I have never bought them, neither can I specially recommend any dealer. There are plenty of them, and you need not buy if you are asked more than you think they should cost. Size and condition regulate the prices of such pets, and as a rule a dealer who has them for sale has the price ticketed on the cage.

RESULT OF "NATURALISTS' COMPETITION."

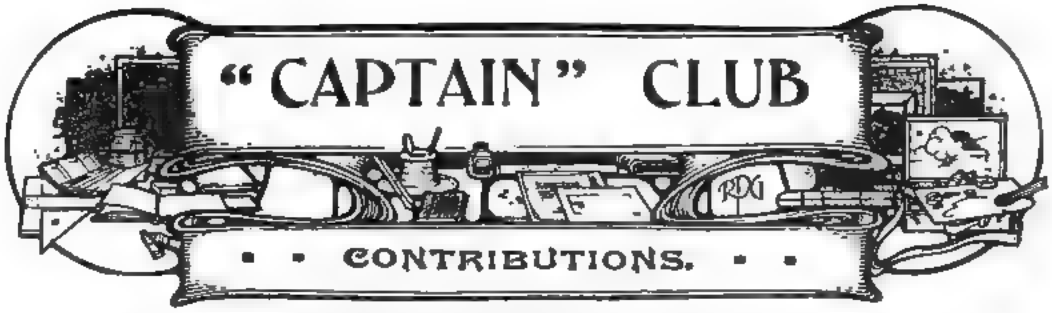
WINNER OF SIX-DRAWER CABINET: Kenneth W. Rainbow, 246 King's Road, Kingston-on-Thames.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: D. E. Tyler, St. Martin's, Cliftonville, Margate; James McGregor, 47 Palermo Street, Glasgow; W. T. O. Zeroni, 13 Pretoria Road, Streatham, S.W.

HIGHLY COMMENDED: J. Medley, Hugh F. Stoneham, A. J. Aldridge, R. O. Nicholls, C. McArthur, J. Cyril Perry.

HONOURABLE MENTION: W. M. Urquhart, A. T. Vaughan, J. H. Symes, Winifred Milner, Ernest O. Tancock, Phyllis H. Arundel, Albert E. Burton, D. C. Taylor, John Bell, Isobel J. Keith, G. A. Taylor, Harry A. Collins, Joseph K. Matthews, Olive L. Coxhead, Reginald Purdon, Kate Duffy, F. Broadhead, Norman D. Cuthbertson.

Several of the best essays will be published in future issues.



THIS part of the Magazine is set aside for Members of the CAPTAIN Club with literary and artistic aspirations. Articles, poems, &c., should be kept quite short. Drawings should be executed on stiff board in Indian ink. CAPTAIN Club contributions are occasionally used in other parts of the Magazine.

BOOKS by CAPTAIN authors are awarded to all the contributors to this month's "Captain Club" pages. Each prize-winner is requested to select a book.

The Sherborne Pageant.

SHERBORNE School and its associations played no little part in the historical folk-play which was enacted last June in this quaint old Dorset town to commemorate the twelve hundredth anniversary of the foundation of the town, bishopric, and school. The "book" was the work of Mr. Louis N Parker, the well-known author and playwright, who was for many years a master at Sherborne School, while Mr. A. F. Tester, the present organist, was responsible for the music. The play consisted of a series of twelve episodes, the first of which depicted the foundation of Sherborne by St. Ealdhelm in 705. The second described the defeat of the Danes by Bishop Ealhstan, and next came the death of Æthelbald, whose nephew, Alfred the Great, is left at Sherborne to be educated. The fourth episode gave a view of Monastic life in 998. Next, in 1075, William the Conqueror removes the See to Old Sarum. A few years later, Roger de Caen builds the castle, in whose grounds the play was produced, the old ruins forming a most impressive background. The seventh episode, skilfully rendered in the Dorset dialect by Mr. Walter Raymond, told of a dispute between monks and parishioners which resulted in the firing of the Abbey. The foundation of the still flourishing Almshouse, in 1437, by Sir Humphrey Stafford, occupied the eighth episode; while the dissolution of the Monastery and expulsion of the monks by Henry VIII. formed the theme of the ninth episode. The refounding of the school by Edward VI., in 1550, supplied the subject of the tenth episode, in which present Shirbirnians appeared, and sang an appropriate poem, written by Mr James Rhoades, and set to music by an Old Shirbirnian. The next episode presented the home-coming of Sir Walter

NOEL, THE INFANT SON OF MR. TOM BROWNE, THE FAMOUS BLACK-AND-WHITE ARTIST.

Raleigh to Sherborne Castle, the famous incident of "Sir Walter's pipe" being introduced. During each episode the mass of performers in the arena increased until no less than nine hundred persons combined to form the gorgeous and effective spectacle of the final tableau. Sherborne is to be congratulated upon the success which attended its Pageant, an achievement only made possible by the remarkable spirit of enthusiasm which characterised the labours of every one engaged in its presentment. C. G. PAUL.

Shakespeare on the Test Matches.

(ADAPTED BY JOHN LEIGH TURNER.)

The day before :

"So tedious is this day
As the night before some festival
To an impatient child that hath new robes
And may not wear them."
Romeo and Juliet, Act iii. sc. 2.

The Captain sets a good example :

". . . with a noble fury and fair spirit
Seeing his reputation touched to death
He did oppose his foe."
Timon of Athens, Act iii. sc. 1.

C. B. Fry in :

The Crowd : "He has no equal."
Coriolanus, Act i. sc. 2.

Noble (bowling) : "I would have thee gone."
Romeo and Juliet, Act iv. sc. 4.

C. B. Fry out :

The Crowd : "So noble a master fallen."
Timon of Athens, Act iv. sc. 2.

Darling : "I'm very glad on't."
Cymbeline, Act i. sc. 2.

Noble : "Is't not perfect conscience
To quit him with this arm."
Hamlet, Act v. sc. 2.

Standing up to Cotter :

Hayward : "You are too swift, sir."
Love's Labour Lost, Act iii. sc. 1

Retired hurt :

"There be some sports are painful."
Tempest, Act iii. sc. 1.

Stopping a Rot :

"What defence thou hast
Betake thee to't."
Twelfth Night, Act iii. sc 1

The Stonewaller :

"More guarded than his fellows."
Merchant of Venice, Act ii. sc. 2.

"I think I have that back trick as strong as any man."—*Twelfth Night*, Act i. sc. 3.

In an hour for four runs :

The Crowd : "This is not the way to win."
Richard III., Act iv. sc. 4.

L.b.w. :

Phillips (umpiring) :

". . . the intent and purpose of the law
Hath full relation to the penalty."
Merchant of Venice, Act iv. sc. 1.

Half an hour to play and fifty runs to get :

Darling (to Trumper) :

"Time calls upon us."
Antony and Cleopatra, Act ii. sc. 2.

Jessop hitting hard :

The Batsman : "There I hit it right."
Romeo and Juliet, Act ii. sc. 3.

The Crowd : "You're powerful at it."
Winter's Tale, Act ii. sc. 1.

The hat trick :

"This is the third time."
Merry Wives of Windsor, Act v. sc. 1.

A bad light :

"Give o'er the play!"
Hamlet, Act iii. sc. 2.

"'Tis no time to play now."
Romeo and Juliet, Act iv. sc. 5.

The Men left out :

"How ill it follows after you have
Laboured so hard."—*Henry VIII.*
Act ii. sc. 2.

After an Even game :

"The better matched, the greater victory."
Julius Cæsar, Act iv. sc. 2.

The Return of the Victors :

"After the hurly burly's done,
When the battle's lost and won."
Macbeth, Act i. sc. 1.

A London Clerk's Holiday.

IT is August in London. Heat bubbles from the wooden roadway, trembles in the air flashes from the quivering shop-windows.

Only one thought is in our minds—our holidays.

And after many hours of limp collars and moist brows, the blessed time arrives, we pack a bag, we don a cheap summer suit, and we enter the railway station, jostle amid the warm and happy crowd, distract the perspiring porters, scarcely breathe in the oven-like train, and emerge at last, grim, grimy, but exultant, at Hampton-on-Sea.

And when we are settled in our apartments, our first thought is of shrimps and stacks of

PEDESTRIAN WAG: "HALLO, KERNEL!"
Drawn by A. B.

bread and butter. So we tea; then wander beach-wards. A broad, green common stretches up to the parade, where "swells of the ocean," clad in spotless flannels, stroll arm-in-arm with dainty damsels, cool and fascinating under their many-hued parasols.

Down on to the sands we bound, with eyes only for the sea — the murmuring, silver-splashed sea. And as we watch the last shafts of the glowing sun quiver on the crimson-tipped waves, we sit in rapt silence, awed by the vastness of earth, and sea, and sky, till our unromantic inner man reminds us that it is supper-time.

We rise early next day, and wander to the beach again, book in hand, to read, and dream, and idle.

The scene is perfect. The heavens deepest blue, flecked with billowy clouds, the ocean getting greener and darker green until it fades mistily into the horizon. Out at sea a golden-brown-sailed fishing-boat is rolling on the waves, and the snow-white canvas of a tiny yacht flashes like a sea-bird's wing in the distance. A sunburnt old boatman ambles along the front, informing all and sundry that "the *Skylark* is just a-goin'!" His voice seems to chime in with the rush of the water, and become a part of the scene.

All "grown-ups" have sunk into a delicious laziness, and only the bare-legged children are busy, as they erect sand castles, and fish for strange water plants, or try to capture the tiny brown crabs, with screams of merriment.

And we lie on our back, we bask in the sun, and we dream—and dream—and dream—until—

Our holiday is over! We crawl to the station, we jostle the heated crowd, we growl at the "beastly sun," till we stand once more in Fleet Street.

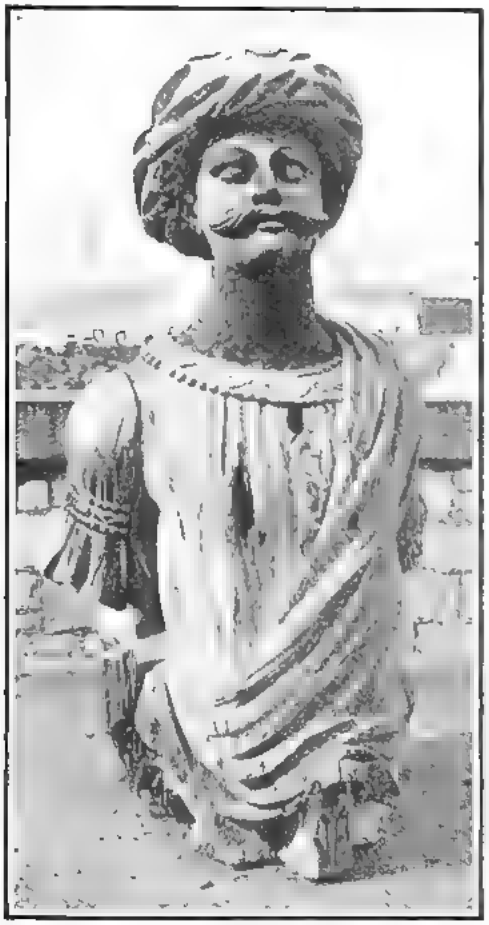
And the heat bubbles from the wooden roadway, trembles in the air, flashes from the quivering shop-windows! P. DACRE.

An Easy Way of Saving a Drowning Person.

MANY ways have been suggested as the best for saving drowning people, but to my mind the simplest and most effective is the following, to which I should like to call the attention of CAPTAIN readers.

Should a person be seen to be in trouble,

THE DIVER ATTACHED TO H.M.S. "VICTORIOUS" DESCENDING AT LAMLASH BAY.
Photo. by George Milne.



THE FIGUREHEAD OF H.M.S. "INDUS," FORMERLY THE FLAGSHIP OF THE ADMIRAL SUPERINTENDENT OF DEVONPORT DOCKYARD.

Photographed by special permission by the Rev. H. D. Nicholson, M.A.

simply throw a towel, coat, pair of trousers, braces, anything to him, and then jump in yourself and save the article which you have thrown away. The drowning man or woman or child will naturally cling to anything that comes within his or her reach, and if the other end of the article thrown in is seized by the would-be rescuer, the "to-be-rescued" may easily be towed ashore. Should the drowning person be in trouble too far off for anything thrown to reach him, let the article be taken within his reach, and then pull for the shore for all you are worth. The advantages of this method over the other difficult, dangerous, and sometimes impracticable ones seem to me very numerous, the chief being that the rescuer does not come within the deathly and tenacious grip of the drowning man, and should the rescuer get fatigued he can always "let go."

ARTHUR G. NEGUS.

Skegness.

ASK your North of England friends where Skegness is, and they will hesitate ere they reply, for not a few will be ignorant of the fact that Skegness lies on the flat Lincolnshire coast, midway between Burgh and Wainfleet.

There are two things about the place which first strike a visitor—sand and trippers.

The sands are perfect. They stretch for miles along the coast, hard, smooth, and shining, and form the most delightful of playgrounds for impromptu games of hockey and cricket.

Of trippers there are thousands. Skegness has been called the Yarmouth of the North, but he who would shudder to spend a week-end at noisy Yarmouth can safely enjoy a long holiday here. There is no crowding; the excursionists betake themselves with one accord to the "tripper's" end of the beach, where cokernut-shies, merry-go-rounds, donkeys, &c., are in evidence, and leave the *élite* of Skegness to enjoy the fine parade, the pier, the park, and the gardens.

A word must be said in favour of the trippers, for they are exceptionally well-behaved. The frightful discords of concertina and mouth-organ, the various uproars which one usually associates with the name of tripper, are wanting here. They are a simple, friendly, hard-working people coming chiefly from the large manufacturing towns of the North, and very different from our suburban Bank Holiday crowds.

There is little fishing and boating done here, but certainly the great drawback at Skegness is the poor bathing. The most enthusiastic swimmer may plunge seawards for half a mile, and still find himself knee-deep in water.

A huge sand-bank beyond the pier partly accounts for this, and consequently the sea-water swimming-bath is well patronised.

Skegness is essentially a health-resort. The town, with its one long main street, is well built and clean; the breezes which come from the German Ocean, and across miles of flat open country, give the place a wholesome, bracing tone.

Any one who wishes to spend an enjoyable holiday in a thoroughly healthy and bracing place, cannot do better than make up his mind to go to Skegness.

"PUELLA."

12 BURLEIGH STREET, STRAND, LONDON.

The Idle Month.—August is undoubtedly the idlest month of the year—the month which one spends, metaphorically, lying on one's back. There is a distinct lull in the country's business, and so our hard-working clerk hies him to the seaside, and London is empty save for some five million souls who cannot get away for August. Gardens and fields have reached the full maturity of their summer glory, and one is greeted on all sides with heavy, drowsy scents. Lucky is the man who can put down his pen and revel in August idleness. For, except to the young or the very active, this month is hardly the month for violent exercise. It is true that there are some people whose one idea of a holiday is to put their muscles constantly on the grindstone. They cover huge distances on cycles, and leap about for hours on tennis-courts in the full glare of Mr. Sun at his hottest. But I think the generality of mankind prefer for the most part to loll and laze in the shade. Of course one walks, and swims, and boats, and cycles, and plays tennis in a moderate degree, but the Gentle Art of Taking It Easy is, I fancy, the art which is most assiduously studied. For August is the month of all the months when shady nooks are most welcome; now we seek out the leafy bower, unfold our deck-chair, and idle away the time not unprofitably—aided by those silent and yet eloquent companions, our favourite books.

I have an idea that many people consider winter to be the book-reading season, but I do not think people read books much more in the winter than they do in the summer. In the latter season, owing to the temperature, one can sit quite still for a very long time and experience no inconvenience owing to "that chilly feeling" which comes upon one in the winter unless the room is well warmed. On a hot summer's day it is possible to dream away a whole afternoon with a book—now reading it, now thinking, now perhaps, if it is very hot, dozing a little. I think one enjoys one's reading quite as much in the summer as in the winter. My favourite time for reading is late at night, when the house is quite still and silent. That is the most witching hour to renew acquaintance with a book that you love—that silent, cool hour when all is hushed, and the blinds are just moved by a gentle night breeze.

Mr. Williams, in his own particular "Corners," has given you most comprehensive advice about how to go touring, and more particularly how to go touring with a camera, and now for my part may I suggest that if any of you are in some doubt as to which direction your wheel should take for a tour, you might do worse than plan out a week's wanderings in some great author's "country." Almost every great author has a country, either the country described in his books, or the district he selected for his abode. If you write to Messrs. A. and C. Black, Soho Square, London, W., they will send you a list of a number of charming little works which they have published describing the "countries" of various novelists—the Dickens country, the Thackeray country, and so forth. The great novelist who has most largely applied himself to the description of a certain part of rural England is undoubtedly Thomas Hardy, whose "country" is Wessex—viz., Wiltshire, Dorsetshire, and the adjacent counties. Hardy may be a little above junior readers of the CAPTAIN, but many of our senior readers will no doubt be familiar with his works. Then there is the "Thackeray country," which also lies in

the West, as does the country of Kinglsey and Blackmore. The "Dickens country" is adjacent to London. Working northwards in easy stages, one comes first to Beaconsfield, in Buckinghamshire—"Disraeli's country"; then to North Warwickshire—"Eliot's country"—where you may lean upon the gate of the very farm in which "Mrs. Poyser" waxed garrulous; then to the Yorkshire moors—the "Brontë country"; then to the Lake district and its fragrant poetical associations; and then away over the border to the country of Scott, of Burns, and—in modern times, let us not forget—of that virile and picturesque recorder of gallant deeds—Samuel Rutherford Crockett.

I cannot call to mind any novelist who has made the eastern counties his happy hunting-ground, but if you go into Suffolk—to Dedham and East Bergholt, and all round there—you will understand why Constable delighted to honour this region by immortalising dainty patches of it with his masterly brush. Indeed, to any of you who want a centre from which to take daily bicycle trips or walking tours, let me commend the old-fashioned village of East Bergholt, the station for which is Manningtree, on the Great Eastern Railway. Bergholt is three and a half miles from Manningtree by road, and about eight from Colchester. An ideal sauntering place for cyclists, this; and a daily dip can be had in the little river which appears in not a few of Constable's pictures. Bergholt Church, I may add, contains a curiosity in the shape of a bell-shed, one of the only two bell-sheds in the country, I believe. The story goes that they never could build a tower to Bergholt Church, because the Devil pulled it down in the night. At any rate, although we laugh in these up-to-date times at such absurd superstitions, there is the unfinished tower, and there is the bell-shed. There is also what is alleged to be a "haunted grange" in East Bergholt, and I myself have watched for the mysterious lights which are said to appear, though I must confess I was never fortunate enough to see them.

Those of you who wish to know of a place where one can enjoy a free and unfettered existence, where young ladies can walk about with their pretty feet innocent of shoes and stockings, where there are no niggers, canary-men, fortune-tellers, or dreadful "troupes" of masked performers, where the bather dresses and undresses in caves, or under the shelter of gigantic rocks—well, you will find just such a place in the little fishing-village of Perranporth, which lies nine miles from Truro. Within walking distance are the scenes of some memorable shipwrecks, not far away being the spot where the *City of Paris* was laid up for months some seven or eight years ago. It is not a good cycling country, this, but there is plenty of hard hill-climbing for stout legs. Near Perranporth is a dynamite factory which venturesome CAPTAINITES may like to inspect. Personally, I like viewing such places from a safe distance—say two miles.

Talking about books, when one goes into an author's "country" it is highly advisable to take with one a "Life" of that particular author, for then the interest of the visit is enhanced by the fact that one can survey the novelist's favourite walks, the church he attended, and the scenes by which he was inspired. One can also pick up in the course of gossip something about his characters, for every author whose *forte* is character-drawing must draw to a large extent from life. It is as necessary for him to do this as it is necessary for a painter to have models. Of course, all writers with any consideration endeavour to disguise the identity of their models, but they are not always successful. Dickens put Leigh Hunt into a book, and, I have read, gave great offence to that charming essayist by the portrait he drew of him. Charlotte Brontë "took off" curates of her acquaintance in "Shirley." In a letter to her publisher she said that the curates "showed no resentment, each finding solace for his own wounds in crowing over those of his brothers." Speaking of one of them, she adds the curious fact that, "since he read 'Shirley' he has come to the house oftener than ever, and appears remarkably subdued and assiduous to please." You will find many other like instances if you take the trouble to read the lives of our great fiction writers. It was highly necessary for Charlotte Brontë to use whatever human material she could find near at hand, seeing what a secluded life she and her sisters led. I have heard it said that they knew only one bad man, and that was their brother, and he appeared in their books as the villain. Probably they made him their model quite unconsciously.

THE REV. THE HON. CANON EDWARD LYTTELTON, M.A., WHO IS SUCCEEDING DR. WARRE AS HEADMASTER OF ETON COLLEGE.
Photo. by Russell and Sons.

You can read about this unfortunate young man in Mrs. Gaskell's "Life of Charlotte Brontë." It is shown there what a trouble he was to his father and sisters, but, after all, he served his purpose in that his little genius sisters were able to make use of him in the way described. He himself was a brilliant fellow in his way, and would probably have made a much better business of his life had he lived in less austere surroundings. One's environment has a very great effect on one's character, and this fact ought to be carefully remembered by parents who have sons who are apt to be erratic and troublesome.

I hope to have another little literary chat with you in a future number, but this month I must move on to other matters which claim my attention. One little story, however, I must tell, and it concerns this very subject of describing actual people and places in fiction. About twelve years ago a new weekly paper was launched by a popular humourist, and of its earliest contents I particularly remember a serial story contributed by a rising young novelist, who told a weird tale of a sculptor who murdered one of his friends and hid the body inside a huge female figure which he was modelling. The novelist calmly took as a "model" for his central character a well-known sculptor, and described his studio in detail. In fact, he instructed the artist who illustrated his story to go and make a sketch of the studio. That was, as you will understand, carrying realism a little too far, as the sequel will show. The artist was a very little, mild-looking man —a highly conscientious worker who always

followed out instructions to the letter. On this occasion, obediently to orders, with sketching-block under arm he proceeded to the studio and rapped boldly on the door. On the door being opened the little artist found himself confronted by a huge fellow over six feet in height, and of stalwart build, wearing the long smock that sculptors affect when they work. The artist explained his errand: he had come to make a sketch of the studio. The gigantic sculptor glared at him in a truly fearsome way. "Ho!" he said, "I have heard of this yarn, and a nice piece of cheek it is. Clear off, and look sharp about it," he thundered, "and tell Mr.——" (naming the author of the story) "that if he will favour me with a call I will punch his head for him." Needless to say, that little artist got down the path in double-quick time. I daresay, when he was in a milder mood, the sculptor laughed heartily over the incident. I think the story itself ended by the sculptor going mad and setting the studio on fire, thus destroying model, corpse, and all. At any rate, the ending was very wild and woolly—the sort of ending that makes one's "flesh creep" in a highly thrilling and enjoyable manner.

School Sports Results, 1905.—I am indebted to all the correspondents who have enabled me to publish the following results of this year's sports. It is interesting to compare those of St. Andrew's College, Grahamstown, and the Vancouver College and High School, with those of our own schools. In the case of the former, four records were created, and my correspondent also encloses the existing records for the other events, which, he thinks, are slightly better than the average English public school records. I print these records below, in order that readers at home may match them against their own school records.

Hurdles.—17 sec., 1886.
High Jump.—5 ft. 4½ in., 1893.
Long Jump.—21 ft. 4½ in., 1895.
Cricket Ball.—122 yd. 1 ft. 10½ in., 1899.
Weight.—33 ft. 3 in., 1881.

The Hurdles time is excellent, but the High Jump is nothing very great. The Long Jump is good, but by no means a record. W. H. Dunnett, of Ipswich School, for instance, this year covered 22 ft. 3 in.—which must be very nearly a record. Dunnett also distinguished himself in the "Hundred" (10⅕ sec.), Hurdles (17⅘ sec.), and High Jump (5 ft. 5¾ in.). His "Hundred" and "High Jump" are the best I have noticed in this year's school sports, and I must congratulate Ipswich School on the possession of such a redoubtable athlete.

It may be interesting to my public school readers to compare their own times, &c., with those accomplished at the Amateur Athletic Association's Championships meeting, on July 1. Here are the principal results:

Four Miles.—V. Smith, 21 min. 8⅘ sec.
Mile.—G. Butterfield, 4 min. 25⅘ sec.
Half-Mile.—B. J. Blunden, 2 min. 2 sec.
Quarter-Mile.—W. Halswell, 15⅘ sec.
220 Yards.—H. A. Hyman, 22⅘ sec.
100 Yards.—J. Morton, 10⅕ sec.
Hurdles.—R. Stronach, 16⅘ sec.
High Jump.—G. Leahy, 5ft. 10⅘ in.
Long Jump.—P. O'Connor, 23 ft. 9⅘ in.
Weight.—Denis Horgan, 44 ft. 5⅘ in.
Hammer.—T. R. Nicholson, 155 ft. 10⅘ in

The surprise of the meeting was the defeat of Shrubb in the Four Miles. P. O'Connor's long jump was the best championship distance ever recorded. The "quarter" was a great race; W. Halswell, the winner, holds a commission in the Highland Light Infantry. T. R. Nicholson was in great form with the hammer, and Denis Horgan (says *Lloyd's Weekly*, to which I am indebted for these figures) gained his ninth victory in the weight-putting competition.

Now let us see what the schools have done in similar events.

BIRKENHEAD SCHOOL.

Mile.—Bigland, 5 min. 3⅘ sec.
Quarter-Mile.—Bigland, 56⅘ sec.
100 Yards.—Bigland, 11⅕ sec.
Hurdles.—Band, 19⅘ sec.
High Jump.—Emmott, 4 ft. 7 in.
Long Jump.—Band, 19 ft. 11⅕ in.
Cricket Ball.—Pemberton, 82 yd. 2 ft. 5 in.
Weight.—L. C. D. Irvine, 25 ft. 8 in.

BLUNDELL'S SCHOOL.

Mile.—A. V. Hill, 5 min. 3⅘ sec.
Quarter-Mile.—A. V. Hill, 59 sec.
100 Yards.—R. L. Bryant, 11⅘ sec.
Hurdles.—R. L. Bryant, 19⅗ sec.
High Jump.—B. F. Newill, 4 ft. 10⅗ in.
Long Jump.—B. F. Newill, 17 ft. 10⅕ in.
Cricket Ball.—A. S. McIntyre, 102 yd. 3⅘ in.
Weight.—B. F. Newill, 28 ft. 2 in.

CRANLEIGH.

Mile.—S. E. M. Lawrence, 5 min. 25 sec.
Half-Mile.—R. Bown, 2 min. 26⅘ sec.
Quarter-Mile.—W. B. Cross, (minor), 62 sec.
220 Yards.—S. E. M. Lawrence, 26⅘ sec.
100 Yards.—W. B. Cross (minor), 12⅘ sec.
Hurdles.—H. W. Young, (minor), 17 sec.
High Jump.—J. C. Frood, 4 ft. 9⅗ in.
Long Jump.—H. A. Cressall, 15 ft.
Cricket Ball.—H. A. Cressall, 101 yd. 9 in.
Weight.—H. W. Young (minor), 29 ft. 2 in.

MR. F. W. WALKER, M.A., THE RETIRING HIGH MASTER OF ST. PAUL'S SCHOOL.
Photo. by Russell and Sons.

GLASGOW HIGH SCHOOL.

1000 Yards.—W. Turner (no time given).
Quarter-Mile.—J. W. Findlay, 56½ sec.
100 Yards.—J. W. Findlay, 11 sec.
Hurdles.—J. W. Findlay, 18 sec.
High Jump.—J. Milne, 4 ft. 10 in.
Long Jump.—J. Findlay, 19 ft. 5½ in.
Cricket Ball.—P. M'Diarmid, 78 yd. 1 ft. 10 in.
Weight.—John M'Innes (distance not given).

HIGHGATE.

Mile.—A. J. N. Williamson, 4 min. 58 sec.
Half-Mile.—A. J. N. Williamson, 2 min. 10⅘ sec.
Quarter-Mile.—H. Gardiner, 55½ sec.
100 Yards.—H. Gardiner, 11½ sec.
Hurdles.—G. R. Sayer, 19⅘ sec.
High Jump.—G. R. Sayer, 5 ft. 1½ in.
Long Jump.—L. W. Sothers, 18 ft. 2½ in.
Cricket Ball.—L. W. Sothers, 96 yd. 1 ft. 4 in.

IPSWICH.

Mile.—F. P. Wood, 5 min. 16⅘ sec.
Half-Mile.—K. Raynor, 2 min. 13 sec.
Quarter-Mile.—K. Raynor, 55½ sec.
100 Yards.—W. D. Dunnett, 10⅘ sec.
Hurdles.—W. H. Dunnett, 17½ sec.
High Jump.—W. H. Dunnett, 5 ft. 5⅘ in.
Long Jump.—W. H. Dunnett, 22 ft. 3 in.
Cricket Ball.—C. J. Brown, 93 yd. 2 ft. 2 in.

QUERNMORE SCHOOL.

Mile.—Ashton, 5 min. 32 sec.
Quarter-Mile.—Pearsall, 58⅘ sec.
100 Yards.—Ashton, 11½ sec.
Hurdles.—Ashton, 15½ sec.
High Jump.—Lewis, 4 ft. 6 in.
Long Jump.—Lewis, 17 ft. 10½ in.
Cricket Ball.—Ashton, Jasper, 88 yd. 2 ft. 9 in.

ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE, GRAHAMSTOWN, CAPE COLONY.

Mile.—H. T. Landers, 4 min. 42 sec.
Half-Mile.—H. T. Landers, 2 min. ⅘ sec.
Quarter-Mile.—W. G. Crosby, 55⅘ sec.
100 Yards.—J. W. H. Carr, 10⅘ sec.
Hurdles.—W. J. Jooste, 19⅘ sec.
High Jump.—H. Ford, 5 ft. 3½ in.
Long Jump.—18 ft. 11½ in.
Cricket Ball.—M. A. Bell, 98 yd. 9 in.
Weight.—C. C. Atherstone, 32 ft. 6⅘ in.

VANCOUVER COLLEGE AND HIGH SCHOOL.

Mile.—Shearer, 4 min. 58½ sec.
Half-Mile.—Shearer, 2 min. 22½ sec.
Quarter-Mile —McCurdy, 60½ sec.
220 Yards.—E. Murray, 25½ sec.
100 Yards —E Murray, 11 sec.
Hurdles —E. Murray 19⅘ sec
High Jump.—E. Murray, 5 ft.
Long Jump. —E. Murray, 17 ft. 8 in.
Weight.—Robertson, 32 ft. 10 in.

Another Record.—I don't venture to assert it as a fact, but I doubt whether nine first-class cricket matches have ever before been started on a Monday and finished definitely on the Wednesday. This, at any rate, took place on June 19, 20, and 21, when Lancashire beat Somerset by an innings and 79 runs, Sussex beat Kent by 306 runs, Northants beats Derbyshire by 23 runs, Yorkshire beats Notts by 127 runs, Middlesex beat Surrey by eight wickets, Leicester beat Hants by an innings and 92 runs, Warwickshire beat Oxford by eight wickets, Cambridge beat the Gentlemen by eight wickets, and the Australians beat Dublin University by 231 runs.

A Charming Book to read at this time of the year is Mr. Edward Step's "Wild Flowers Month by Month in their Natural Haunts," the first volume of which, price 6s., we have received from the publishers, Messrs. F. Warne and Co. In these pages Mr. Step takes his readers wild-flower hunting with the camera, and illustrates his rambles with over a hundred and sixty excellent photographs direct from Nature. "Wayside and Woodland Blossoms" (F. Warne and Co., 6s.) is another of our Natural History Editor's new books. This is a pleasant companion on a country walk, being of a convenient size for the pocket. It is embellished with 127 coloured plates and numerous pen-sketches by Miss Mabel E. Step, with whose work our readers are also familiar.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Bolek," addressing me as his "old and still handsome friend," requests me not to devote any further editorials to the Hickson topic. Personally, he is opposed to the Hickson system, and ends his letter by informing me that he is "just going to meet a nervy, pretty girl" who, he is thankful to say, has never had any connection with an institution of the Hickson type. "Bolek" also hopes that England may long be spared that "prime ministeress of nuisances—the athletic girl," and asks if I can suggest a better term than "prime ministeress." Why, certainly. How about "prime mistress"? I present my compliments to "Bolek," and trust he didn't meet a bull when he was out with his "nervy, pretty girl." If he did, he probably wished that his companion was a little less of the "nervy" order, and rather more of the athletic—for the latter would at least sprint for the nearest hedge, while the "nervy" one would probably collapse into "Bolek's" arms, and so render him as well as herself an easy prey to the bull's horns.

F. S. T. (Portora, Enniskillen), has curious views regarding the functions of a magazine like the CAPTAIN, for he suggests that we should hold yearly examinations in London, Edinburgh, and Dublin, the grades to be three in number and the prizes £30, £20, and £10, and in addition a proportionate share of the entrance fees. August, he thinks, would be a good month for the examinations, and he proposes that each competitor should turn up at the examination halls bringing a copy of the CAPTAIN and a shilling (entrance fee)! May I point out to this enterprising young gentleman that it is the duty of a magazine editor to edit his magazine, not hold examinations? As for holding them in *August*—can F. S. T. be a *boy* to suggest such an infamous scheme!

H. M. D. is sixteen, has recently completed a story 50,000 words in length, and now wants to know how he can "get it published." I should say that it is highly improbable that a story by a boy of sixteen would be worth publishing. I have been told that Edna Lyall wrote her first novel, "Won by Waiting," when she was sixteen, and I believe Kipling was a clever writer at that early age. But these are exceptional cases. H. M. D. had better get a grown-up friend to look through his story and give him an opinion on it. The friend will probably tell him it "shows promise," but is not quite the kind of tale a publisher would care to publish. If, however, the friend tells our young author that it is a capital story and worthy of publication, H. M. D. can proceed to send it round the publishing houses, beginning with the publishers who advertise in the CAPTAIN. I should strongly advise H. M. D., however, not to mention his age when submitting his manuscript to a publishing house.

"Maxwell."—You might suffer from a far worse infliction than "bandy legs," my friend. You must grin and bear them. "Bandy legs" are curable in childhood, I believe, but not at your age. As for your thin calves, exercise—walking, in particular—will help to enlarge those. Your writing is clear and regular. I do not see why anybody should "speak to you about it."

"Erin."—I am informed that a conundrum which you sent me about a dead donkey was taken from another magazine. Please understand that we only want original matter in the CAPTAIN. I thought every reader was aware of that.

"Dover Reader" says he has "heard from a girl" that I am an author, and that in addition to writing novels and editing the CAPTAIN, I edit *Pearson's Magazine* and run an evening paper—the *Globe*, he fancies the girl said it was. "If this is true," adds "Dover Reader," "you are a go-ahead sort of fellow." Yes, "Dover Reader," I *should* be a go-ahead sort of fellow if I did all that. I should also want three or four heads! I need hardly say that I have nothing to do with any of the periodicals mentioned except the CAPTAIN.

Pauline sends the following appreciation of Mr. F. W. Walker: "Dear Old Fag,—Having

REV. DR. WARRE, THE RETIRING HEADMASTER OF ETON COLLEGE.

Photo. by Hills and Saunders.

read the article on the St. Paul's High Master, I will tell you my own impression of him. He patted my head and asked me about my parents. Several times afterwards he asked me about my progress. I am by no means the only boy whom he talks to, and I think every boy in the school is afraid of him. His resignation caused consternation and disappointment, and various other uncomfortable sensations surged through most Pauline hearts. One word from the High Master is enough for any Pauline. A subscription for a memorial is now being got up. All we can do is to look for comfort in the Rev. Mr. Hillard, who, if he does one-tenth part of Mr. Walker's deeds, will make an admirable High Master."

"Yankee Pride."—(1) A William and Mary farthing was recently sold for £7, so I presume your Charles II. farthing is worth the same, unless a William and Mary farthing is a special rarity that commands a very high price. (2) Mr. "Plum" Warner was born on October 2, 1873.

Correction. — The photograph entitled "Daisies," on page 282 of the June No., was taken by Frank Odams, and not by J. B. Welford, as stated.

C. H. S.—No, you cannot enter photos. which have won prizes in the CAPTAIN for competitions in other papers. **Mr. C. B. Fry's Portrait.**—S. D. Wale is good enough to point out that Mr. Fry's portrait—as supplied by *C. B. Fry's Magazine*—costs two shillings, and not, as I stated, one shilling. **O. G. S. G.**—I know nothing about the War Office automobile department. You should be able to obtain a reply to your query by addressing a letter to the Secretary for War, War Office, London, S.W. **Midshipman.**—I will think it over. **A Weston Lodge Boy.**—We cannot publish junior school sports results. **Dr. Moore Anderson.**—Sorry, photos. not interesting enough. **A Lover of Accuracy.**—I fear I cannot afford space for your essay. Of course, it was a mistake on the part of the author of the essay to say that the "Prisoner of Chillon" was a novel, and I cannot understand how it escaped my notice. **A. Needham.**—We cannot use an essay on the English Cup Final months after the match is over. **Uruguay.**—We have already published a long article on the *Worcester* in the CAPTAIN—in the third number (June 1899).

Letters, etc., have also to be acknowledged from: B. J. Hoare, B. H. O'Donnell, G. Brown, "Hiawatha" (thanks), V. McQuilkin, E. J. S. (West-Kensington).

THE OLD FAG.

Results of June Competitions.

No. I.—"A June Event."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF R. ABEL AND SON'S "GUV'NOR" CRICKET BAT: P. E. Petter, Broad Park Avenue, Ilfracombe.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: A. M. Tapply, Thorndale, Waterlingbury, Kent; W. H. L. Gronow, The Lizards, Winterton, Ferryhill, Durham.

HONOURABLE MENTION: S. Austen Taylor, Benjamin Corbyn, J. W. Steadman, Leonard C. Whetham, T. R. Allen, W. J. Lewis, Eastland Staveley, H. J. A. Crooks, Percy J. Emberson, J. W. McNinch, Lorenzo Robinson, P. R. Laird.

CLASS II. (Age limit, Sixteen.)

WINNER OF "EXCHANGE" CRICKET BAT: George Birkett, 40 Marlboro' Road, The Brook, Liverpool.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: Alan L. Miller, Broad Street, Alresford, Hants.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Arnold Heathcote, David E. Evans, James McGregor, E. Owen Rutter, F. A. Kennett, Edward Kearney, Daisy Brooks, Cyril J. Seed, A. Leslie Cranfield, Arthur W. Fox, R. L. Robertson, F. R. Horner, W. H. Strike.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Twelve.)

WINNER OF "EXCHANGE" CRICKET BAT: Douglas Mackay, 45 Bonnymuir Place, Aberdeen.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Jack Johnston, H. W. Coombs, Harold Gleave, Arthur Wearing, Bertie Barnes, Marjorie N. How, Edward Darke, G. L. Davies, E. D. E. Harland, Herbert F. Crook, J. C. Brooksby, F. A. S. Clarke.

No. II.—"Photographic Competition."

CLASS I. (No age limit.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: George H. Dunford, 58 Tugley Street, Newport, Isle of Wight.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: A. E. Radford, Tunnel Road, The Park, Nottingham.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Kuno Reitz, John Richmond, Edgar Swallow, E. A. Field, W. J. Watt, George C. Mallet, R. W Copeman.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: A. E. Bass, St. Peter's House St. Albans.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: I. E. Bastable, 6 Trevelyan Terrace, Brighton Road, Rathgar, Dublin.

HONOURABLE MENTION: E. Mason-Hayes, Don Brigham, Edgar J. Barrett, Frank Foxcroft, George S. B. Cushnie, George H. Webber, William Blann Meff, Wilfred A. Claimir, Norman Cowell, John Punch, Ernest Townsend, W Seward Gales, J. J. R. H. Oldham.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: H. P. Robotham, Holmwood, Walton Park, Cleveden.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: H. J. Sanders, 188 Monument Road, Birmingham.

HONOURABLE MENTION: R. O. Belt, Frank Anns, Stanley Gerald Robinson, A. R. Rubin, A. H. Mummery, Morley Copeman, Cyril Cole, Cedric Burrell, R. Barnett, Leonard Pearce, Eustace C. Crowther.

No. III.—"'Captain' Birthday Book."

CLASS I. (No age limit.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: Constance H Greaves, 15 Powis Square, Brighton.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: C. Maud Heddy, 46 Redcliffe Gardens, South Kensington.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Dorothy Holder, May MacCowen Hall, V M. Bland, Marian Hewitt, E. M. Nanson, Albert A. Kerridge, Evelyn Hewitt, Mary Gillott, E. C. Pritchett.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: V. T. Down, Spearpoint, Ashford, Kent.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: Albert Albrow, 43 Hinton Road, Loughboro' Junction.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Gladys von Stralendorff, T. W. Spikin, K. Perrin, Dorothy Nanson, G. M. Smith, Alfred H. Grigsby, Christine Thomas, R. A. Stigant.

CLASS III. (Age limit, Sixteen.)

WINNER OF "BENETFINK" CRICKET BAT: T. Harston, 13 Denman Drive, Newsham Park, Liverpool.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: R Middleton, 90 Kensington Park Road, Bayswater, W.

HONOURABLE MENTION: M. Rose Sandes, Emmeline d'Auvergne, Cyril E. Hutchings, Theodore T. Palmer, Olive M. Tomkins, Grace Mortimer.

No. IV.—"Geographical Conundrums."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF "GUINEA KLITO" HAND CAMERA: J. R. Shires, Milnsbridge, Huddersfield.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: Charles L. E. Robinson, 19 Church Road, Manor Park, E.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Kate Perrin, H B. R. Thompson, Dorothy N Best, Thos. R. Allen, Thomas Handforth, H C. C. Stanley, G. Harold Williamson, A. H Jenn, Henry Woodward, D. Fuller.

CLASS II. (Age limit, Sixteen.)

WINNER OF No. 2 "SCOUT" CAMERA: A. V. Serjeant, c/o Mr. Chivers, 125 Rylston Road, Fulham, S.W.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: David Beatt Ross, 18 Forbesfield Road, Aberdeen, N.B.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Tom L. Walsh, W. T. Bird, Eric C. Bloodworth, F. Franklin, Percy H. Hooper, F. R. Horner, Richard Page, E. G. Coomes, Isobel Lockie, Marian Wadsworth, Lucy Ehrmann.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Twelve.)

WINNER OF No. 2 "SCOUT" CAMERA: Cyril Cole, "Tarpor," Hayne Road, Beckenham.

HONOURABLE MENTION: E. W. Milson, Kathleen M. Key, Phyllis Harding, H. W. Coombs, F. A. Pucknell, Norman Samuel, G. J. Child, John C. Brooksby.

No. V.—"The 'Old Fag's Correspondence' Competition."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-five.)

WINNER OF HAMLEY MODEL YACHT: Tommie Thomson, 111 Sinclair Road, West Kensington, W.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: A. E. Gott, 32 Henry Street, Nuneaton.

HONOURABLE MENTION: W. McGhie (jun.), A. J. Moss, R. J. Jones, Thomas William Rogers, Doris E. Haeffner, J. W. Jones, C. E. P. Brooks, John C. Fletcher.

CLASS III (Age limit, Sixteen.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: Arthur D. C. Mason, 10 Buckland House, Offord Road, Barnsbury, N.

HONOURABLE MENTION: A. J. Cook, A. Pettit, Percy Ford, Edward Page, W. Gordon Legat, G. H. Miseroy, A. Maddocks, Marjorie Smith, F. Scrimshaw, Horace Austin Smith.

No. VI.—"'Captain' Newdigate."

(No age limit.)

WINNER OF BOOKS TO THE VALUE OF TEN SHILLINGS: James McGregor, 47 Palermo Street, Glasgow.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: A. G. Leigh, 68 Grand Parade, Brighton; Marian Hewitt, West Hill, Copdock, Ipswich.

HONOURABLE MENTION: James Walker, S. Geiss, William Hunter, T. R. Coxon, C. J. E. Cable, Jeannie J. Wylie, Alex. Scott, James Bland, Gladys M. Maltby, Christine Thomas, Doris Haeffner.

Foreign and Colonial Readers.—(May.)

No. I.—WINNER OF 5s.: G. P. Cassé, 6 Victoria Road, Sea Point, Cape Town, South Africa.

HONOURABLE MENTION: E. W Melville (Jamaica), F. N Brierly (Trinidad), May Constance Edwards (Cape Colony), Jack Robbie (India).

No. IV.—WINNER OF 5s.: Alfred L. Solomon, 133 King Street, Kingston, Jamaica.

HONOURABLE MENTION: A. K. Tancock (Ceylon), F. E. Turner (Kimberley), Eric L. Commin (New Zealand), Eric Brownlee (South Africa), Cecilia Duffy (Canada).

No. V.—WINNER OF 5s.: E. A. Mullner, "The Firs," Kloof Road, Sea Point, Cape Town, South Africa.

HONOURABLE MENTION: F. N. Brierly, K. W. Dowse (Canada), D. G. Harris (India), George Commisstong (Grenada), W. D. Walcott (Jamaica), E. W Melville.

No. VI.—WINNER OF 5s.: Edith Eileen Erskine, P.O. Box 6270, Johannesburg, South Africa.

HONOURABLE MENTION: E. K. Thompson (South Africa), J. Fauvel (Canada).

Winners of Consolation Prizes are requested to inform the Editor which they would prefer—a volume of the "Captain," "Strand," "Sunday Strand," "Wide World," "Technics," "C. B. Fry's Magazine," or one of the following books—"Jim Mortimer, Surgeon," "J. O. Jones," "Tales of Greyhouse," "Acton's Feud," "The Heart of the Prairie."

Comments on the June Competitions.

No. I.—The usual number of excellent essays were sent in, the favourite subjects chosen being The Battle of Waterloo, Signing of Magna Charta, Accession of Queen Victoria, and the Battles of Bannockburn and Plassey. It should not be necessary to point out to competitors that we require original essays, and not accounts of different events copied direct from books.

No. II.—The standard of the best photographs was higher than usual this month.

No. III.—We did not receive quite so many artistic productions this month, though the few submitted were highly creditable. Some excellent selections came from Class III. this month. I would advise certain senders of otherwise excellent attempts to occasionally vary their quotations with lighter verses, &c. And in all cases please state the source of quotation.

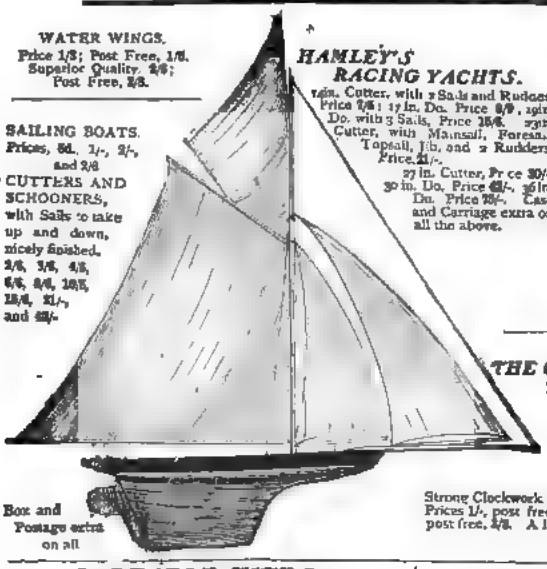
No. IV.—The correct list of answers, in order, is as follows: Sheepshed, Shelf, Sing-sing, The Spree, Swampscott, Tirnova, Anadir, Axe Edge, Bagdad, Cincinnati, Colon, Enos. Special mention should be made of the post-card sent in by J. R. Shires, the prize-winner in Class I. Will Class III kindly take particular notice of *age limits*.

No. V.—Many competitors failed to observe the condition that barriers should be crossed. The prizes went to the senders of the most neatly executed correct solutions.

No. VI.—This proved to be a most popular Comp., and a large number of excellent verses were submitted. Most competitors showed a sound knowledge of metre and rhythm, and the winners are to be heartily congratulated on their efforts.

THE COMPETITION EDITOR.

HAMLEY'S SPORTS AND NOVELTIES.



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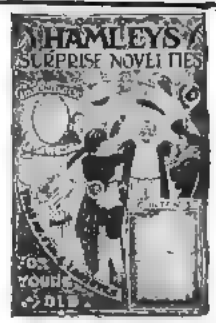
Price 1/3; Post Free, 1/6.
Superior Quality. 2/6;
Post Free, 2/8.

SAILING BOATS.
Prices, 8d., 1/-, 2/-, and 2/6

CUTTERS AND SCHOONERS, with Sails to take up and down, nicely finished.
2/6, 3/6, 4/6, 6/6, 8/6, 10/6, 12/6, 21/-, and 42/-

HAMLEY'S RACING YACHTS.
14in. Cutter, with 2 Sails and Rudder, Price 1/6; 17 in. Do. Price 2/9, 19in. Do. with 3 Sails, Price 3/6. 23in. Cutter, with Mainsail, Foresail, Topsail, Jib, and 2 Rudders, Price 21/-.
27 in. Cutter, Price 30/-.
30 in. Do. Price 42/-, 36 in. Do. Price 63/-. Case and Carriage extra on all the above.

Box and Postage extra on all



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Boxes of Surprises.
Box containing 1 Flying Sausage, 1 Flying Snake, 2 Howling Babies, 2 Coons, 1 Balloon, 1 Blow-out Cigar, 1 Fife, 1 Flying Serpent. All of these blow out and squeak, causing roars of laughter. Price 1/-. Post Free, 1/2.
Smaller Box, containing 7 Surprises. Price 6d.; Post Free, 7d.
Boxes of Flying Serpents, containing 7 different colours.
Price 6d., Post Free 7d.

BOYS' FISHING RODS.
Strong Bamboo and Cane Fishing Rods, 6d. and 1/- each. Post free, 10d. and 1/4. A large assortment, 2/6, 3/9, 4/9, 5/9, 9/6 each. Postage extra on all.
Floats, 3d., 4d., 6d., 9d. each.
Furnishing Lines, 2d., 1/-, 1/3 and 2/6. Postage 3d. extra.
Wynches, 6d., 1/-, 2/6 and 3/6 each; Postage 3d. extra.

THE CHILDREN'S DELIGHT

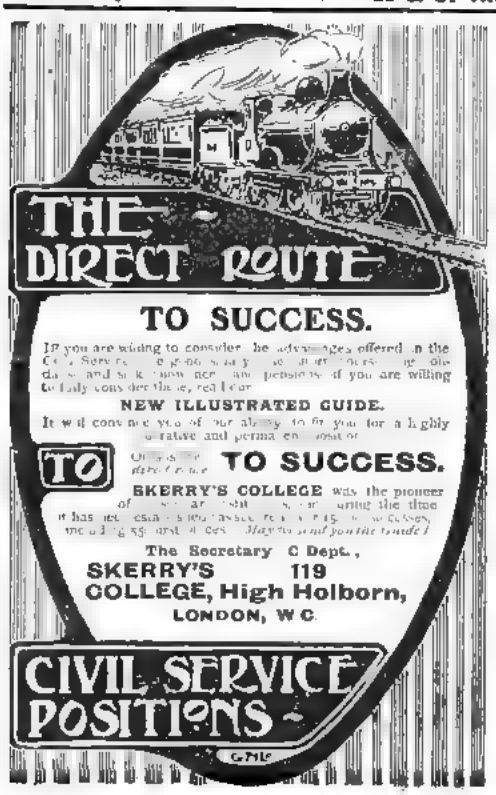
Strong Clockwork Boats to wind up, and go in any water or bath. Prices 1/-, post free, 1/3; 1/6, post free, 1/10. Larger size, 2/11, post free, 3/3. A large variety of larger ones from 5 Guineas upwards.

SCIENTIFIC KITES.
The Celebrated American Box Kite.
They can be folded up in a small roll, and when opened form the shape of a box; it affords endless amusement to adults.
Made in Paper, 1/-; post free, 1/6.
Made in Linen, 20 in. by 10 in., 2/6, post free, 2/-; 36 in. by 24 in., 6/-; post free, 6/8. 48 in. by 36 in., 8/6, packing 6d. extra; 68 in. by 48 in., 15/-; packing 6d. extra.

PORTABLE KITES.
These Kites are splendid flyers, and have the advantage of being very portable, being so made that they all fold up and go into a case that can be carried in the hand like a stick; they are made of calico, and can be put together in less than a minute.
Price 1/-, 1/6, 2/-, 2/6 and 3/6 each.
Postage and packing extra

BIRDS OR HAWK KITES.
These are also made portable, and when opened are in the shape of a bird; they fly well and are much used for sporting purposes.
Price 2/6, 3/6 and 5/- each.
Postage 4d. and 6d. extra.

HAMLEY'S BRANCHES { 202 REGENT ST., W.; 510a & 512 OXFORD ST., W.; 59 KNIGHTSBRIDGE, W.; 35 NEW OXFORD ST., W.C.; 231 HIGH HOLBORN, W.C.; 86 & 87 HIGH HOLBORN, W.C. } LONDON.



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RED WHITE & BLUE
For Breakfast & after Dinner.

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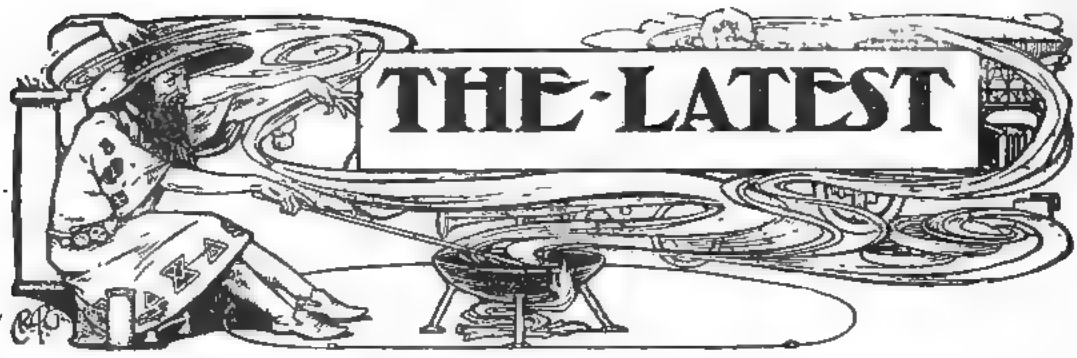
All repairs done personally. Every trial gives satisfaction. New Bats made to order.
Patronised by the Oxford University and College Cricket Clubs, Gentlemen of England, &c.



To Prevent Side-Slips.

Some interesting tests with bicycles fitted with various devices said to prevent side-slip were quite recently held in London. One corner of a cement cycle-track was covered with greasy mud mixed with soft soap. This proved too much for the majority of the anti-side-slip devices. But the bicycle shown in the photo below went through the ordeal successfully. The winning anti-slide-slip device consists of a series of spiral springs attached by their apexes to a narrow red rubber cushion tyre in the rim. It seems, however, that in his eagerness to gain the prize, the inventor of this ingenious device quite forgot that in making an all-round efficient bicycle there are other matters to be considered besides the avoidance of side-slip!

A Rapid Emptying Theatre.

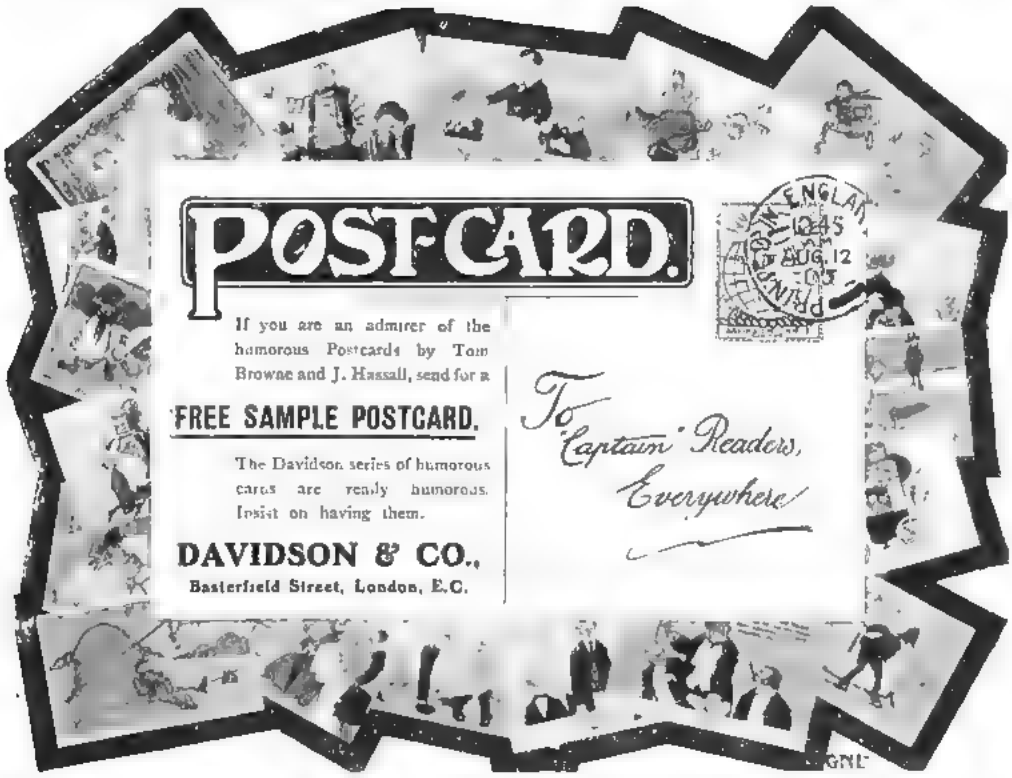
Successful experiments have just been made with a model of an invention by a Mr. Mausshardt for rescuing the audience of a theatre in case of fire. It is intended to remove the pit *en bloc*, with the boxes attached to it, as well as the partition walls, into the street, by means of rollers underneath the floor running over a track of rails continued to a suitable length outside the theatre. The scheme also allows for the simultaneous rescue of the people in the balconies above by exits through specially constructed "window doors," opened automatically all at once, or by hand, which lead on to suspended galleries, these latter being lowered to the street by the same mechanism actuating the movable pit. The inventor, by these means, aims at emptying a theatre from pit to gallery within thirty seconds, whether the audience number twenty or two thousand!

A SPIRAL TYRED BICYCLE.

From one end to the other,

the "SWAN" FOUNTAIN PEN is of Sterling Worth.
The POINT is selected iridium. The FEED simple and sure.
The VULCANITE RESERVOIR strong and ample, and the CAP fits both ends.

The Trade Mark guarantees QUALITY and SATISFACTION, or money back.
Sold by Stationers and Jewellers. 10/6, 16/6, 25/- upwards.
A Catalogue for a postcard.
Mabie, Todd & Bard, 79 & 80, High Holborn, W.C. and Branches.



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WILL CARRY ACCURATELY AT 25 YARDS
EVERY GUN CAREFULLY TESTED BEFORE LEAVING OUR WORKS

PRICE ONLY 13/6 WITH SLUGS AND DARTS COMPLETE
HEAVY WEIGHT 15/6 COMPLETE

We also stock the Militia Air Guns, 21/-, 25/- and 35/-. The "Musketeer," 35 - each. T Catch Air Guns, 15/- each. The Daisy Air Rifle, 2/11. Postage 3d. extra. If you are requiring anything in Air or Saloon Guns, Slugs, Darts, Cartridges, &c., drop us a postcard, and we will forward Catalogue (No. 20) per return, post free. We also supply Model Engines, Fittings, Motors, Dynamos, and all the Latest Novelties. Catalogue (No. 21), post free.

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(Advertisers in "Captain" from its commencement.)

Branch Depot: 53a HIGH HOLBORN, W.C. Established 1876.

Coal-Mining with Compressed Air.

THE picture on this page graphically illustrates one of the very latest developments in coal-mining. The radial coal-cutter shown here is made by the Ingersoll Sergeant Drill Company. The operator sits comfortably on a low stool, very much as a sighter sits when handling a gatling gun. Needless to say, coal-mining by this means is a great improvement on the present tedious method of excavating a seam of coal with hand picks until it is ready for a fall.

This machine coal-cutter can be set in any position desired. The compressed air drives the drill, which is a chisel-shaped tool, into the coal at the rate of several hundred blows a minute. The miner in the right of the picture is cleaning out an "undercut."

PNEUMATIC RADIAL COAL-CUTTER.

A Submarine Telescope.

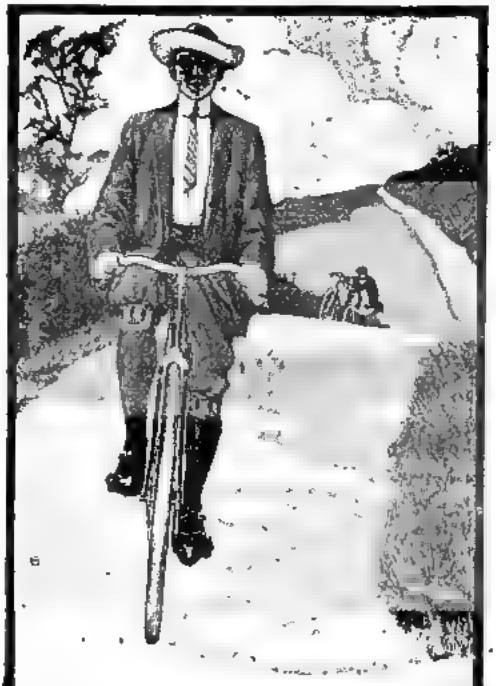
IT has long been thought that in many cases an efficient submarine telescope would dispense with the necessity of employing a diver. Where a search is to be made, or where the diver must first locate an object before going to work upon it, a submarine telescope would save a great deal of time. Such an instrument is now being perfected. It can be used at any depth to which a diver can safely descend. The viewing tube is made in sections, which are added as the lower end of the tube, which contains the lens, is let down. Near the lens is a very powerful submarine search-light. When the light is turned on, the water is illuminated and easily explored.

Building the Big Cunarders.

THE largest steel stern frame in one piece ever made has been cast successfully at the Darlington Forge Works. Nearly seventy tons of molten steel were used The frame is intended for one of the great Cunard Liners now being built at Wallsend and at Clydebank, which are to be the biggest ships afloat.

The Latest in Warships.

THE French Government are now building a most remarkable cruiser which is to have a horse-power of 40,000. This ship is to be 515 ft. long, with a 72-ft. beam and a draught of 27 ft. Its displacement will be 13,644 tons.



The Hill Test is the Best Test

The amount of pleasure you derive from your bicycle depends upon the ease with which you can drive it. When cycling becomes hard work, there pleasure ceases. Take the Hills, for instance; if your bicycle is needlessly heavy every Hill becomes a drudgery. Not so with Rudge-Whitworths. Their extreme lightness renders them specially adaptable for hill-climbing. You can negotiate the steepest hill with little extra effort if you ride a

RUDGE-WHITWORTH

70 MODELS.

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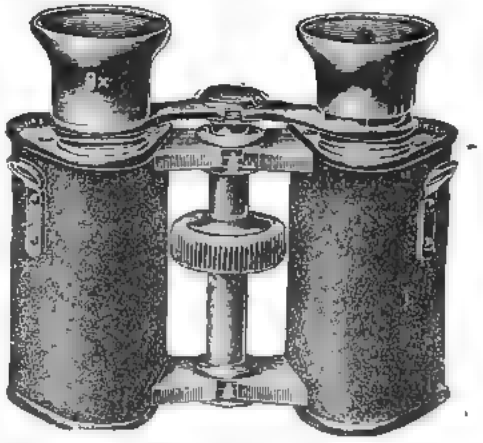
THE LATEST PRISMATIC BINOCULAR

IS THE

BUSCH "ULTRALUX"



It is of the usual size, yet has twice the illuminating power of other makes of Prism Binoculars.

Invaluable for Sportsmen, Military and Naval Officers who require a Glass for dull as well as fine days, and for use in early morning or at evening. MADE IN TWO SIZES:

6 times Magnifying Power . £6 5 0
8 " " " . £6 15 0

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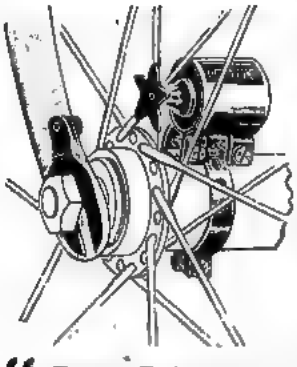
35 Charles St., Hatton Garden, London, E.C.

FITS INSIDE THE SPOKES OUT OF HARM'S WAY



Most cyclists recognise the value of a cyclometer. If you have not one on your machine, you need the

"SECURITY" CYCLOMETER

It fits on the hub out of harm's way. Registers 10,000 miles, and then recommences. Fits any hub. For 26, 28 and 30 in. wheels

PRICE 3/6 EACH

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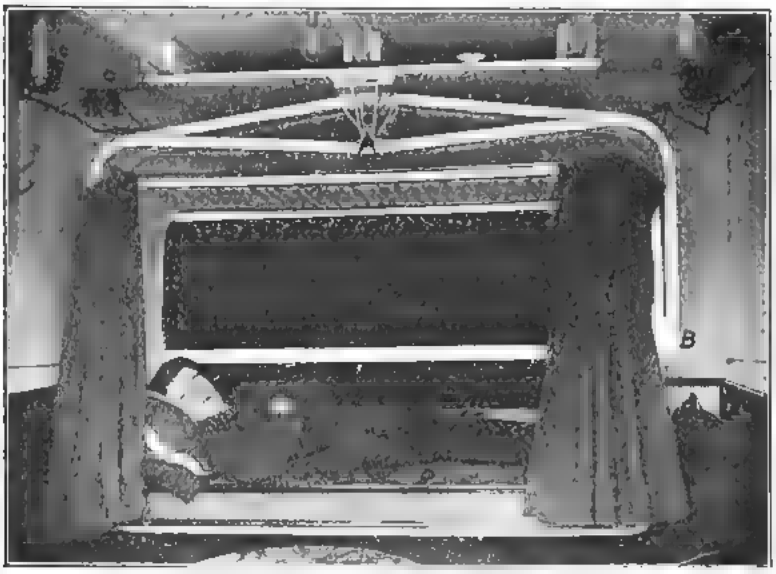
A Bed for Bad Sailors.

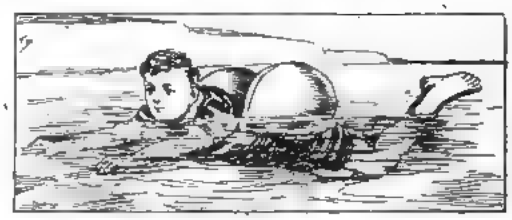
By courtesy of Messrs. Thomas Cook and Son we illustrate herewith an invention for the prevention of sea-sickness, which is now in experimental use on two of the South-Eastern and Chatham Railway's cross-Channel steamers. It is called an "Auto Level Cot," and the inventor is Mr. H. Whitehouse, of Victoria Street, Westminster. The cot is suspended on gimbals like a ship's compass. By the aid of an ingenious electrical contrivance the cot is automatically kept constantly level. Even in the roughest weather when the ship rolls up to 25 degrees the cot only moves occasionally, and then only 3 degrees.



AUTO LEVEL COT IN USE ON CHANNEL STEAMERS.

The "Cyclopede."

The latest in physical exercisers is the "cyclopede." This machine, which is being put on the market by Mr. J. F. Bentley, of Ludgate Circus, is really a glorified hobby-horse, the precursor of the bicycle. The machine is driven by the feet, and on an undulating road a fair average speed of from eight to nine miles an hour can be attained by the rider. The "cyclopede" weighs under 20 lb., and costs three guineas. It is said to be easier to ride a cyclopede than to walk, and that "cycling is violent exercise compared with cyclopeding." The latter is, at any rate, the less costly pastime to take up.



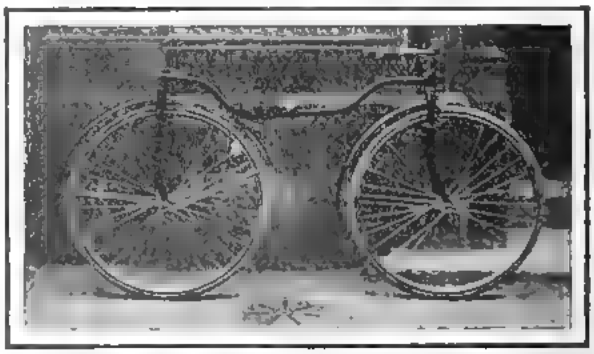
AN AID FOR THOSE LEARNING SWIMMING.

Water Wings for Young Swimmers.

For those learning to swim Ayvad's Water Wings, such as shown in the above sketch, are a great help. At first sight it seems strange that these water wings are all of one size and that they support a man as easily as they support a boy. As the wings are made porous, and as less air is required to support a large body than a small one, the wings allow just enough air to escape to adjust themselves to the size of the body to be floated. The wings themselves only weigh three ounces, and when not in use can be carried as easily as a pocket handkerchief. They cost 1*s.* 6*d.* per pair.

Railway up Mont Blanc.

An electric railway to carry passengers up Mont Blanc is the project of a reputable syndicate of French engineers. It will be quite the greatest enterprise yet seen in the way of mountain railways. The line will end at Aiguiles du Gouter, 14,430 ft. above sea-level.



THE HOBBY-HORSE RETURNS TO LIFE.

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BIRD'S CUSTARD & FRUIT—DISHES FOR THIS MONTH.

Sliced Bananas & Custard.
Stewed Cherries & Custard.
Stewed Gooseberries & Custard.
Stewed Raspberries & Custard.
Stewed Red Currants & Custard.
Stewed Prunes & Custard.
Stewed Greengage Plums & Custard.
Stewed Bilberries & Custard.

All Tinned & Bottled Fruits & Custard.

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To Promote and Strengthen a Worthy Imperial Spirit in British Boys all over the World.

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Photo. Newnes.

President, F. C. GOULD, Esq. *Vice-Presidents*, THE ARCHDEACON OF LONDON, SIR A. CONAN DOYLE.

LEAGUE NOTES FOR AUGUST 1905.

THIS page is open every month for the insertion of reports and announcements concerning the numerous branches of the Boys' Empire League. Club-secretaries are requested to send such notices to the Organising Secretary, B.E.L., at 56 Ludgate Hill, E.C., by the 26th of every month. Forms for this purpose can be obtained on application to the Secretary.

In response to numerous inquiries from readers of the CAPTAIN in all parts of the world as to the aims and objects of the B.E.L., I think I cannot do better than print the rules of the League, and thus save a great deal of time and trouble

(1) The membership of the League is open to all boys in Great Britain and the Colonies over ten years of age, who agree to the conditions of membership. The entrance fee is 6*d.*, and an annual subscription of 6*d.* is expected from every member.

(2) Every member undertakes, by some direct effort, to make himself a fit and worthy representative of the British race at home and abroad. He should count it his greatest privilege, as it is his highest duty, to show by his physical development, his intelligent knowledge of the Empire, and his loyalty to British Institutions and to the king, that the British race is worthy of its proud position in the world.

(3) Every member promises to treat all foreigners with the utmost courtesy, and in the true spirit of *noblesse oblige* to remember in his dealings with them the traditions of the British race for honesty, manliness, and high courage, and to try to do nothing that would lower his country in their eyes.

(4) Members promise to read at least one book every year dealing specifically with one of his Majesty's dominions across the seas, and, as far as possible, to specialise in acquiring a knowledge of the country and its people. Suitable books will be indicated.

(5) The official organs of the League are: the CAPTAIN—monthly, 6*d.*; *Young England*—monthly, 3*d.*; and the *B.E.L. Gazette*—1*s.* per annum post free.

(6) Members of the League are expected to look upon each other as comrades, irrespective of what their political views in a party sense may be, and to unite in a common feeling of pride in the Empire, and a determination to uphold its glorious history.

The advantages of joining the League, and its subsidiary sections—The Colonial Correspondence Club, Official Stamp Exchange, Picture Postcard Exchange, &c.—together with the Presidential Address by Sir A. Conan Doyle; "How to start a B.E.L. branch," by the organising Secretary; and photos of Mr. F. Carruthers Gould, Archdeacon Sinclair, and others interested in the League, are included in the *B.E.L. Handbook*, price 3*d.* post free from the above address.

B.E.L. CAMERA CLUB.—Hon. Sec., Henry J. Verrall, 47 Thornhill Place, Maidstone, Kent, would be glad to hear of any members in his district with a view to forming a branch in Maidstone. Mr. Verrall promoted a very successful branch in Caterham Valley, some years ago, and we hope his efforts will be as well rewarded in the present instance.

NEWBURY, BERKS.—Mr. John Wickens, F.S.B.C., B.E.L., 4407, 3 Gordon Place, St. Mary's Road, Newbury, Berks, would be pleased to hear from any B.E.L. members residing in the counties of Berks, Hants, and Wilts, for the purpose of organising clubs, and, if possible, at intervals, of visiting such clubs for lecturing. Apply, stating number of B.E.L. members, particulars of club, and enclosing stamped addressed envelope, to the above.

COLONIAL CORRESPONDENCE SECTION.—Every week the importance of this section becomes more apparent and extensive. CAPTAIN readers can now be put in communication with members of the League in almost every part of the Empire. I should like to obtain more correspondents in Japan, and I hope when the protracted war has ceased I shall be able to arrange regular communications between home members and those in the Far East.

For full particulars, send a stamped addressed envelope to the Secretary.

HOWARD H. SPICER.

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Model Makers to the Admiralty

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RING RELAXING BOXES, 9d., 1/-, 1/6, and 2/-
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Set, one of each size up to 5-in., 10/6.

KILLING BOTTLES, 9d., and 1/-
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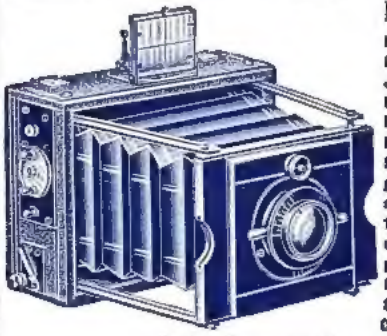

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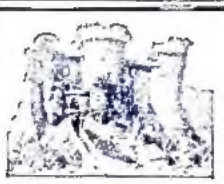

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Superior, 1/3 each, **16/6** per dozen
Navy, Cardinal, or **Black.** Best Quality, **2/6** each, **27/-** per doz.

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With unlined Jacket, 10/9, 14/9
Half-lined Jacket and let-in pockets, 18/6, 22/6, 25/-
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Trousers,	Shirts,	Jackets,
White Flannel, 5/3 and 6/6 Grey Flannel, 4/6, 5/11, 7/11 per pair.	White Flannelette, 1/11 each. White Flannel, 3/6, 5/2, Youths'. White Oxford, 2/6, 3/6 each. Postage 3*d*.	Plain Navy Trimmed Ribbon or Cord, 3/11 each. Striped Melton, 4/6 each. Striped Flannelette, 2/11 each

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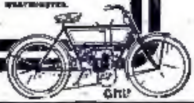

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